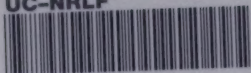


UC-NRLF



5B 162 538



YC155639

PROPERTY
LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation



THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART



SANCT HAMILTON
LONGLOAN COATBHIPER

Memorial Volume.

POEMS,
ESSAYS, AND SKETCHES:

COMPRISING THE PRINCIPAL PIECES FROM
HER COMPLETE WORKS.

BY

JANET HAMILTON.

GLASGOW:

JAMES MACLEHOSE, ST. VINCENT STREET,

Publisher to the University.

1880.



1881-1882
1881-1882

Memorial Volume.

POEMS,
ESSAYS, AND SKETCHES:

*COMPRISING THE PRINCIPAL PIECES FROM
HER COMPLETE WORKS.*

BY

JANET HAMILTON.

GLASGOW:

JAMES MACLEHOSE, ST. VINCENT STREET,

Publisher to the University.

1880.

LOAN STACK



1880

PR 4739

H3

1880

to Miss Brooks

for the best answer to an
academic course

from Wm. Phillips

Mar 31. 1882 (The writer of the introduction)

This Memorial Volume,

COLLECTED FROM MY MOTHER'S PUBLISHED WORKS,

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO MY SISTER,

MARION,

IN REMEMBRANCE OF HER

LOVING, DEVOTED, AND TENDER CARE OF HER PARENTS,

DURING THEIR

LONG AND PROTRACTED ILLNESS.

JAMES HAMILTON.



PREFATORY NOTE.

IN offering a volume to the public, the general custom is to give what is considered the best pieces the first place in it. But in submitting this collection of my mother's works to the public, I have arranged it so that the pieces may appear as nearly as possible in the order in which they were given to the public by herself; and as the critics give it as their opinion that her third and last volume was the best, so the best pieces will be the last.

After the ably written biographical papers to be found in the first pages of this volume, it would be superfluous for me to say anything in the same line. Having been my mother's amanuensis, I may say that when I wrote a piece from her dictation, and afterwards read it over to her, she rarely made a correction on it. When her books were being printed, although unable from want of sight to read a line, she never would allow any one but herself to make any corrections on the proofs. I read them; she sat and listened, and an alteration of a word or a syllable from her own she would detect at once. She said if her writings possessed any merit, it would be her own; and if there were blemishes in them, they, too, would be her own.

It was a source of much gratification and pleasure to my mother to hear of the favourable reception accorded to her literary efforts by the critics and the public. I never heard her express a wish that they might be praised for their poetical genius; but I have often heard her wish from her heart that they might be blessed to at least some of her class in a social, moral, and spiritual sense. One of the

chief motives that she had in view in her writings will be found in her own words at page 130, in the last three verses of a piece entitled "The Lowly Song of a Lowly Bard," and she was not permitted to be laid beneath the "brier bush" until she knew that her writings had been made instrumental in doing some good.

When she and I would be sometimes sitting by the fire, hours after all the others had gone to rest, she would say, with a voice quivering from emotion, "James, if I thought that in any of my writings there was a single line calculated to do harm, rather than it should go forth to the public, I would pray that God would for ever blot out of existence every word that I have written."

My mother's pieces were mostly all composed amid the bustle and noise incident to the affairs of a family being conducted in a small house, or while she was engaged in conversation with her family or friends. During all her long years of severe pain and blindness, I never heard her utter a word of complaint or murmuring for herself. For her contentment with her lowly condition, I would refer the reader to the first six verses of the poem already referred to. Her feelings of sympathy and concern were all for others. I have often heard her express a regret that the want of the means many times prevented her from assisting others to the extent she desired.

I trust that the reader will excuse the literary shortcomings of these few remarks. To poetical genius I can lay no claim. It is much the same with me as with "Peter Bell, the Potter," to whom

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

JAMES HAMILTON.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Dedication, ...	3
Prefatory Note, ...	5
Introduction to Memorial Edition, ...	13
Introductory Paper—Life and Poetical Character, ...	17
Janet Hamilton at her "Ain Fireside,"	30

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

The Cousins, ...	41
Lines Written for the First Anniversary Banquet of a newly-formed Burns' Club in Manchester, ...	45
To a Bereaved Mother on the Death of her Two Little Boys (her all), ...	47
October, 1859, ...	48
The Spanish Revolution, ...	49
The Crystal Palace Band of Hope Choir, ...	50
The Lyre of Spring, ...	51
Lines suggested by seeing the Train containing the Queen and Suite pass through Coatbridge on the Caledonian Railway, on her way to the North, May 1, 1862, ...	52
Centenary Poem, Recited at Burns' Centenary Festival, held at Mauchline, January 25, 1859, ...	54
October, 1861, ...	56
Summer Voices, ...	57
The Highlands of Scotland, ...	58
Caledonia, ...	60
The Child of France, ...	61
Lines Written on the Birth of the Year 1853, ...	63
Lines suggested by the War in the Crimea, 1854, ...	64
Rhymes for the Times—I., ...	65
The Power and Beauty of Scottish Song, ...	67
Night Scene at the Fall of Sebastopol, ...	68
On the Russian War in the Crimea, 1854-5, ...	69
Rhymes for the Times—II., ...	70
Verses on the Calder in its Course by St. Enoch's, Rosehall, &c., ...	74
Oor Location, ...	75
Epithalamium on the Marriage of George Baird, of Strichen, and Cecilia Hatton, ...	76
Some Incidents in the Latter Days of John Whitelaw, ...	78
Mother and Child, ...	80
Old Memories, ...	81
Song—The Couthie Auld Man, ...	82
Spring Scene in the Country, ...	83
Auld Scotlan' at the Laying of the Foundation Stone of the Wallace Monument at Stirling, 1861, ...	84
Impending War between Austria and Sardinia, ...	85
Contrasted Scenes from Real Life, ...	86

	PAGE
Crinoline, ...	88
The Mother at Home, ...	89
Lines Addressed to a Friend on Receiving from him a Volume of "The Parnassus Journal,"	90
Woman, ...	91
On the proposed Presentation of Guns by the People of Britain to the King of Sardinia, in aid of Italian Liberty, ...	92
Sweet May Morn, ...	93
British Volunteers, ...	94
November Findings—1862, ...	95
October Thoughts—1862, ...	96
The Hartley Colliery Catastrophe, ...	97
Calder—A Memory, ...	98
Cousin Bell, ...	99
May, ...	101
Welcome to October, ...	102
On the Meeting of the Social Science Association in Glasgow, September, 1860, ...	103
The Seven Stars: A Constellation of Scottish Poets, ...	104
To Teachers of the Young, ...	105
To Mrs. J. Cleland on the Death of a beloved Son and only Child, ...	106
A Real Incident of the Persecuting Times in Scotland, ...	107
On Seeing a Thousand Sabbath School Children Walk in Procession to Visit the Garden and Pleasure Grounds of Drumpellier House, ...	109
Address to the Rev. Dr. Gardner of Bothwell, on Completing the Fiftieth Year of His Ministry, ...	111
Lines Addressed to the Rev. Dr. John Muir, of St. James' Parish, Glasgow, on the occasion of his Jubilee, ...	112
Verses Written on the occasion of the Marriage of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and Alexandra, Princess of Denmark, ...	113
Lines Addressed to Mrs. Buchanan of Drumpellier, ...	114
Craignethan Castle, ...	115
Aul' Scotlan', ...	116
A Memory—Banks of Calder and Cousin Dora, ...	118
The Way o' the Warl', ...	120
Bells, ...	121
Farewell to the Old Year, 1863, ...	123
Verses Descriptive of an Early Morning Walk in April, 1830, ...	124
Scotia: A Vision, ...	126
Caledonia, ...	127
The Lowly Song of a Lowly Bard, ...	129
On the Death of a Highly Gifted and Precocious Child, ...	130
Pray for Poland, ...	132
"Pet Marjorie,"	133
Lines on the Snowdrop, ...	134
Birkhill—A Memory, ...	135
May, 1864, ...	136
Mysie, an Aul' Warl', but ower True Story, ...	138
June, 1864, ...	140
Spirit-Rapping, ...	141
A Ballad of Memorie, ...	142

	PAGE
Spring, ...	144
Poland, ...	145
Cousin Aggie—A Memory, ...	147
October, 1863, ...	149
Gran'faither at Cam'slang, ...	151
Luggie, Past and Present, ...	153
Elegy, ...	155
Grannie visited at Blackhill, Shotts, July, 1805, ...	157
Auld Mither Scotland, ...	159
Poland, ...	161
Winter, ...	162
Midnight Thoughts at the Close of 1864, ...	164
Phases of Girlhood, ...	165
To Mother Earth, ...	167
September, ...	168
The Aul' Kirkyard, ...	170
Verses Inscribed to an Unknown Poetical Correspondent, ...	171
Lines Sacred to the Memory of Mr. John Whitelaw, ...	172
Our Local Scenery, ...	173
Auld Scotland at the Abbey Craig in November, 1864, ...	174
Battle of the Alma, ...	175
A Plea for the Doric, ...	177
The Skylark—Caged and Free, ...	178
A Wheen Aul' Memories, ...	180
October, ...	185
Verses Inscribed to Mr. Thomas Duncan, Glasgow, ...	186
Memories, ...	187
Elegiac Verses on the Death of Lord Palmerston, ...	190
Mary Lee—A Ballad, ...	191
Barnsley Colliery Explosion, ...	197
Sheepieknowe—A Ballad, ...	199
A Lay of the Loch and the Muirlan', ...	202
October, 1865, ...	205
Girlish Reminiscences, ...	206
Verses Written for the Anniversary of the St. Andrew's Society, Glasgow, Nov. 30, 1866, ...	208
The Music of the Stream, ...	209
October Musings, 1866, ...	210
Leddy Mary—A Ballad, ...	211
The Sunday Rail—I., ...	213
The Sunday Rail—II., ...	214
The Ballad o' Mary Muiren, ...	215
Ballad of the Monkland Cottar, ...	219
On the Death of John Cassell, ...	223
On the Death of the Rev. Matthew Gardner, D.D., ...	224
Spring, ...	225
Spunkie, ...	227
Ballad of the New Monkland Martyr, ...	228
"Bothwell Brig,"	232
Retrospect of Song, ...	234
Rhymes for the Times—III., 1865, ...	235
The May Flower, ...	236
The Isles of Greece, ...	238

	PAGE
Important Queries, ...	239
Rhymes for the Times—IV., 1865, ...	241
Wild Flowers, ...	242
Grannie's Tale—A Ballad, ...	244
Lines on the Summer of the Cattle Plague, 1865, ...	247
A Lay of the Tambour Frame, ...	249
Brave Angus Cameron, ...	250
The Deserted Mansion, ...	251
Elegiac Verses on the Death of the Rev. John Campbell, London, D.D., ...	253
The Old Churchyard, ...	254
Newspaper Findings, 1867, ...	256
Rhymes for the Times—V., ...	258
The Warning Wail, ...	260
Effie—A Ballad, ...	262
Address and Invitation to a Young Friend, ...	265
The Fate of Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, and his Empress, ...	266
Pairtin' and Meetin', ...	267
The Midnight Vigil, ...	269
Welcome to October, 1867, ...	270
Pictures of Memory, ...	271
Grannie's Dream—A True Incident, ...	273
Medley of Thoughts and Feelings on the Italian Crisis, ...	276
To Mithers, ...	277
Freedom for Italy—1867, ...	279
Grannie's Crack about the Famine in Auld Scotlan' in 1739-40, ...	280
The Dying Old Year, 1867, ...	284
Be Hopeful—I., II., III., IV., ...	285
An Incident in High Life—A Ballad, ...	288
The Feast of the "Mutches,"	293
Epithalamium on the Marriage of James Addie, of Viewpark, and Julia Wakefield, ...	295
On the Death of the Two Daughters of Mr. James Muir, Summerlee Ironworks, ...	296
The God of the Seasons, ...	297
Grannie Mirk, ...	299
Auld Mither Scotlan', ...	301
Lines Composed at the request of a Dear Friend, ...	303
Be Pitiful, ...	304
The Angel's Treasure, ...	306
To William Craig, on the Death of an only Son, ...	308
Address to Mrs. Wm. Anderson, on the Death of her only Son, ...	309
Summer is Waning, ...	310
An Appeal for Thomas Elliot, the Shoemaker Poet, ...	311
Address to Col. D. C. R. Carrick-Buchanan, ...	312
To William Logan, on the Death of his Mother, ...	313
Autumn Winds, ...	314
Sketches of Village Character in Days "o' Langsyne,"	315

SACRED PIECES.

	PAGE
Trust in God, ...	325
The Death of Stephen, ...	326
Ichabod, ...	328
A Faithful Mother's Love, ...	330
The Garden of God, ...	331
The Fruits of the Spirit, ...	332
Shew us Thy Glory, ...	333
The Servant of the Lord, ...	334
The Communion of Saints, ...	335
"Words of Comfort,"	336
"God is departed from me, and answereth me no more,"	337
Lines on the Death of my Mother, ...	338
Our Heavenly Father, ...	339
Verses on the Recovery of Miss Annie M'G. from a Severe Illness, ...	340
Lines Written on seeing the very large Sabbath School Procession of 3rd July, 1862, passing by, ...	341

TEMPERANCE PIECES.

Lyrics of Drink—I., ...	343
Lyrics of Drink—II., ...	344
The Three Golden Balls, ...	345
Temperance Warfare, ...	347
The Demon Drink, ...	348
Neebour Johnnie's Complaint, ...	349
The Victim of Drink, ...	351
Lines addressed to Mrs. H. B. Stowe, ...	352
The Drunkard's Wife, ...	353
Burnin' Drink, ...	354
The Mourning Mother, ...	355
The Contrast, ...	357
The Plague of our Isle, ...	358
Dark Hours, ...	360
Address and Welcome to J. B. Gough, ...	361
On the Anticipated Return of J. B. Gough to Britain, ...	362
The Enemy in the Gate, ...	363

SOCIAL AND MORAL ESSAYS.

The Uses and Pleasures of Poetry for the Working Classes, ...	365
Social Science Essay—On Self-Education, ...	369
On the Mental Training of Children, ...	381
Address to Working-Women, ...	389
The Mother's Mission, ...	396

SKETCHES OF VILLAGE LIFE AND CHARACTER.

	PAGE
Scottish Peasant Life and Character in Days of Auld Langsyne, . . .	402
Sketches of a Scottish Roadside Village Sixty Years since, . . .	435
Sketch of a Scottish Out-door Communion Sabbath in Times gone by, . . .	448
Reminiscences of the Radical Times in 1819-20, ...	456
Old Grannie Ingles, ...	464
Auld Robin an' Tibbie, ...	469
Old Robin, the Sawyer, ...	472
Auld Auntie Jamieson, ...	474
Auld Kirsty Dinsmore, ...	480

TEMPERANCE ESSAYS.

Moral Perversions of Intemperance, ...	482
Our National Curse, ...	489
Workings of Intemperance, ...	493
Counteracting Influences, ...	495
Intemperance <i>versus</i> The Moral Law, ...	497

Glossary, ...	501
Opinions of the Press, ...	509

Thy ready hand I still could claim
in every change of life the same
When burning shame and bitter grief
Assailed my heart, my best relief
Next to my God in thee I found
No balm so sure to heal the wound
Than thy kind words and truthful love
No false or cruel tongue could move
Thy steadfast ^{mind} or make thee falter
In duty's path, upon the altar
Of holy faith and Christian love
Thou laidst thy heart. May God above
His choicest blessings daily shed
On thy beloved and dutiful head —

JANET HAMILTON

The following is a Copy of the foregoing Lines.

Thy ready hand I still could claim,
In every change of life the same :
When burning shame and bitter grief
Assailed my heart, my best relief,
Next to my God, in thee I found.
No balm so sure to heal the wound
Than thy kind words, and truthful love.

No false or cruel tongue could move
Thy steadfast mind, or make thee falter
In duty's path. Upon the altar
Of holy faith and Christian love
Thou laidst thy heart. May God above
His choicest blessings daily shed
On thy beloved and dutiful head !

JANET HAMILTON.



INTRODUCTION TO THE MEMORIAL EDITION.

SINCE it may very possibly be asked "How is it that a member of the London Coal Exchange is writing an introduction to a re-print of the works of a Scotch shoemaker's wife?" I will begin by briefly explaining how it came about. A few years ago, while staying with my friend, William Pollock of Ardlarach, in the Western Highlands, where one's enjoyment of wild and magnificent scenery is often damped by a superfluity of moisture, it had rained incessantly for about a fortnight, and my small stock of books being exhausted, I asked my host to lend me something to read, and he brought me a volume of JANET HAMILTON'S works. I read them with singular interest and pleasure. After the namby-pamby verses one meets with in too many of the periodicals of the day, these fresh, sweet utterances of this Scotch poetess of nature were as grateful and refreshing as the delicious fragrance of the mountain heather; and I was greatly disappointed to find they were out of print. However, I borrowed them; found their beauties grew upon me; became more and more interested in her life from details supplied by Mr. Joseph Wright, of Coatbridge (her Boswell, and warm admirer), to whom I am much indebted; gave a series of Lectures upon her in London and Kent; warmly supported the movement in favour of a Memorial of her; and, at length, find myself writing (by particular request) an introduction to a re-print of her works.

However unworthily I may acquit myself of the task, it affords me sincere pleasure to do anything in my power to make Janet Hamilton better known among my countrymen, believing, conscientiously that this "grand old woman," as *Punch* styled her, has "well-earned a niche in the Temple of Fame," and that the lessons taught by such a life of marvellous industry, self-culture, and self-denial, are full of value—a life quite as remarkable in its way as those of Robert Dick, the botanist, and Thomas Edwards, the naturalist. Verily, Scotia has reason to be proud of her trio of worthies.

Janet Hamilton was born in October, 1795. Her father was a small shoemaker at Carshill, Shotts, and subsequently

at Old Monkland, in Lanarkshire. At the early age of 13 she married her father's journeyman; bore him ten children; and after a happy but very laborious married life of 63 years, died in October, 1873, full of years—loved, honoured, and respected by all who knew her.

She never had even the advantage of the village school; and although her mother taught her to read, she could not write till she was 50; but nevertheless, having had her interest aroused by copies of Milton and Allan Ramsay found on a weaver's loom, she managed in a few years, by reading when others slept (for she neglected no domestic duty), to exhaust all the libraries for many miles round, and to become well acquainted with all the best literature from Chaucer to Cowper; her especial favourite, Shakspeare, whom it was rank heresy to read in those parts at that time, being kept hidden in a hole in a wall.

Besides being thoroughly conversant with the folk-lore of her country, she was, as her works prove, well up in politics, biography, theology (of course), and a sympathetic student of nature.

From reading so much at night (commonly till two in the morning) she became blind at 60; but, like her own native laverock, sang on even more sweetly than ever, always blithe and bonnie, ever ready with the word in season, either to cheer the sorrowful, or to admonish the drunkard,—which she did with signal success, although the results were often not immediately visible.

“The tone of sympathy, the gentle word
Spoken so low that only angel heard,
The secret art of pure self-sacrifice,
Unseen by men, but marked by angel's eyes—
These are *not lost*.”

“The sacred music of a tender strain,
Wrung from a poet's heart by grief and pain,
And chanted earnestly, with doubt and fear,
To reckless crowds, who scarcely pause to hear—
These are *not lost*.”

The merits of her writings are certainly unequal, but it may without exaggeration be said, that many of her Scotch pieces give evidence of a racy humour which even a Southerner can enjoy. Her temperance poems are vigorous

and powerful, "The Enemy in the Gate" especially. Her English prose Essays, almost faultless in style, regarded as the work of an uneducated Scotchwoman, are simply astonishing. Her pathos, tender and refined, goes direct to the heart; and amongst much that is beautiful, the charming poem of "Effie" is, in the opinion of eminent critics, scarcely excelled by anything of modern times.

Had such a true poetess, and such a fine character, been allowed to drop into oblivion, it would have been a national loss; and now that this new edition is published, I warmly commend it to the notice of parents, managers of public libraries, temperance advocates, and all who love purity, simplicity, and truth. Her works cannot be read without pleasure and profit.

Considering that her life was so remarkable, not only for her genius, but for its noble example of self-culture under every possible difficulty and disadvantage; for its purifying influence in the centre of a grimy, squalid, and drunken population; for its true piety, quiet dignity, and kindly affection in all the relations of life; I feel assured that my readers will agree with me, that she deserves the epithet of "grand," which *Punch* bestowed upon her, and that by the circulation of her works, and by the very appropriate memorial of a substantial drinking fountain in the thirsty town of Coat-bridge, we are doing our best to "keep her memory green."

I will conclude my brief notice of this gifted gentlewoman with a few lines which seem singularly applicable to her life as wife, friend, and neighbour—

"The help that comes when needed most,
The silent tender kiss,—
Oh, more than words we value them,
And more than words we miss.

"We do not need a trumpet-blast
To make us understand
The meaning of a tearful eye
The pressure of a hand.

"Thanks for the silent sympathy
A gifted few can bring.
It comes like balm of Gilead,
And is so rare a thing."

WILLIAM PHILLIPS.

JANET HAMILTON—THE SHOEMAKER'S WIFE. POET,
ESSAYIST, AND APOSTLE OF TEMPERANCE.

Born Oct., 1795; died Oct., 1873.

SOME six years ago there went to her rest,
(Of nature's true poets she'll rank with the best)
A poor shoemaker's wife with rich faculties blest,
Janet Hamilton.

No teaching of any kind ever had she,
Save reading her Bible at her mother's knee,
But of life's hidden treasures was given the key,
To dounce Janet Hamilton.

A wife at thirteen, and a mother full soon;
Far away from her kin on the banks of the Doon;
Upon porridge and poetry toiled night and noon,
Poor Janet Hamilton.

No duties neglected, time she yet found
To ransack the libraries many miles round,
Till her mind grew enriched as her heart it was sound,
Good Janet Hamilton.

Inspiration from Shakspeare in secret she drew,
With a taste and intelligence given to few;
From Chaucer to Cowper all poets she knew,
Rare Janet Hamilton.

Thus fed at the spirit of Poesy's breast,
On all that was purest, and noblest, and best;
Like her own native laverock, in her poor nest,
Sang Janet Hamilton.

The power of her pathos goes straight to the heart,
While shrewdness and humour each plays well its part,
And many a drunkard's been saved by a dart
From brave Janet Hamilton.

Until she was fifty, unable to write,
To her husband or sons she could only indite
Her fanciful musings so graceful and bright,
Poor Janet Hamilton.

To the author of "Effie" glad homage one pays;
Her temperance poems deserve our best praise;
May many a home be made sweet by the lays
Of pure Janet Hamilton.

She has well earned a niche in the temple of fame;
This fine old Scotch worthy, our sympathies claim;
They honour themselves who honour the name
Of rare Janet Hamilton.

JANET HAMILTON:

HER LIFE AND POETICAL CHARACTER.

BY THE REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN, DUNDEE.

GREAT and rapid as the march of the higher culture has been and is, it is gratifying to know that it has not yet been able to extinguish the race of self-taught authors, nor to eliminate those elements of simplicity and sturdy common-sense which, along with native genius, have formed the staple of their character and the inspiration of their works. It is as in nature. While cultivation has turned so many parts of the country into gardens, and gardens into Edens, and made even graveyards blossom as the rose, it has not extirpated the wild brier in the lanes, and still permits the heather to bloom, and the canna to wave upon a thousand hills. And so mental culture has not yet succeeded, nor we trust ever shall, in producing that monotonous table-land level in which all is equally lofty, and equally conventional and dull, in which there is left no room for the play of untaught power, and in which the triumph of art has deadened the "lustihood of nature." Still, ever and anon, into the full blaze of the nineteenth century, come out such

"Birds of the wilderness,
Blythesome and cumberless,"

as Hugh Miller, Alexander Smith, and the subject of the following sketch, that remarkable woman, JANET HAMILTON.

Self-teaching is unquestionably fraught with advantages for which no amount of culture can compensate. Its source

being the soul, it is obvious that the self-educated person has the privilege of coming more directly in contact with that interior light. Far more than the highly-cultured man, he is alone with his own spirit, and realizes it almost as a divine presence within him. In this we may seem to be recording the experience of all gifted souls, whether educated or not. But, probably, in the case of Shakspeare and Bunyan, for instance, this impression may have been stronger and more palpable than in that of more refined but artificial spirits. And perhaps Gray, in his "Progress of Poesy," alludes to this direct communion with ideal truth and beauty on the part of the inspired boy of Avon, when he sings—

"Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
To him the Mighty Mother did unveil
Her awful face : the dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms and smiled."

Yes ! the long, long golden dream of Bunyan, and the two transcendent visions of Burns—the one in the Auld Clay Biggin', and the other by the roofless wa's of Lincluden Abbey—were never, could never, have been dreamed or imagined by scholars or Professors in College Halls. The dungeon, or the hovel, is a fitter atmosphere for the higher order of imagination, when that exists, than the library of the British Museum, or the drawing-room in Buckingham Palace, or even in Balmoral ; and although Solomon tells us that the spider taketh hold with her hands in kings' palaces, the spirit of genius is more chary of its presence, and seeks rather the woodland cottage, or the shieling on the mountain side. Courts rarely rear a great thinker or poet. Often men of true original power have found, or forced, their way into them ; but often, too, they have exclaimed in disgust or scorn, "Let us away, this is no place for us ; since being honest we say what we believe, and since being gifted with native insight we say what others do *not* believe, because they are unable to see." A highly-cultured mind, unless singularly original, sits under the conflicting lights and shadows of a thousand authors, as

under the trees of a wide wind-swept forest. The self-taught man or woman of genius sits under the stern one light, or one stern shadow of his own purpose and ideal.

The self-taught have usually greater freshness of feeling in beholding Nature, and a keener sympathy with men, than the better instructed. Having read fewer descriptions, they look at the thing described more exactly as it is. Many see not Nature's thunderstorm, but Thomson's or Byron's; not Bruar-water itself, but Burns' picture of it; Scott's Trossachs, not the beautiful place itself; and hence, often when they try to describe such scenes, they merely dilute the descriptions of others, and produce shadows of shades. The self-taught simply record the contact between their own genius and Nature's works. Shakspeare paints the brook in "Hamlet," and the forest in "As You Like It;" and Burns the linn, in "Hallowe'en," from their own eyesight, and as if there had not been another poet in the world. James Hogg, in "Kilmeny," is thinking of no scene but that glen winding up between the dark hills of Abruchil and the fairy environs of Duniera, where lay the path of his heroine,

"To meet the visions of celestial day."

Hugh Miller, looking at Ben Wyvis, is not dreaming of Alpine raptures in Byron, or Grampian raptures in Christopher North, but simply of the huge hoary mountain of his own native strath. Janet Hamilton does not sing of hills she has never seen unless in picture or poem, but of what has met her own eye—

"A lanely loch, a muirland broon,
A warl o' whins and heather;
Whaur aft whan life was young I strayed
The berries blae to gather.

"Sae bonnie bloomed the gowden broom,
Sae green the feathery bracken,
An' rosy brier, dear to my een,
Ere licht had them forsaken."

And thus all self-taught genius retains more than the

other the freshness of the feelings with which the child sees and returns in vivid photograph the glories of the universe; and so, in reference to humanity, the self-taught have not only

“Gazed at Nature’s naked loveliness,”

but have seen man, too, stripped of all the dress of conventionalism, in his original strength and weakness, in his merits and faults, and have profited by the sight, and found it, through familiarity, not so disenchanting as is sometimes supposed. No one can be so thoroughly up to the middle or higher classes as a self-taught genius is to the lower, for the simple reason that the lower classes have far less disguise, especially from one of themselves, and he sees what Lear calls “unaccommodated man”—man almost savage indeed, but with a strange aboriginal light, as if from pre-Adamite days, glimmering around him. Hence Burns, conversant as he was with the sins and miseries of his own rank, could, in his walk with Dugald Stewart amongst the summit of the Braid hills, when he beheld a hundred smoking cottages, think only of the worth, honesty, and happiness which he knew such humble roofs concealed. And so, although Janet Hamilton is a stern limner of the evils of intemperance, as she has seen it destroying the virtues and withering the manhood of so many of the poor, yet she does full and heaped-up justice to the manhood and the excellence which are so recklessly ruined thereby. Few self-taught authors have been misanthropes—and this because, first, the near and habitual sight of man, even in his lowest degradation, generates a calm, contemplative spirit in the wise observer, rather than scorn—sorrow more than anger; because, again, he remarks the great proportion of good which mingles with the evil; and because, thirdly, he sees among the humble less of that deceit and falsehood which constitutes, so to speak, the Devil department in the race, and which culture and civilization, in themselves, serve rather to foster than to extirpate.

The self-taught strugglers with narrow circumstances learn usually a certain hardihood of spirit, a contempt for petty

difficulties and for puling sentimentalisms. They are often of an iron mould, not used to the melting mood, and sometimes a little impatient of the sensitive and the weak among whom they mingle. They have often a hatred at the fantastic, the lackadaisical, and the mystical. This they contract by dealing with hard, harsh, practical results. We see not a little of this in the writings, as well as in the history of Janet Hamilton. Belonging, though she does, to the softer sex, she displays a man-like purpose, a rugged independence of spirit, and a contempt for all "mealy-mouthedness" and gilded humbug, which make her seem almost an incarnation of the better nature of Burns. It is with real sorrows, the sufferings of Italian prisoners, the miseries of the drunkard's family, the baffled aspirations of the hero and the patriot, Mazzini and the Garibaldi, that honest Janet sympathises; not with the sentimental pangs of love-sick young ladies, or the pathetic yearnings of fame-seeking and moustache-sporting young men. She never forgets that there was a time when, newly married, all her and her husband's fortune was a single Spanish dollar! She has wrestled with the real evils, the serpents of poverty and want, and strangled them almost in her cradle, and cares little for the dust blown by the wings of butterflies, or the stings inflicted by the mouths of gadflies. She feels for real calamities, but laughs at small annoyances, and those who parade them. And now, under the privation of total blindness, she is discovering a "silent magnanimity" which shows a noble nature; and when she speaks out her sorrow, it is in language as patient and dignified as it is musical and powerful.

The self-taught are emphatically men of one book. Hall said of Dr. Kippis, "that though he was naturally a clever man, he laid so many books upon his brains that they could not move"—like a little emmet burdened with a piece of plaster ten times its own size! Few self-taught men lay such loads upon their minds. To them, having few books, but being intimately acquainted with what they have, no book is a burden, but each book rather (as in that clever paper of Washington Irving, entitled the "Art of Book-making") may be compared to a garment, or piece of

armour put on, fitted to the size and shape of the wearer, and forwarding, instead of retarding, his movements. One man of this class masters his Bible, as Bunyan did, and the book becomes to him a coat of mail; another Shakspeare, and he who has mastered the world's master walks gowned and swelling in a magnificent and flowing style of speech; a third Euclid, and it, as with James Fergusson and other self-taught men of science, is transformed into a pair of iron-spiked shoes to convey them up the steep and rugged paths of natural philosophy; a fourth, the ballad poetry of Scotland, and, lo! it becomes the guid braid bonnet on the swarthy brow of a Burns; and a fifth, like Cobbett, the "Tale of a Tub," and it becomes a sharp scimitar glittering with poison, and helping him to clear his wild Ishmaelitic way and do his destructive work. "Beware the man of one book," is a true as well as an old saying. Hugh Miller, for instance, had made Cowper, Shenstone, Young, and other classics his own in boyhood, and they gave a masculine tinge to his thought and style ever afterwards. Alexander Smith was quite steeped in Chaucer, Spenser, Shelley, and Keats; and Janet Hamilton owns her early obligations to Milton, Burns, Ramsay, Fergusson, the *Spectator*, and the *Rambler*, books which she did not glance at hurriedly or dawdle over like girls of the present day, but at once devoured rapidly at first, and often recurred to, and long and thoroughly digested.

In Janet's poems, as well as prose writings, we see evidences of the advantage she has derived from her want of early opportunities, although, of course, she displays, too, some of the drawbacks of the self-taught—the want of width and variety of view, that polish and correctness which only a classical education can bestow, and exhibits a little of that opinionativeness and dogmatism which spring partly from the clearness and strength of their mental vision, and partly from their mingling so much with their inferiors. Sometimes she resembles her class in this—that seeing a subject so intensely themselves, they have little patience with those who cannot, though they would, behold it at the same angle—just as we have known lynx-eyed persons get-

ting excessively wroth with their short-sighted brethren for not observing certain minute or distant points in a landscape. But, after making all deductions, the works of this remarkable woman are productions of uncommon excellence, discovering grasp of intellect, vividness of fancy, a "carl-stalk" of common-sense, intelligent decisiveness of view, power, facility—on the whole, correctness, and sometimes even elevation of language.

We have called her a remarkable woman; and she is so, because she combines many of the characteristics of a heroine and an author in humble life—the energy of will and strength of character marking the one, with the freshness, originality, and simple sinewy vigour of the other. A glance at her life may fitly precede a brief estimate of her works.

She was born in the parish of Shotts, Lanarkshire, in October, 1795. October, her native, has always continued her favourite month, and some of the sweetest verses in the present volume are devoted to the mild glories, the drooping honours, the mellow calm, the rich colours, and the pensive charm of that last month of the most delightful season of the year. Carshill was the name of the clachan where she was born. Her maiden name was Janet Thomson, and through her maternal ancestors she was connected with the children of the Covenant. She is the fifth in descent from John Whitelaw, Stand, Monkland, who was executed at the Old Tolbooth, Edinburgh, 1683, four years after the battle at Bothwell Bridge, in which he had taken a part, and was otherwise well known as a determined supporter of Covenanting principles. Her mother's name was Mary Brownlee, and her grandfather was a very remarkable person in his day. Our readers, by turning to her volume, entitled "Poems and Sketches," p. 170, will find a lengthened and very interesting account of Old Brownlee, who seems to have been in reality very nearly what David Deans was in fiction, or the "Cottar of the Saturday Night" in poetry. The whole chapter, entitled "Scottish Life and Character," might almost have appeared in Wilson's "Lights and Shadows," and shows a kindred

keenness of eye in hitting off the peculiarities and the stalwart virtues of the old types of Scottish character.

We give, in her own words, a portion of her early reminiscences:—"My father, being bred a shoemaker, found it convenient to remove to the town of Hamilton with his wife and child (myself). I would then be between two and three years of age. There we resided till I was about seven years old, when my parents, having suffered severely in their health by the close confinement, removed to the small village of Langloan, parish of Old Monkland, where they both worked as field labourers on the home farm of the estate of Drumpellier for about two years, while I kept house at home; and being early taught by my mother to spin, my daily task, in her absence, was to produce two hanks of sale yarn, in which I seldom failed. When my mother left the out-door labour I was taught to work at the tambour-frame, which was then a very remunerative employment for women and girls. My father also left the out-door labour a short time after, and commenced working at his trade on his own account. He engaged a very respectable young man to assist him in his work. This young man became my husband in 1809. I had ten children by him, seven of whom, with their father, still survive. We have lived together in the married state for 59 years. My husband will be eighty years of age in August, 1868, and I seventy-three in October of the same year."

She says again—"Two little incidents I will relate here. The one refers to the marriage of my parents. They were proclaimed in the Kirk of Shotts, and from thence went on foot to Glasgow, and were married by a Dr. Pirie, of what denomination I do not know." [He was a Burgher, and predecessor of Dr. Dick, Professor of Theology in the Secession Hall.] "The other includes some little incidents of my own marriage. We started on foot early for Glasgow, on a cold February morning, in the year 1809. We went to the house of an acquaintance of my husband, and told him we had come to be married. He sent his porter to the Rev. Dr. Lockhart, of College Church, the late county M.P.'s father, who asked if we had any one to witness the marriage.

Our answer was in the negative. The porter and Betty, the housemaid, were called in to witness—the knot was tied, which has never yet been loosed. I never saw the Doctor's face, and I can pass my word he never saw mine. We then returned to the friend's house, got some refreshment, took the road home again on foot, arrived after dark, got in unperceived by any of my girlish companions, had a cup of tea with a few of the old neighbours, and at the breakfast table next morning we took stock of our worldly gear. Our humble household plenishing was all paid, and my husband had a Spanish dollar, and on that and our two pair of hands we started, and though many battles and bustles have had to be encountered, with the help of a good and kind God, we have always been able to keep the wolf from the door."

In company with our excellent friend, William Logan, of Glasgow, we visited the interesting old couple in December, 1866, and were greatly delighted on the one hand with the appearance of the husband, so hale and strong for his years—his cheek ruddy, his nerve firm, and his reverence and love for his wife unbounded; and, on the other, with Janet's calm, commanding aspect—her clear and correct enunciation—as if (to use Scott's expression) "she spoke from a prent book"—the generous and noble sentiments she uttered on many subjects introduced—the fluency and emphasis with which she repeated a poem of her own, some one hundred lines long—and the dignity with which she was evidently bearing the great calamity of blindness. We thought involuntarily of that striking character in the *Bride of Lammermoor*—blind old Alice—whose sense, shrewdness, and majesty of bearing were such, that people who did not know her could hardly believe she was blind, and almost trembled in her presence, as if her sightless orbs and lofty forehead were full of essential and inevitable vision. We shall never forget the glowing enthusiasm with which Janet spoke of our hero Garibaldi, and of the cause of Italian freedom in general. Her blindness and her genius combined suggested many a memory—of worthy Dr. Blacklock, the kind-hearted patron of Burns; of Frances Brown, the blind Irish poetess; of Milton himself, and of those great ancient bards of whom

he sings (although Janet would be the last in her true modesty to wish to be compared for power to such Titans of the race):—

“Nor sometimes forget
Those other two equalled with me in fate,
So were I equalled with them in renown—
Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias and Phineas, prophets old.”

We left altogether with very peculiar emotions, and the memory of our visit to Langloan shall not soon be forgotten.

In the preface to the second edition of her Poems and Essays, Mrs. Hamilton has given a brief but pleasing sketch of her young studies; her early mastery of the alphabet; her reading of Bible stories and children's halfpenny books ere she was five years of age; her finding, when eight, upon the loom of an intellectual weaver, a copy of *Paradise Lost* and Allan Ramsay's poems; her becoming a reader in the village library, where she had access to many good and solid books, in history, geography, biography, travels, and voyages; her devouring, instead of novels, of which she met few, Rollin, Plutarch's *Lives*, *Ancient Universal History*, Raynal's *India*, and Pitscottie's *Scotland*, besides the *Spectator*, *Rambler*, Fergusson, Burns, and Macneill, as tidbits, while all the time she had a daily task assigned her—never neglected—first at the spinning wheel, and afterwards at the tambouring frame. Her mother, who was a very pious woman, made her read a chapter from the Bible every morning, and this practice, she says, was never omitted for a single day till she married and left the house; and “during all the years of childhood, every night when I laid my head on my pillow my mother's mouth was close at my ear praying for me, and teaching me to pray for myself.”

After her marriage, when engaged in rearing a young family on small means, her reading hours were taken from her sleep, and many an hour she spent in this way, holding the book in one hand and nursing an infant on her lap with the other. In a MS. which lies before us, she gives an interesting account of the manner in which she taught her own children to read. She began to teach every one of

them to read and spell when they attained the age of five years. They were taught the alphabet and small words from the beginning of the Assembly's Shorter Catechism. That was the only spelling book she ever used. The first lesson in reading she gave them was the first chapter of St. John's Gospel, with the beginning of the Book of Genesis. She describes very picturesquely her appearance while engaged in teaching her children. "The whole of the lessons were given by me when busy at the tambour frame, and the little urchin standing with book in hand beside me, and oftentimes his clothes had many patches and some rents in them, and perhaps not over clean a face, being recently employed in doing some of the duties of the housemaid, for the boys as well as the girls had to perform these duties as they grew up, till they were old enough to commence to learn trades." In this way she made them good scholars, and what was better, obedient children, and on the whole, useful and respectable members of society.

While thus employed in instructing her children, she persevered, amid all discouragements, with her own self-culture. She often tells how for years she got the loan of *Blackwood*, and, whilst nursing her child, she would take the magazine out from a sort of hole in the wall, and if any one unexpectedly entered the house she quickly replaced it, as if afraid of its being known. She did the same with Shakspeare and other noted authors, against whom in Scottish country circles there lingered then a prejudice which it was wiser to evade than to defy.

She began rather early to compose verses, and had, when between seventeen and nineteen years of age, produced about twenty pieces in rhyme, all of a strictly religious character; but after she had her third child, she did not indite a line till about the age of fifty-four, when she commenced writing for Cassell's "Working Man's Friend." It must be noticed that she could not write herself till about this age!*

Principal Robertson remarks that Burns' prose compositions, with all their faults, were, considering his opportunities,

* A facsimile of her very peculiar and self-invented handwriting is given elsewhere.

more remarkable than even his poems. And the same holds true of Janet Hamilton's prose writings. For sound, solid sense, discrimination of character, and language clear, fluent, strong, and generally correct, they no less, or perhaps even more than her poems, testify to her remarkable powers, and are calculated to recommend her writings to that large class who have no taste for poetry.

The volume now in the reader's hands is, of course, of various and unequal merit. It consists of occasional poems on public events, particular deaths, etc.; of descriptive pieces, of moral poems, and of tales and legends. All possess an interest of their own, and will attract each its own class of admirers. Those burning with political fervour will like her Garibaldian outpourings. Those whose passion is natural scenery will delight in her fine strains on Spring and October, now, alas! shadowed by the fact that these beauties no more

“Revisit now her eyes, which roll in vain
To find the day.”

Those who are either teetotalers, or sympathise with Janet's intense hatred at whisky, will own that she expresses that detestation with the utmost eloquence, as well as sincerity. And those who like the action still more than the word in poetry will revel in her simple stories of Scottish life, expressing, like the songs of Wordsworth's "Highland Reaper,"

“Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again.”

In all these departments Janet is more or less mistress, and that not so much from originality or splendour of genius, as from the simplicity and sincerity which stamp her poetry, like herself, "a true thing."

With all those who know Janet Hamilton there rests the impression not only that she has extraordinary powers, and deserves to rank with the principal self-taught poets of Scotland, but that above even this her moral nature towers distinguished. She is eminent for her high sense of honour and independence. She scorns everything mean, dastardly, false, and deceitful.

In her Christianity she is thoroughly sincere, and Catholic

in spirit, although attached from principle, as well as from old association, to the Church of Scotland. Her father was an ardent reformer even when that cause was unpopular, and Janet has ever taken a deep interest in the affairs of the nation, especially on public questions affecting the moral welfare and elevation of the people. Even still she must have her daily paper read to her, and in all foreign questions she continues to take especial interest.

The late Dr. Campbell, of the *British Standard*, knew Janet well, and used to say that "she had not only a firm and intelligent opinion of her own on most great public questions, but was, especially on Italian and Hungarian topics, better *posted-up* than most people."

One element of interest certainly attaches to the present volume. It is the author's last, or, as she calls it in the interesting MS. already more than once referred to, "the Benjamin of her pen." May that Benjamin never become the "Benoni," the child of her sorrow! May it meet with the generous reception with which her former productions were welcomed! We could take the somewhat lower ground of commending it as the production of a senior of seventy-three, never gifted with educational or conventional advantages, and now laden with the double burden of blindness and years. But we prefer to rest its claims upon its own literary merit, which is great, and upon the character of its author, which is nobler still.

DUNDEE, 1st September, 1868.

JANET HAMILTON AT HER "AIN FIRESIDE."

BY ALEXANDER WALLACE, D.D., GLASGOW.

FEW places could be more unfavourable for the cultivation of the poetic faculty than the smoky region in which the rapidly growing town of Coatbridge is situated, with its flaming furnaces and great mounds of slag, turning the green fields and the blessed light of heaven into a very pandemonium, and making confusion worse confounded, both above and below the vexed earth. Burns was born amid scenes of such rural loveliness, on the banks "o' bonnie Doon," that the most prosaic visitor to that classic spot would admit at once it was the fitting home of a poet, and quite worthy of being named any day along with "Dove's Nest," "Rydal Mount," and all the other romantic dwellings of the Lake poets; but the very idea of Coatbridge being the haunt of the muses seems to be utterly out of harmony with all their supposed partiality for certain highly-favoured spots where there is a rare combination of the beauties of nature. The muse seems to have been more accommodating of late to the stern necessities of the times; and so Ebenezer Elliot hammers out his burning thoughts on his ringing anvil at Sheffield, and David Wingate sings his exquisite songs at the bottom of a coal pit, the dark sides of which he has made radiant with the pure and tender love of Uncle Reuben for Annie Weir. Tannahill weaves his sweet Doric lays at the loom, and Janet Hamilton, upwards of seventy years of age, and who has never been at any school, touches

the trembling strings of the wild Scottish lyre, in her humble dwelling at Langloan, and makes the roughest denizen of that rough and fiery district proud of her name. The Scottish muse found Burns at the plough, when turning over the "wee, modest, crimson tippet flower," and once more she has shown that there is no royal road, no beaten tract on which to strew her gifts, for "she threw her inspiring mantle" round Janet at the spinning wheel and the tambour frame, and in the sooty region which the venerable poetess has graphically described in the poem entitled "Oor Location."

Lately we found ourselves threading our way through this "mottie, misty clime," our object being to visit this remarkable woman (take her all in all, the most remarkable woman perhaps now living in Scotland), of whom we had heard so much. Several times we inquired the way to her dwelling, not that it was so difficult to find, but we were curious to see how her name would be received, and on every occasion the very mention of it produced a pleasant smile on the face of every one whom we questioned. All seemed proud of "Old Janet," as they kindly named her. Some gave her the familiar name of "Jenny," and with a softer and more reverential tone than usual. Our last inquiry was addressed to a rough-looking fellow seated at a door step, and who was doubtless employed in some department of the Iron Works in the district. He rose to his feet on hearing our question, took the cutty pipe from his mouth, told us that we had but to turn the corner, which he pointed out, and go up a back stair. His face relaxed into a smile, which was worth far more than his whole week's earnings, as he closed his instructions with the assurance that we would be certain to find Janet at home, as she never left the house, and that she was "gey frail and blin'." Pleased at the interest manifested in the object of our visit by this rough diamond, we turned the corner as directed, and got into a collier-row looking range of houses, with the usual number of ashpits. Women folk and children were squatted about the door-steps. Ascending the back stair, we found the door open, and recognised Janet at once by her peculiar head-

dress covering her eyes, from which sight has entirely fled. Most kindly did she welcome us to her humble dwelling, which consists of two apartments, a small kitchen, and a still smaller room entering from it—in short, a “*but and a ben*.” Of course we must retire to the best room, and there we could not fail to observe one of the old-fashioned kind of cupboards or *aumries*, a chest of drawers, and a small book-case, containing a choice collection of books, several of which were presents. One of these was shown us with no small degree of pride, because a gift from a distinguished officer who had fought side by side with Garibaldi in his struggles for freedom. She referred with deep emotion to a visit which one of the General’s sons had lately paid her, and it was with honest pride she mentioned how he had actually lifted her “in his great strong arms”—to use her own expression—from her seat beside the kitchen fire to her arm chair in the “Sanctum.” There is great expression in the tones of her voice, a musical sweetness which shews a gentle spirit and a fine ear. Never have we heard the pathetic or the humorous in ballad poetry rendered with such happy effect as in the snatches which she repeated of her own ballads or from the old minstrel lore. She is a *gentlewoman*, in the true sense of that term, by instinct, or by a certain delicacy of feeling, and by self-culture. Her ease, self-possession, native grace, and dignity, all so thoroughly natural and simple—in short, her true *womanliness*—are qualities as remarkable, perhaps, as her poetic genius.

If we may be allowed the expression, she seems to have been a born reader. She can scarcely remember the time when her love of books was not her ruling passion. She had exhausted the village library before she had entered her teens, and the astonished librarian, who had never met with such an instance before, and who had no small pride in his collection of books, was obliged to confess that she had fairly read him out—the Universal History and all; expressing at the same time a fear that she might read herself blind, a fear which has been but too painfully realised. It was very amusing to hear her “ain gudeman,” John, telling with great glee, how that after she had “used up” the village library,

he went to another at some distance, and brought one armful of books after another, and continued his journeys till this other librarian was also compelled to acknowledge that he had never known a case of such *fell* reading before. It is noteworthy that the first copies of Milton's "Paradise Lost," and of Allan Ramsay's Poetical Works, which Janet saw, were on a weaver's loom. Referring to this treasure, which she found in her eighth year, she very appropriately quoted the lines from one of her poems, entitled "A Wheen Aul' Memories"—

"It was there my young fancy first took to the wing ;
It was there I first tasted the Helicon spring ;
It was there wi' the poets I wad revel and dream,
For Milton an' Ramsay lay on the breast beam."

Being a great reader herself, she was very desirous that her neighbours in the same walk of life should share in her pleasure, and so she started a small circulating library, which, true to poetic experience, turned out a losing concern. She had no lack of readers, but they failed to return the volumes they took out, so that her library was literally exhausted, for she lost all her books. It was a very praiseworthy effort, however, which she made for the diffusion of knowledge.

It was only in connection with one book that any domestic duty was ever overlooked, or any allotted task for the day not completed. Her confession on this subject is memorable. "Shakspeare," she said, "was my first and only transgression in connection with my domestic labour, and oh, Sir, need ye wonder at it when I turned for the first time to his wondrous pages? I regard him as the first of all poets. I was drawn to him as if by a special instinct." The ease with which she can quote some of his finest passages is truly astonishing. He was not only her first poet but her schoolmaster, for she got her knowledge of grammar, and her love of poetry at the same time, from the Bard of Avon. On expressing to her our surprise that she could write so grammatically without having formally learned any rules, she replied, "Shakspeare was my teacher; my ear is also a guide so far; and besides all this, God has

given me a good tack (gift) of *nat'ral* grammar. You might as well ask the laverock how it can sing as ask me how I can write according to the rules of grammarians."

When a mere girl, she revelled in the ballad lore of the country, and drank deeply into its spirit. Her Grannie had a large collection of old-world stories and ballads, and these she repeated and sang to the highly-delighted youngsters who gathered in the winter evenings around her spinning wheel. Her aged relative was certainly as remarkable for her retentive memory, and for her large store of floating traditions in song, ballad, and story, as was the old woman who resided in Burns' family.

She quoted, with great enthusiasm, from some old ballads which she believed were written about "The Killing Time," when the rage of the persecutors blazed out against the Covenanters with the greatest fury. She was of opinion that Hogg had given the essence of some of those ballads in the words which he represents Nanny as singing in the "Brownie of Bodsbeck." The crone herself did not give the lines with such emphasis, and in such a dramatic style, at Chapelhope, as we heard them rendered at Langloan.

The hearty, unrestrained laugh with which Janet closed the vigorous recital of the pithy lines, announcing the doom of "Græme, Lagg, Drumlanrick," and other noted actors in that bloody drama, will long linger in our memory. As a set-off to the scathing fire of that quotation, she gave, with touching pathos, the following verses, which are taken from the same source. They are now printed as they were repeated. If Janet's memory was at fault, her poetic genius was at no loss to supply the defect.

"O, dinna greet, my bonny doo,
Nor on the present ponder,
For thou shalt sing on the laverock's wing,
And far away beyond her.

"When the clouds are high and the well rins dry,
Then heaven o' earth maun borrow;
And the mists that stray on the ground to-day
May sail in heaven to-morrow."

Her love of nature is intense, and, notwithstanding her

blindness, the wild flowers are still as near and dear to her as ever. It is remarkable that she has never seen a mountain, nor the sea, nor any river but the Clyde, the Falls of which she has never visited, and she has never been the distance of twenty miles from her humble dwelling. Her region of song, so far as scenery is concerned, has been very limited. It may be all comprised in the glen of the Calder, and the bosky dells and breckan-covered banks of her favourite stream, the Luggie, before it was polluted with the refuse of the furnaces, and its sweet "wilding flowers" covered with slag. That was her fairy rivulet in the days of childhood, and to her youthful imagination it was peopled with everything that was bright, and beautiful, and fair. It was there, when a lassie, she caught the minnows of which she so frequently sings, and gathered in the fairy nooks the primrose, the hyacinth, and the blue bell, her favourite flowers. Again and again, during our brief visit, did she refer with all the warmth of youthful glee to her exploits at "mennin" fishing, which she has described in "Luggie, Past and Present."

It is with all the bitter regret of a genuine poet that she mourns the sad changes which have passed over the streamlet of her childhood. In spite of all these changes, this "burn" and all its sweet memories of life's young day have been to her as a first love. No two streams in Scotland have been more highly honoured than the "Luggie" of David Gray and that of Janet Hamilton.

Her love of the beautiful in nature gleams like a "crystal light," to use her own expression, through the whole of her three volumes. As a specimen of this, take the following from the "Ballad of Memorie":—

"Nae, mair, alas! nae mair I'll see
Young mornin's gowden hair
Spread owre the lift—the dawnin' sheen
O' simmer mornin' fair!
Nae mair the heathery knowe I'll speel,
An' see the sunbeams glancin',
Like fire-flauchts ower the loch's lane breast,
Owre whilk the breeze is dancin'.

“Nae mair I’ll hear the cushie-doo,
 Wi’ voice o’ tender wailin’,
 Pour out her plaint; nor laverock’s sang,
 Up ’mang the white clouds sailin’;
 The lappin’ waves that kiss the shore,
 The music o’ the streams,
 The roarin’ o’ the linn nae mair
 I’ll hear but in my dreams.”

The wild primrose happened to be referred to—“Ah! that’s my sweet, favourite wilding,” she said, and then repeated her own beautiful conception contained in the following lines:—

“The red-lippit gowan had closed her sweet mou’,
 But the cup o’ the primrose was lippin’ wi’ dew;
 An’ the hy’cinth had kamed oot her ringlets o’ blue,
 Till the dell o’ their fragrance an’ beauty was fu’.”

She concludes one of her recent letters to a friend in these affecting words:—“I must confess feeling a weakness when sitting darkling in my chair, as the woods and fields are pictured in my mind’s eye, clothed in their summer garb. All is for the best. James (referring to her son) keeps me pretty well supplied with wilding flowers beloved from childhood.”

With her intense love of nature, it will not be surprising to our readers to learn that Shakspeare’s description of a bank of wild thyme, in the “Midsummer Night’s Dream,” has lingered for so many years in her memory, or that it should form one of her favourite quotations:—

“I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
 Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
 Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
 With sweet musk-roses, and with egantine:
 There sleeps Titania.”

It was very touching when Mirren, her daughter, read some of the ballads in this volume, in which there are beautiful allusions to nature, to hear the blind old mother say again and again, as she sat bent forward, eagerly listening, in her arm chair, “I see it! I see it a’! It’s like a crystal o’ licht set in my very heart.” On expressing our surprise that she could so vividly recall past scenes and speak

with rapture of the wild flowers which she could see no more, she said, "They're a' in my heart—I loved them too well ever to forget them ;" and then she quoted a verse from the "Ballad of Memorie," already referred to, beginning with the lines—

"When a' the house are gane to sleep,
I sit my leefu lane," &c.

Now that we have introduced the daughter Mirren to our readers, we may add that the aged poetess, during her blindness, has had most kindly help from her loving hand, and from her "ain aul' guidman," who regards her with singular devotion. He has been so much in the practice of reading aloud to her, that his voice "has got doon," he says, "to a deid hearseness." She has a most affectionate amanuensis in her son James, who, notwithstanding all his other duties in connection with his daily work, is ever delighted to consecrate all his spare hours in writing to her dictation, "when the burning thochts within," as old John expressed it, "winna let her rest." Mirren is all in all about the house, as the Martha of the home circle, but she is specially great in the reading of her mother's ballad poetry. In this effort her feelings frequently overcame her at any very touching part of the tale. She was requested to read the ballad entitled "Effie," which appears in this volume, and which is perhaps the most pathetic of all her mother's writings ; so she began in the long-drawn, plaintive cadence suited to the sad tale, and got on so far ; but her voice trembled and she broke down when she came to the depths of Effie's sorrows. It was no affectation, but genuine feeling, which choked her utterance, just as we felt ourselves when trying to read aloud for the first time at our own fireside the story of "Rab and his Friends." Mirren lifted her apron to her face ;—James quietly left the room ;—old John drew his coat-sleeve across his eyes ;—there sat the mother, pale and blind, and bent forward in her chair ; she uttered a word of encouragement to the reader, but the truth is, we were all very much in the melting mood.

To relieve the pressure of sad thoughts produced by the

reading of "Effie," Janet asked us if we had ever tried the writing of *Cento* verses, which she characterised as a pleasant literary amusement for a meeting of young friends in a winter night. On confessing our ignorance, she forthwith explained the nature of this effort by giving us a few specimens, which may be interesting to our readers. The lines and the names of the authors are now printed as she repeated them.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen	<i>Gray.</i>
Far in a wild unknown to public view,	<i>Parnell.</i>
Beneath a vault unsullied by a cloud,	<i>Cowper.</i>
And darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.	<i>Byron.</i>

"Long had our pious friend in virtue trode,	<i>Parnell.</i>
An honest man's the noblest work of God ;	<i>Pope.</i>
Large was his bounty and his soul sincere,	<i>Gray.</i>
And passing rich at forty pounds a year.	<i>Goldsmith.</i>

"Heaven burns with all its stars,	<i>Ossian.</i>
The young May moon is beaming ;	<i>Moore.</i>
Thus sang my love, O come with me,	<i>Campbell.</i>
The bridal lights are gleaming."	<i>Cunningham.</i>

Janet Hamilton is pre-eminently a poetess of social progress. This is the thread of gold which runs through all her writings. She feels for the oppressed and suffering everywhere, and she smites, with no sparing hand, and in no measured terms, the vices and the wrongs which have wrought such misery and woe upon the earth. Elizabeth Barrett Browning never penned a more piercing "Cry of the Human," or a more urgent "Cry of the Children," than Janet has done in some of her own spirit-stirring utterances, born in the depths of her own agony, and wrung from her own bleeding heart by our national curse and disgrace, Intemperance. It is, indeed, a very touching picture to see her seated, pale and blind, in her arm chair, and lamenting, with such anguish of heart, the evils entailed upon the country by this curse. She repeated to us, with trembling emotion, the poem which appears in this volume, entitled "The Enemy still Sits in the Gate."

Humour is another marked characteristic, and her saddest

thought and utterances were followed by bright flashes of this during our visit.

Her Christian cheerfulness and patient submission in the midst of blindness, and other trials even more severe than this, are, after all, the true poetry of her life, and a pleasant proof to every visitor that a merciful God, who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," has given her "songs in the night in this the house of her pilgrimage," and a good hope, through grace, of coming glory, when in the light of God she will see light clearly.

Meantime, dear old friend, in the darkness of life's lengthening shadows which have gathered around thee, a *gloaming* made darker still by the loss of sight, may it be light with thee, and may the "crystal light" in thy heart never fade, but grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day!

We cannot close this hasty sketch better than in Janet's own words:—

"The star o' memory lights the past;
But there's a licht abune,
To cheer the darkness o' a life
That maun be endit soon.
An' aft I think the gowden morn,
The purple gloamin' fa',
Will shine as bricht, and fa' as saft,
When I hae gane awa'."

GLASGOW, September, 1868.

Miscellaneous Pieces.

THE COUSINS.

LILY.

TWA bonny young lassies, fair cousins, I ween,
Mair brichter or bonnier ever were seen—
Ane fair as the lily, ane ruddy and broun,
An' the twa were the brag an' pride o' oor toun.

But Lily, fair Lily, was counted the queen,
As sharp as a needle, an' trig as a preen ;
Her hair was sae gowden, her een were sae blue,
Sae white an' sae sunny her bonny brent broo.

In a wee hoose she leev'd wi' her mither alane,
A puir widow bodie, wha but her had nane
To help her an' cheer her by nicht an' by day,
For Lily was warkrife, tho' blythesome an' gay.

And Lily had woers. The ane she lo'ed best
Was Willie, the blacksmith, wha aften had press'd
For a promise that she wad be his evermair ;
But mither she thocht him ower sweet to be fair.

“ O Lily, tak' tent ; it's no lang since ye saw
The chiel', an' o' him ye ken naething ava.
His een are sae pawkie, his speech is sae fine,
I'm wae since thou tauld me he sune wad be thine.

But Lily had promis'd, an' wadna withdraw
The troth she had gien; an' the puir mither saw
She wad lose her sweet bairn, for sune they were wed,
An' far to the nor' lan' fair Lily was led.

An' Willie to her was aye lovin' an' dear
Till a bairnie was born in the end o' the year,
An' sune he grew thochtfu', but no the less kind;
But Lily jaloused he was troubled in mind.

Three towmonds gaed by, an' she neer thocht them lang.
Ae day she was singin' an' workin' fu' thrang,
Her bairnie was trottin aboot on the floor,
Whan a woman cam' in an' steekit the door.

Then oot spak' the stranger, "There needna be strife
Atween us, for, ken ye, I'm Willie's true wife.
The proofs o' oor marriage I bear on my breast;
Ye'll see them, an' that will set matters to rest."

Syne oot frae her bosom some papers she drew.
"Read, lassie, an' see if my words binna true.
Oor marriage certificate's valid and fair,
Wi' the minister's name an' the witnesses' there.

"I cam frae the border; it's there I was bred;
There Willie he coorted me; there we were wed.
Seven towmonds hae gane since he made me his wife;
It's four since we pairted in anger an' strife."

Whan Lily had read it, wi' sorrow and shame
She said in her heart, "It's mysel' I've to blame.
To mither's gude counsel I wadna gae heed,
An' noo o' her counsel I'm sairly in need.

"O, did she but ken o' this sorrowfu' day,
Fu' weel I can guess what my mither wad say,
'Come back to me, lassie, a' s'all be forgien,
Baith thee an' thy bairn s'all be welcome, I ween.'"

An' then o' her claes she made up a bit pack,
Teuk bread in her pouch, and her bairn on her back,
Set aff thro' the muirs at the tap o' her speed,
Prayin' God to forgie and help her in need.

She wadit the burnie, and speel'd ower the stile,
To wun the hie road she gaed mony a mile,
Then sairly forfochten, an' maist like to drap,
Sat down on the grass wi' the bairn in her lap.

When she rase to her feet, and leukit aroun',
The bairnie was sleepin', the sun was gaun down;
A lanely farm steadin' stood by the road side,
An' there for the nicht she gat welcome to bide.

She tauld them the name o' the parish and toun
Whaur dwelt her ain mither—to her she was boun'.
The wife said, "Puir lassie, it's thretty miles lang;
The road ye maun travel, if there ye wad gang.

"But God to the shorn lambie tempers the win',
The place ye are seekin' He'll help ye to fin';
But wow ye'll be weary an' unco forfain'
Wi' the bundle ye carry, forbye the bit bairn."

"A stout heart," said Lily, "befits a stey brae.
I'll carry my burden as far as I may,
An' shou'd I be weary, sair weary," quo' she,
"It's hame to my mither, it's hame I maun be."

Her feet they were blister'd, her back like to break,
The bairn on her shouthers, his arms roun' her neck;
But neist day at gloamin' she wan to the toun,
An' there at her mither's door-cheek she sat down.

It wasna that lang till the mither cam' oot;
Whan Lily she saw she grew white as a clout.
"O, hoo got ye speerin's? an' hoo did ye win
To me, my dear lassie? fye! come awa' in."

Sae saftly she wash'd her puir Lily's sair feet.
"Say naething, my lass, till I get ye some meat,"
An' syne the wee callan' she kin'ly teuk up,
An' he sat on' her knee and drank o' her cup.

"O mither!" said Lily, an' dichtit her een,
"But you on the yirth I hae nae ither freen;
And as lang as we leeve, thegither we'll bide;—
O dool on the day when I gaed frae your side."

Then tauld she her mither a' things that befel;
But what cam' o' Willie she never heard tell.
Noo the bairn's grown a man, an' works for his mither,
Wha says, "Like her laddie there's no sic anither."

BESSIE.

An' noo I maun tell ye o' bright Bessie Broun,
Wi' her saft dimpled cheek sae rosy an' roun',
Wi' hair like the blackbird, the licht o' her een
Like the sweet dewy star o' the gloamin', I ween.

The sang o' the lintie, that bigs in the brier,
Was like the dear lassie's, sae sweet an' sae clear;
The smile was sae witching that played roun' her mou',
The chieles were aye comin' fair Bessie to woo.

Amang them was ane, whan he tirl'd the pin,
That Bessie, saft blushin', wad bid to come in;
He socht, she had gien him, her young lovin' heart,
An' ne'er had she dream'd that ere lang they maun part.

She was couthie an' mensefu' in manner; her mind,
By muckle gude readin', was bricht an' refined;
An' aye to her knee the wee bairnies wad speel,
An' a' the gude neebors they likit her weel.

The day it was set when she wad be a bride,
 An' Bessie was eident the brows to provide ;
 But wha disna ken that there's mony a slip
 Has happened atween the fu' cup an' the lip?

Ae dreepin' hairst day she was oot in the weet,
 An' gat a sair cauld, an' was laid aff her feet ;
 An' a' thro' the winter sae sairly she dwined,
 Her young hopes were blighted, but she was resign'd.

The snawdrap an' crocus peep'd oot thro' the snaw,
 But Bessie, dear Bessie, the blumes never saw ;
 Her true lover, Geordie, an' mither sae dear,
 Were a' that she wanted to see or to hear.

Sair, sair was his heart, but hoo caum were his leuks
 Whan to her he was readin' the best o' a' beuks ;
 She leuk'd in his een whan she cudna weel speak,
 For the rose o' the hectic was bricht on her cheek.

She dee'd in his arms as he knelt by her side.
 He ne'er wooed anither, or socht for a bride ;
 "Tho' noo she's gane frae me," he said in his heart,
 "Again I s'all meet her, an' nevermair part."

L I N E S

Written for the first Anniversary Banquet of a newly-formed Burns'
 Club in Manchester.

HIGH Bard of Scotia, brightest son of song,
 Who boldly swept his master hand along
 The golden strings of Caledonia's lyre,
 And pour'd in magic strains and words of fire
 The witching songs of love ; its hopes and fears
 Of love in death, embalmed with burning tears,

Of blooming nature in her flow'ry prime ;
Of pathos deep, and sentiment sublime,
Of humour quaint, and wit's keen lightning glance ;
The midnight's orgies of the witches' dance ;
The song of Saturday's sweet evening rest,
Dear to the cottar, eve of Sabbath blest.
No sweeter music poet's hand hath wrung
From Scotia's lyre—no son of genius sung
In loftier strains—no patriot's battle cry
Like his can nerve the arm when foes are nigh.
But time forbids that we should longer dwell
On themes that thrill the heart, the bosom swell—
The name, the tuneful fame of Robert Burns,
Still to the "Auld Clay Biggin'" memory turns,
Where Scotia's genius, robed in tartan screen,
In vision'd beauty, by the bard was seen,
Binding upon his brow the holy wreath
That crown'd him King of Song in life and death.
We hail with joy and pride his natal day,
Our votive offerings on his shrine we lay,
And pay with honours meet and high regard
The homage due to Scotia's deathless bard.
Deem'd not his sire, nor mother faint and worn,
That to their arms that wild and wintry morn
A child of genius, heir of song and fame,
Was given ? The halo circling round his name
Still broader, brighter grows ; within its light
In bonds of brotherhood we meet to-night,
And hail with glowing hearts, with song and mirth,
The day's return that saw the poet's birth,
Not now as "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"
Long laid to rest on freedom's gory bed—
Not as of yore in battle's fierce turmoil :
We meet as brothers on fair England's soil,
And here with clasping hands and hearts unite,
While mingling round the festive board to-night,
To hail the infant year, for then returns
The day we bless—the natal day of Burns.

TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

On the death of her two little boys (her all).

OH, mother bereaved ! from thy desolate hearth
The treasures have vanish'd that bound thee to earth ;
The green clinging tendrils, that wound round thy heart,
Thou deem'd not so soon they should wither and part.

Thy golden hair'd Willie, frank, fearless, and free,
With merry blue eyes, ever sparkling with glee ;
Fair child of six summers, the fond father's joy—
The mother's first blessing, her beautiful boy.

At morn we beheld him bright, sportive, and gay,
With dear little Johnnie, his brother, at play—
At eve his white forehead was throbbing with pain
When laid on the bed he ne'er rose from again.

How deep was the scarlet that flushed on his cheek ;
How wandering and wild the few words he could speak ;
A ministering angel thou moved round his bed,
And closed the blue eyes when the spirit had fled.

And now little Johnnie, sweet prattling child,
The last of thy treasures, the loving and mild !
Ere the first moon had waned, lay cold on his cot,
Like Rachel thou wept, for thy children were not.

Yet weep not, sad mother ! thy treasures were given
By Him who resumed them, their Father in heaven ;
To thee He had lent them, they still were His own ;
He call'd, and the doves to His bosom have flown.

The cot and the cradle are empty and still,
The red-breast is watching for crumbs on the sill ;
Impatient he pecks at the dim frozen pane,
But Willie the crumbs will not scatter again.

Peace, peace to thee, mother ! thou never shalt know
The heart-wringing anguish, the mourning and woe
Of mothers who weep by the desolate hearth,
Of perishing children, the outcasts of earth.

More deep than the wail o'er thy innocent dead,
More bitter the tears that for lost ones are shed,
For thine with the angels of light ever dwell,
'Tis well with thy children, with thee it is well.

OCTOBER, 1859.

AGAIN, again, and yet again,
I have sung of thee, October !
Ah ! not in joyous, jocund strain—
Grave the lay, subdued, and sober—
The waning life, and waning year,
Gravely, calmly, sympathising ;
The thin grey locks, and woodlands sere,
Mutely, fitly, harmonising.

Young budding April, blooming May,
Flowery June, and July glowing,
Each in their turn a tribute lay,
August in thy lap o'erflowing.
See September's tresses yellow,
Waving o'er her teeming bosom,
Crown'd with fruitage rich and mellow,
Born of many a summer blossom.

October breathing on the bowers,
Through the yellow woods is stealing ;
'Mid falling leaves and faded flowers,
Nature's dying form revealing.
No cooing dove, no warbler gay,
Is singing in the branches now ;
Yet soft the chasten'd sunbeams play,
October on thy placid brow.

I walk abroad, a holy calm
 Breathes in the atmosphere around ;
 A sweetly sad, yet soothing balm,
 A deep repose, a peace profound.
 October ! wanes my life like thine,
 Gone youthful summer's fervid glow ;
 Buds, leaves, and flowers, that erst were mine,
 Are wither'd, sere, and fallen low.

Pale nature, chill'd by cold decay,
 Lies fainting in the arms of death ;
 While I repeat as on I stray,
 How fleeting, fading, all beneath !
 From earth to heaven I raise my eyes,
 And see a soften'd glory spread
 In mildest radiance o'er the skies,
 More swift than summer's suns have shed.

God of my life, when life shall fail,
 When dark the windows of my soul,
 All things of earth decayed and stale,
 And death's dark waters near me roll.
 Oh, when I walk through death's dark vale,
 Father of lights ! my path illumine
 With light divine that will not pale,
 Even in the shadows of the tomb.

THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

Blow loud the silver trumpets, blow,
 Peal high the bells of jubilee ;
 For freedom bids her banner flow
 O'er fair Iberia, far and free.
 Who would be free must strike the blow
 That breaks the despot's galling chain ;
 'Tis struck, exulting pæans flow
 For truth, for liberty, and Spain.

Arise, thou dweller in the dust !
 Despotic rule, and priestly sway
 Had gagg'd and chained thee till the rust
 Consumed thy life and strength away.
 Now, through each golden orange grove,
 O'erladen vine and olive tree,
 The fragrant breezes as they rove
 Are breathing, "Spain shall yet be free."

She shall be free—when sacred truth,
 Free and unfettered, walks abroad,
 Brings to the ken of man and youth
 The light of life, the Word of God.
 Truth comes not with the battle cry,
 She wears no garments roll'd in blood,
 With counsel sage, and wisdom high,
 Inspires her patriots, true and good.

The blazing torch on high she waves
 The black cowl'd Demons scowling fly ;
 Like Vampires feeding in the graves,
 Struck by the light, they writhe and die.
 So perish all the foes of truth !
 Dark bigotry and lawless power,
 The curse of man, the blight of youth—
 Let Spain improve her golden hour.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE BAND OF HOPE CHOIR.

GLORY shone o'er Bethlehem's plains,
 Angel bands in joyful strains
 Sung beneath the midnight sky
 "Glory be to God on high !
 Peace on earth, good will to men"—
 Sound it to earth's farthest ken.
 Ah ! not yet our Bands of Hope
 May with angel minstrels cope ;

Yet to yonder crystal dome,
While the cry was still they come,
See five thousand children throng.
Hark ! responsive to the song
Of the angels, swelling high,
Thrilling anthems greet the sky.
Blessed echo to the strains
Sung of old o'er Bethlehem's plains—
Sing, ye youthful minstrels, sing,
Till the aisles and arches ring ;
Sing, bright angels ! hover nigh,
Glory be to God on high.
Peace on earth, to men good will !
Strains your songs re-echo still—
Sing the holy Infant's name,
Who that night to Bethlehem came ;
Angel singers hailed His birth
With songs of joy and sacred mirth.
Bands of Hope take up the strain,
Sing aloud, more loud again,
Till it reach earth's farthest ken—
“ Peace on earth, good will to men.”

THE LYRE OF SPRING.

SONG in the forest is ringing,
Song in the woodlands wild ;
Song—not the song of the maiden,
Not of the joyous child.

Is it the musical fairies
Singing in copse and dell ?
Thrilling the air with melody,
Witching with tuneful spell.

'Tis the sweet breath of Spring that wakes
Her lyre of thousand strings,
Pouring the warbling song of love
From every bird that sings.

A medley sweet of varied strains,
A chorus full and clear,
Rings out from thicket, brake, and bush,
To woodland ramblers dear.

I hear thy song, sweet bird of dawn,
Hailing the lonely star
That twinkles on the brow of morn,
Through dewy clouds afar.

I hear the blackbird's piping notes,
The thrush's mellow lay ;
Her song the first to wake the woods,
The last at gloamin' grey.

The linnet trills her sweetest notes
Upon the wild rose spray ;
The Cuckoo's tell-tale note I hear,
Now near, now far away.

In warbling ecstasy of song,
A thousand feather'd throats
Pour out in full melodious flow
Their gushing, joyous notes.

Oh, wilding woods ! oh, songsters sweet !
Beloved of nature's child ;
The glades, the glens, where echo still
Repeats your "wood notes wild."

L I N E S

Suggested by seeing the Train containing the Queen and Suite pass
through Coatbridge, on the Caledonian Railway, on her way to the
North, May 1, 1862.

MY QUEEN ! beloved, bereaved—no festal car
Is that which speeds thee to the wilds afar.
A stricken deer thou fliest, O mourning Queen,
To seek thy wonted haunts and weep unseen !

Weep, gracious Lady ! tears are blessed things ;
Woe to the stricken heart from whence up-springs
No gushing sorrows ! Ah ! the burning pain
Of grief is softened by that tender rain.
The hills of mist, the forests dense and lone,
The mountain torrents plunging, thundering on,
Wild glens, dark corries, lakes of silver sheen,
Say to thy lonely heart, " Here he hath been !"
But ah ! the loving life of that sad heart
But half survives, since he, its dearer part,
Was reft by early death from thy lone side,
And left thee sadly stemming life's dark tide.
Yet not alone, though thy worn spirit pines
That thou no more may'st read the tender lines
Of love and truth writ on that pallid face,
Where anguish'd suffering strove with patient grace ;
For ere he went, was wreathed a golden chain—
The precious links are nine—still to retain
Close to thy heart the children of his love,
So dear on earth, and waited for above ;
And these dear pledges thou, in faith and prayer,
Wilt watch, teach, guide, and lead to meet him there.
Oh ! may the dews of Heaven, descending, shed
A balm celestial on thy sacred head—
More sacred in the majesty of woe
Than aught thy crown and sceptre can bestow !
Though deep and true the sympathy we feel,
Thine is a wound that only God can heal.
Sharp was the stroke, and heavy was the rod,
But He who chastened is thy Father—God.
Kneel for His blessing—lean upon His breast
Thy weary head, and sob thyself to rest.
Forgive me, Lady ; I would not intrude—
I would not dare to stir with finger rude
Thy depth of woe. God save thee and defend ;
To thee and thine be Husband, Father, Friend.

CENTENARY POEM,

Recited at Burns' Centenary Festival, held at Mauchline,
January 25, 1859.

O, Bard beloved! as pilgrims to thy shrine,
With song and gift we come, our vows to pay;
The growing fame of hundred years is thine,
And lands and nations hail thy natal day.

We bring thee hearts that while life's pulses beat
Shall throb with love and pride, regret and shame;
Love of thy worth, pride in thy genius great,
Regret that death, not Life, gave world-wide fame.

And shame that Scotia dazzled by the blaze
Lit by her peasant Bard's poetic fire,
Should, while she sunned her in the living rays,
On Want's chill bosom see her Bard expire.

Oh, shade revered! the altar of thy fame
This day we wreath with fair immortal flowers
Culled from each spot that's hallowed by thy name—
By Doon, by Nith, by fair Montgomery's towers.

From "Bonny Doon" bring "rose and woodbine twine,"
From "Winding Ayr" "the birch and hawthorn hoar,"
The flowers he pressed when Mary lay reclined
Within his arms that clasped her nevermore.

"The mountain daisy," bring "the red red rose,"
From haunted Alloway "the ivy green,"
The "yellow broom" where stealing burnie flows,
And "Coila's gift, the holly" sharp and sheen.

And bring the "rough burr thistle, spreading wide,
The poet's hand aye "spared the symbol dear,"
"The big ha' Bible ance his faither's pride;"
Lives there a Scot but bids it welcome here?

Oh! we have heard the Bruce at Bannockburn,
When pealed his battle hymn along the line,
Felt with the Bard that "Man was made to Mourn,"
And thrilled with memories of "Auld Langsyne."

Great poet painter, these twin loves of thine,
Fair Nature, and fair Woman, Nature's flower,
Each in her beauty, in thy soul's deep shrine
Were worshipped, painted with a master's power.

Fair was the pictured scene, sweet Ballochmyle,
He drew within thy dewy glades at e'en,
And fair the beauteous portrait drawn the while,
He sung in glowing strains his "Bonny Jean."

Fair as thine own fair form, sad captive queen,
The scenes portrayed in weeping Memory's eye,
Thy Scotia robed in Nature's mantle green,
Bestrewn with flowery gems of richest dye.

The lily bank, the daisy-sheeted lea,
The blossomed thorn, the primrose by the brae,
No fairer sketch of Nature we may see,
No sorrows sung in more pathetic lay.

Burns—Nature's noblest, brightest, dearest son—
Large, loving heart, and independent mind
Were his—not to be bought, or warped, but won
To love and sympathy for all mankind.

Bright on the altar of his manly heart
The holy flame of patriot ardour glowed ;
Love's fragrant incense, Truth undimmed by Art,
And wit and humour flashing as they flowed.

"A man's a man" whatever may befall
Of honest poverty or lowly name—
Birth, rank, and wealth, the poet lacked them all,
But worth and genius gave him love and fame.

And now, though "mouldering in the silent dust,"
The heart that dearly loved fair Scotia lies,
"Still in her bosom's core" he lives, and must
To Fame's bright zenith nearer, higher rise.

OCTOBER, 1861.

Not changeful April, with her suns and showers,
Pregnant with buds, whose birth the genial hours
Of teeming May will give to life and light
Rich in young beauty, odorous and bright.

Not rose-crowned June, in trailing robes of bloom,
Her flowery censers breathing rich perfume,
Her glorious sunshine, and her bluest skies,
Her wealth of dancing leaves where zephyr sighs.

Nor fervid July, in her full-blown charms,
Shedding the odorous hay with sun-browned arms,
Nor glowing August, with her robe unbound,
With ripening grain, and juicy fruitage crowned.

Nor thee, September, though thine orchards glow
With fruits, ripe, rich, and ruddy—laying low
The yellow grain with gleaming sickles keen,
With jest and laugh, and harvest song between.

I sing October, month of all the year,
To poet's soul and calm deep feeling dear;
Her chastened sunshine, and her dreamy skies
With tender magic charm my heart and eyes.

In silvery haze the purple hills are swathed,
In dripping dews the faded herbage bathed—
Red Robin trills his winter-warning ditty;
His big bright eye invoking crumbs and pity.

From fading woodlands, ever pattering down,
Come many tinted leaves—red, yellow, brown ;
The rustling carpet with slow lingering feet
I thoughtful tread, inhaling odours sweet.

The very soul of quietude is breathing
O'er field and lake, with sweetest peace enwreathing
My tranquil soul, from founts of blissful feeling
Sweet silent tears adown my cheeks are stealing.

Spirit of meekness brooding in the air,
On thy soft pinions waft my lowly prayer,
That I may meet, calm, meek, resigned, and sober,
My life's decline—my solemn—last October.

SUMMER VOICES.

BENEATH the shining trembling leaves that drape the bowers
of June,

I sit and list with raptured ear to sweetly-varied tune
Of Nature's thousand melodies—above, below, around—
Sweet sights, sweet scents, but sweeter far the mingling
charms of sound.

The silvery lapse of tinkling streams ; the river's rushing
voice ;

The lucent waves that lap the shore in murmuring tones
rejoice ;

The fitful cadence of the breeze that skims with silken
wings

O'er bending waves of odorous hay, and through the wood-
land sings ;

The tell-tale voice beloved of Spring ; the wail of forest dove ;
The thousand swelling warbling throats that sing of bliss
and love ;

The voice of woods, in soft commune with twilight's dewy airs,
Where parent thrush on darkling bough beguiles his brood-
ing cares ;

The shadows fall—O gentle bird, thy liquid voice is mute ;
But hark ! that sweetly-thrilling strain breathed from the
plaintive flute ;

No eye but thine, soft star of love, the rapt musician sees
Slow wandering by the lonely lake beneath the sleeping trees.
Now, Scotia ! pour thy native airs so wildly, simply sweet,
For this the hour and this the scene when rustic maidens
meet

By cottage door—by village spring, o'erhung with wilding rose.
Hark from their lips the Doric lay in gushing music flows.
Sweet Summer sounds, I love ye all ; but, dearest—holiest
—best—

The song of praise from cottage hearth that hails the Sabbath
rest ;

The birds—the streams—the breeze—the song to earthly
sounds are given,

This mounts the wings of Summer morn, and singing, flies
to heaven !

THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

QUEEN of hundred ocean Isles,
Rich in scenic grandeurs ;
Land of forest, hill, and glen,
Where the tourist wanders.
Land of torrent, lake, and stream,
Wild sea-cliff and corry ;
Land of mist and legend old,
Music, song, and story.

Land that erst by thousands poured,
From hovel, hut, and shieling,
Loyal men, and brimmed their hearts
With high, heroic feeling.
Where, oh where thy thousands now ?
Echo, wildly wailing,
Gives mournful answer, Where, oh where
Are our life's springs failing ?

No ; the red deer yet are rife
In dingle, copse, and forest,
But the human form hath fail'd
"When our needs are sorest."*
Titled Nimrod's keepers, rude,
With their canine allies,
Hold usurp'd dominion now
O'er thy hills and valleys.

Grouse and heath-fowl o'er thy moors
See by thousands winging ;
Thousand sportsmen trace their flight—
Thousand shots are ringing.
But the hunted Celt had fled
Heath and burning hovel,
For lands where man meets equal man,
Not as serf to grovel.

High Dunrobin's stately dame,
While thy train was sweeping
Through Victoria's royal halls,
Heard'st thou not the weeping*
Of thy vassals in the wild—
The young, the old, the hoary,
The babe, the mother, stalwart forms
In manhood's pride and glory ?

Famine, and the ruthless arm
Of legal power, impelling,
Drove them forth, while o'er their homes
Red waves of flame were swelling ;
And mournful from the parting shore,
A voice comes sounding ever,
We leave thee to return no more,
Ah ! never—never—never.

* Scarcity of men at the beginning of the Crimean War.

† Time of the Sutherland Evictions.

CALEDONIA.

FAIR CALEDONIA! honoured name!
 The Muse shall boast thy worth and fame;
 The circling seas that dash and boil
 Around thy shores with loud turmoil;
 The beauteous vales where winds the Clyde,
 Where Tweeda rolls her lucent tide;
 The Tay—the Forth—majestic stream—
 So oft the Scottish Muse's theme;
 Thy woods, thy lakes, thy purple hills,
 The soul with fire poetic fills.

Amidst thy mountains, wild and cold,
 Thy hardy sons in days of old
 Did boldly stem the impetuous tide
 Of Roman power, and forced their pride
 That aimed at universal sway
 To turn its course another way!
 And when proud Anglia strove in vain
 Around thy neck to wreath the chain,
 Thy patriot sons—a filial band—
 As oft rescued their motherland,
 And say, dread spirit of the plain,
 Where Gaul's usurping pride was slain—
 Where Europe's allied hosts were spread—
 Where even the great Napoleon fled—
 Didst thou not mark, midst that fell strife,
 That thirst of glory, scorn of life,
 That martial flame, which kindling high,
 Illumed the Scottish warrior's eye,
 When thundering o'er the field of death
 They won the victor's proudest wreath?

And truest—bravest—boldest still—
 Brave dwellers of the heath and hill—
 The first to scale red Alma's steep
 With bayonet's point and sabre's sweep;
 And foremost in the deadly fray,
 On Balaklava's bloody day

Ye rode to death, and fearless braved
 The storm of fire that flamed and raved
 In pealing thunders on your track.

Ye went—alas! how came ye back?

Oh, Caledonia! not alone

For valour famed; from her bright throne
 Fair Science smiles, and proudly owns
 Thy great, thy good, illustrious sons;
 Thy trading cities teem with wealth—
 Thy sturdy sons are gay with health;
 For honest pride and moral worth—
 The honour of their native North!

Still may thy warriors overcome;
 Thy virtuous maids in beauty bloom;
 May learning, genius, virtue, smile,
 And freedom bless and crown our isle!

THE CHILD OF FRANCE.

On the Birth of the Prince Imperial of France.

EXHAUSTED, faint, and pale,

A fair young mother lies—

She hears her babe's first wail,

And lifts her languid eyes;

For he, the Imperial Sire,

Her couch of suffering tends—

In his dark eyes the fire

Of pride and triumph blends.

And while his arms retain

The new-born child of France,

Ambition's phantom train

Through brain and bosom dance!

A shadowy line of kings

In long prospective rise,

On rush of eagle wings,

They cross his dreaming eyes.

A hundred cannons boom—
Loud vivas rend the air—
Ten thousand lights illumine
The city of the heir.
The noble, brave, and fair,
The palace portals throng—
All earth deems rich and rare,
The admiring gaze prolong.

The regal splendours round
The wond'rous cot that holds
The worshipp'd heir, late found
His robes, embroider'd, folds
The ermine gem and lace
That drape the tiny form.
Shall o'er that placid face
Sweep Revolution's storm?

Shall madden'd thousands swell,
And rush like waves on shore,
Assail with blow and yell?
All this hath been before.
Pale Reichstadt,* where art thou?
Bordeaux† and Orleans,‡ where
Dead! exiles—wanderers now—
And this is France's heir.

The Sire hath rear'd a throne—
Perchance a funeral pyre.
Beneath chained thunders groan,
And glows volcanic fire;
And earthquake shock may rend
The hollow-heaving earth,
And from the gulf ascend
A newer, sterner birth!

* Son of Napoleon I.

† Heir of the Bourbons.

‡ The Orleans Family.

The Titans of the press—
 The powers of speech and mind—
 Each in his dark recess,
 Like Samson, shorn and blind—
 May rise in strength and light,
 And, chainless, walk abroad ;
 Their motto—Human right,
 Our country, and our God !

LINES WRITTEN ON THE BIRTH OF THE
 YEAR 1853.

HAIL ! infant year, fresh from the womb of Time,
 Cradled in clouds, what shapes and shades sublime
 Attend thy birth, and hover round thy head,
 Bright glowing hopes, dark signs of doubt and dread,
 So from her sea-girt ark flies Freedom's dove,
 Herald of Life, of Liberty, and Love.
 She beats with flagging wing the murky air,
 Above an ocean chaos of despair—
 She may not fold her wing, nor rest her foot,
 No voice may hail her—all is deathly mute ;
 Broad Europe's shores are beaconless and dark ;
 Fly to thy sheltering home—thine island ark.
 When waters are assuaged, and earth again
 Bares her cleans'd bosom, then shall not in vain
 Her soaring wings sweep through refulgent skies
 Where late the sun of Knowledge might not rise,
 And Superstition's pall, for ages hung
 Betwixt his God and man, and impious flung
 O'er mind and conscience, fettered, dark, defiled,
 Shall fall ; the Word, the Truth of God, exiled
 From hearths and homes, shall circulate unconfined,
 Bright as the sun, and free as mountain wind.

Ye sable millions, thralls of wrong and woe,
 Who wear the chain, and crouch beneath the blow,

Your tears and blood, your stripes and toils, your shame
 Have found an ear in heaven—on earth a name.
 "The weeping blood in woman's heart" hath gushed
 In words of power,* to million eyes hath rushed
 The burning tear; alike from princely hall
 And humble homestead sounds the thrilling call
 Of Freedom for the slave. Thirst we for gold,
 Its pleasures, and its powers? Earth shall unfold,
 Nay, hath unfolded treasures such as seem
 The wild revealings of an Eastern dream,
 And struggling, toiling thousands, densely pent
 In cities, towns, and hamlets, labour-spent,
 Find in another sphere a golden soil,
 Nor need to "beg a brother's leave to toil."

"He is the freeman whom the Truth makes free;
 All else are slaves;" and riches, all that be
 Drawn from the earth, from enterprise, or Art,
 Are powerless to suffice man's craving heart,
 Till sated with earth's joys, or pall'd with vice,
 He heaven-directed seeks the pearl of price.
 He finds, and binds the jewel on his heart—
 The gift, the grace of God, the better part.
 Hear my best wish for you, each lov'd compeer,
 This gift be yours, to crown the new-born year.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA, 1854.

FLAPPING fierce her gory pinions,
 Whetting sharp her crimson beak,
 Vulture War her barbarous minions,
 Calls her ghastly prey to seek.

Now her hideous form comes swooping
 From the thundering ramparts' height,
 O'er the carnaged valley stooping,
 Gorged with slaughter—horrid sight!

* Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom."

Shot and shell, the dark air rending—
Sulphurous flash, and bayonet's gleam—
Shouts and shrieks, and groans wild blending,
With her loud discordant scream.

High the purple tide is swelling,
O'er the dark ensanguined plain,
From a thousand bosoms welling,
Mangled limbs and shattered brain !

Oh ! for angel eye and station,
Far above the battle-cloud,
Whence I'd view the dread migration
Of the unbodied spirit crowd !

Through eternity's dark portals
To the abodes of weal or woe,
Swiftly rush the new immortals—
Lord, how long shall it be so ?

Summerland—Oh ! beauteous region,
Rich in foliage, flowers, and fruit,
Shall the foe, whose name is Legion,
Keep and tread thee under foot ?

Round thy leaguered port and city
Volleying thunders ceaseless roar,
Earth affords not aid or pity—
They shall fall to rise no more !

RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

I.

I'VE juist been thinkin', neebour Johnnie,
Gif that the warl had mendit ony—
Since, for the wurkin' man's disasters,
We've got sae mony sa's and plaisters.

I've leukit laigh—I've leukit heigh—
The gude time comin's unco dreigh;
There's routh o' teachers, schules, an' beuks,
Chapels an' kirks in a' the neuks,
Academies' an' institutions,
Wi' scientific contributions,
On whilk ye may pit a' reliance,
An' muckle tauk on social science,
Mechanics, engineerin', minin',
The gate o' cleanin' an' refinin'
Our hooses, streets, oor coorts an' closes,
An' a' that hurts oor health an' noses;
'Bout chemistry, steam, gas, an' win',
The vera lichtnin's luggit in,
An' music, paintin', architecture,
A' weel rede up in mony a lecture.
We meet to argue what we think,
We meet to cow that horrid drink,
We meet to read, recite, an' sing,
An' mony a queer conceitie thing.
Noo, wurkin' men yersel's respec',
Nor leeve in ignorance an' neglec';
Ye've means, but want the wull to use them,
Ye whiles neglec', an' whiles abuse them;
Ye hae nae time for e'enin' classes;
Ye've time to drink, an' see the lasses—
Staun at hoose-en, or change-hoose door,
An' smoke an' swear, an' raise a splore,
An' play at cards, or fecht wi' dougs,
An' whiles to clout ilk ither's lugs;
O wad ye no be muckle better
To read a book, or write a letter?
Had ye the wull, wi' beuk an' pen
Ye'd fin' the way to mak' ye men.
An' mithers, dae ye ken the poo'rs,
The strength for gude or ill, that's yours,
An' that the gabbin', todlin' things,
That's hingin' be yer apron strings,
Wull be a millstane roun' yer neck

To droon yer sauls, if ye neglec'
 To win their hearts, an' train their min',
 In a' that's virtuous, gude, an' kin'?
 Yer lassocks, that ye tak' sic pride in,
 Hae muckle need o' carefu' guidin';
 Mislippent sair they've been, I ween—
 They gang ower muckle oot at e'en;
 An' fallows are grown sae misleart,
 The glaikit things nicht weel be feart,
 For aften dule an' burnin' shame
 Comes poisonin' mony a puir man's hame,
 An' gars ye greet, an' rage, an' flyte,
 An' the puir faither maist gang gyte;
 An' puir aul' Scotlan' hings her heid
 An' bids ye leuk to this wi' speed;
 Her bonnie lassocks, bune a' ithers,
 She bids you guard—O mithers! mithers!

THE POWER AND BEAUTY OF SCOTTISH SONG.

WAKE every chord, strike every string,
 Diffuse harmonious raptures round;
 Ye foreign songsters warbling breathe
 The sweetest strains of vocal sound.

Then, Scotia, pour thy native lays,
 All tender, simple, wildly sweet,
 Thy martial, mournful, lively airs,
 Where Beauty, Power, and Pathos meet.

More rich, more sweet, more thrilling far
 Than German or Italian song;
 Wake, Scotia, wake thy mountain lyre,
 And roll the inspiring tide along.

Oh ! roll the glorious tide of song,
Soft gushing o'er the melting heart,
Till patriot Ardour, Mirth, and Love,
Their warmest, brightest powers impart.

When heart-warm tears eclipse thine eyes,
When struggling raptures thrill thy breast,
Be Scotia's peerless powers of song,
In all their native charms, confessed.

NIGHT SCENE AT THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

THE toils, the flames, the thunders of the siege
Are quench'd and hush'd. Night shrouds in funeral pall
The fallen fortress, and her shattered mounds—
Each rent and ruined fort, and crumbling wall.

Like leaves in Autumn, drenched in pools of blood ;
Lie dead and dying ; groans of anguish blend
With smothered shrieks and moans ; death-laden sighs
Of long-drawn agony to Heaven ascend.

By the doomed city's suicidal fires
I see their ghastly features upward turned—
See fixed and lustreless the glazing eye,
That late with all the warrior's ardour burned.

Not with my ears—I listen with my heart,
And hear ten thousand wailing voices rise,
And shrieks and sobs, and bursts of wildest woe,
From hearts bereft and lorn, assail the skies.

For them the festal cannon boom in vain,
And joy-bells ring their peal from sea to sea,
And mimic rockets blaze through midnight skies,
And banners flaunt from hall, and tower, and tree.

Be hushed, sad weepers, for your loved ones fell,
 As warriors still should fall, in Freedom's cause ;
 For her they stormed the fort, and scaled the breach,
 Victorious died, and earned a world's applause.

The Rubicon is passed. Pause not, go on
 To conquest fresh, and newer fields of fame :
 Ye brave Allies, may no dark influence mar
 The united glories of your arms and name !

And yon gigantic idol of the North,
 Whose mighty limbs of mingled iron and clay
 Are trembling—tottering, soon will prostrate fall,
 A crumbling mass of ruin and decay.

ON THE RUSSIAN WAR IN THE CRIMEA, 1854-5.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
 Rough hew them as we will."—SHAKESPEARE.

BEHOLD with awe, and high adoring wonder,
 The levin car of Heaven, on wheels of thunder,
 Flame and reverberate through the Eastern skies,
 Weak-sighted mortals, veil your dazzled eyes !
 Seek not to scan—attempt not to foreshow,
 By fancies vain, Heaven's vast designs below.
 The living wheels, instinct with spirit eyes,
 Roll onwards to their goal, let this suffice
 The curious mind and still the anxious soul.
 We see a part, but not the mighty whole.
 The mad ambition, and the wrath of man,
 Controlled, subjected to the sovereign plan
 Of an omniscient Providence, shall work
 Its ends by grasping Russ, and feeble Turk,
 By siege and storm, by battle height and plain,
 By lakes of blood and festering hills of slain,
 By allied nations rousing Europe broad—
 These are His tools, the mighty worker—God.

And thou, my country, what hast thou attained?
Some dear-bought triumphs. Ah! how soiled and stained,
By needless waste of life on hostile soil,
Where want and sickness, nakedness and toil,
Mowed down whole legions of thy warrior braves,
Their promised glories—nameless Crimean graves!
Yet still with jealous love I'd guard thy name,
And from the sunbright glories of thy fame
Chase every shade, and wipe off every stain,
The prestige of thy worth and power maintain.
For not alone in battle's fateful hour
Are seen and felt the triumphs of thy power;
On higher, holier fields immortal Fame
Hath crowned thy efforts, and embalmed thy name.
Thy missioned hosts, full oft in bloodless fight
The powers of darkness, with the arms of light,
Have vanquished and dispersed. Triumphant songs,
In every language, from ten thousand tongues,
Rise from the North, the South, the mighty West,
The fulgent East—they rise and call thee blest.
The herald thou o'er all the world abroad,
To sound the advent of the Word of God.
For this no banner flings its blazon round,
No battle-charger, foaming, paws the ground,
No shout, nor shock of war, no groans, nor cries,
No garments rolled in blood speak to the skies,
No courtly laureate strikes the jewelled lyre,
And thrills the golden chords with tuneful fire.
Yet Heaven proclaims, and earth repeats the strain,
Britannia wars to loose, not bind the chain.

RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

II.

Æ day short syne, whan gaun afiel,
A douce aul' farrant eldrin chiel
Cam' yont the burn tae hae a crack,
For John an' me hae lang been pack.

Quo he, Thir's unco times we leeve in,
 There's muckle dune, ance past believin'.
 Hae ye no heard in Glasgow College
 They've plantit a new tree o' knowledge?
 The frute's fu' bonny to the e'e,
 An' woman's no forbid tae pree:
 Sae she may cum without presumption,
 An' pu' an' eat an' gather gumption.
 An' sic lang-wint, lang-nebbit cracks,
 'Bout social rights, an' wrangs, an' facts,
 Frae chiels wi' tongues sae glib an' snell,
 They tingilit thro' ye like a bell.
 There's mony a phase o' speech an' thocht,
 Leuks gran', but whan it's to be wrocht,
 An' practice, 'stead o' speech begins,
 There's stumlin'-blocks to break oor shins,
 Ower whilk we'll stacher, stoit, an' tumble,
 Syne juist sit doon an' glunch an' grumil.
 Speech is a tree that bears nae frute.
 Till delvit and dungit aboot the rute.
 The yird weel loosit an' labourit, syne
 Leuk for a crap, baith big and fine,
 Whan words an' wark mak' firm alliance,
 Then social duty's social science.

An' noo that we hae dune wi' speakin',
 Fie let us to the wark be streekin'.
 Aff wi' yer coat, up wi' yer sleeves,
 Set doon yer feet, an' ply yer neives.
 On, on, nae stannin' still, nor jaukin,
 Oor wark's ahin, hae dune wi' taukin';
 For that's ane o' the richts o' woman,
 I houp her gude time's nearer comin'—
 Hech, there's a warl o' wark afore her,
 An' Heaven an' yirth are leukin' o'er her.
 Noo, John, quo I, haud aff oor taes,
 A woman best kens woman's ways:
 There's ae thing she can hardly name,
 A thing o' filth, an' sin, an' shame;

To chack that ugsume kin' o sinnin',
 She maun begin at the beginnin'.
 Nae lassie ere was born on yirth,
 But Nature gied her, at her birth,
 A shrinkin', shame-faced, modest pride,
 Her baith as bairn an' maid to guide.
 O mithers, guard this precious sense—
 This bashfu' modesty and mense,
 Sae sweet, but oh, ower scarce to see!
 Yer warnin' words, an' watchfu' e'e,
 Sood never lea' them lang their lanes,
 Wi' ill brocht up, ill deedie weans.
 An' cleed their limbs wi' decent claes,
 A gey bit nearer to the taes,
 An' aye the guileless bonny burds
 Keep frae a' shamefu' sights an' words.
 Ay, mithers, ye hae muckle mair
 To gie yer bairns than schulin' lear;
 At schule ye like to see them braw,
 Wi' peenie white as drifted snaw,
 An' hoopit coatie, short an' wide,
 An' curls that hing on ilka side
 O rosy cheeks an' lauchin' een,
 An' a' aboot them snod an' clean.
 This ye may dae, but let the min'
 An' wee bit hertie, saft an' kin',
 The mither's anxious luv an' care,
 An' eident teachin' foremaist share,
 An' let yer cares aye deeper grup
 Whan they to maidhood are grown up,
 An' tho' the wark war ne'er sae thrang,
 Ken wha they're wi', an' whaur they gang
 Be to yer duty leal an' true,
 An' sood ye fail, nae blame to you.

There's been an unco tauk an' fyke
 'Boot women's wark, an' things sic like.
 The shooster lasses, save the mark!
 They say sood hae the shopmen's wark,

An' sort the teeps, an' wield the pen,
 An' blackneb on the workin' men.
 An' sood they get the pay an' place
 Men used to hae, they'll hae the grace
 By their glib mouth-piece Bessie Park,
 To tell the chiels whaur they'll get wark;
 They canna dig, to beg think shame,
 They'll list, or seek a foreign hame.
 Noo, lasses, I wad hae ye ken,
 To herry oot the nice young men
 Is no' the gate to win their favour.
 By thrifty, modest, quiet behaviour,
 A wheen o' ye micht aiblins share
 A' that they wurk for evermair.
 An' are we cum to sic a pass
 That wark, an' meat, for mony a lass,
 Can no' be had in oor bit islan',
 But by her health or morals spoilin' ?
 Then let ilk toun oot thro' the nation
 Subscribe for female emigration,
 To tak' them far frae wants an' harms,
 To lan's whaur woman's presence charms
 An' blesses men, whase lanely lives
 An' lanely hames hae need o' wives.

Ae word to speechifyin' weemen,
 That's no aye sleepin' whan they're dreamin',
 Aye taking' up puir woman's quarrels,
 Let your first care be woman's morals;
 For social ills, an' deeds impure,
 Prevention easier is than cure.
 Help mithers wi' their maiden charge,
 Help lassies coosten oot at large
 Upon a warl' baith caul an' stern,
 Wi' muckle baith to thole and learn.
 An' since ye've time an' win' to spare,
 Them baith on sister woman ware,
 To touch her heart an' teach her saul,
 This mission's yours—obey the call.

VERSES ON THE CALDER
IN ITS COURSE BY ST. ENOCH'S, ROSEHALL, &c.

LONE CALDER! sweet Calder! beloved of my youth,
When Nature I worshipped with fervour and truth;
Sweet memories float like a beautiful dream
O'er thy musical woodlands and murmuring stream.

'Tis fifty long years since, and now as I range
Thy flower-spangled margin, alas, for the change!
My youthful companions, ah! where have ye fled?
Sweet, sad voices whisper—They sleep with the dead.

Bright, golden-haired Bella, dear, delicate Anne,
And warm-hearted Jessie, how swiftly ye ran
Down the dell of the hyacinth your cousin to meet,
And guide through the Calder her small, shrinking feet!

Then o'er thy green holms we went bounding along,
And woke up the echoes with laughter and song;
With freedom and sunshine, with birds, and with flowers,
And young hearts all joyous, how swift sped the hours!

Dear Jessie, thou only, of all the blithe train,
Art left—shall I ever behold thee again?
Thy pale, gentle mother went early to rest,
And her dear ones soon followed to sleep on her breast.

Sweet sylvan St. Enoch's! fond mem'ry recalls
Sweet voices, fair faces that dwelt in thy halls—
'Tis long since they left, and the stranger possessed
The home of their fathers—the dearest, the best.

From thy desolate chambers, O lonely Rosehall!
The dwellers have vanished—"the steed from the stall;"
The hearts that have loved thee and owned thee are dust,
And thy chill halls are tarnished with mildew and rust.

Though garlands of poesy entwine not thy brow,
Nor bard in soft numbers thy charms will avow;
Yet, Calder, a muse that is nameless will bring
A song that is nameless thy beauties to sing.

OOB LOCATION.

A HUNNER funnels bleedin', reekin',
Coal an' ironstane, charrin', smeeikin';
Navvies, miners, keepers, fillers,
Puddlers, rollers, iron millers;
Reestit, reekit, raggit laddies,
Firemen, enginemen, an' Paddies;
Boatmen, banksmen, rough and rattlin',
'Bout the wecht wi' colliers battlin',
Sweatin', swearin', fechtin', drinkin',
Change-house bells an' gill-stoups clinkin',
Police—ready men and willin'—
Aye at han' when stoups are fillin',
Clerks, an' counter-loupers plenty,
Wi' trim moustache and whiskers dainty—
Chaps that winna staun at trifles,
Min' ye they can han'le rifles.
'Bout the wives in oor location,
An' the lassies' botheration,
Some are decent, some are dandies,
An' a gey wheen drucken randies,
Aye to neebors' hooses sailin',
Greetin' bairns ahint them trailin',
Gaun for nouthar bread nor butter,
Just to drink an' rin the cutter.
Oh, the dreadfu' curse o' drinkin'!
Men are ill, but tae my thinkin',
Leukin' through the drucken fock,
There's a Jenny for ilk Jock.
Oh, the dool an' desolation,
An' the havoc in the nation,

Wrocht by dirty, drucken wives !
 Oh, hoo mony bairnies' lives
 Lost ilk year through their neglec' !
 Like a millstane roun' the neck
 O' the strugglin', toilin' masses
 Hing drucken wives an' wanton lassies.
 To see sae mony unwed mithers
 Is sure a shame that taps a' ithers.

An' noo I'm fairly set a-gaun,
 On baith the whisky-shop and pawn ;
 I'll speak my min'—and whatfor no ?
 Frae whence cums misery, want, an' wo,
 The ruin, crime, disgrace, an' shame,
 That quenches a' the lights o' hame ?
 Ye needna speer, the feck o'ts drawn
 Out o' the change-hoose an' the pawn.

Sin and death, as poets tell,
 On ilk side the doors o' hell
 Wait to haurl mortals in ;
 Death gets a' that's catcht by sin :
 There are doors whaur death an' sin
 Draw their tens o' thoosan's in ;
 Thick and thrang we see them gaun,
 First the dram-shop, then the pawn ;
 Owre a' kin's o' ruination,
 Drink's the king in oor location.

EPITHALAMIUM

ON THE

MARRIAGE OF GEORGE BAIRD OF STRICHEN AND CECILIA HATTON.

FILL high the cup, but not with wine—
 The cup of joy, bring flowers and twine
 A wreath to crown the gentle Bride,
 Who, flushed with love and tender pride,
 Leans on her Bridegroom's arm.

For he hath given, with fervid breath,
To her his vows of love and faith ;
And she hath pledged him true and dear.
A thousand welcomes wait them here—
True hearts, and wishes warm.

Ring out the joy-bells far and wide,
Bid festal guns salute the Bride,
Fling out the streamers far and free,
Fair Stranger, hail ! all joy to thee
Within thy northern home.

Ah, gentle Lady ! do not deem
That smoke, and flame, and hissing steam,
And clang of iron, and rushing wheel
Are all we see, and hear, and feel.
Not so—not so. We come

To where the sacred fane uprears
Its stately tower—and where appears
The structure fair where learning sheds
Her beams on thousand youthful heads,
To bless and to adorn.

See, through these ample halls below,
Full tides of youth and childhood flow ;
There Music swells, and Temperance reigns,
And Peace her sacred rule maintains,
Of law and order born.

The cup brims high—but not with wine ;
’Tis with a nectar more divine—
The dew of love, the balm of life,
The wedded bliss of man and wife.
Fill high ! The draught is rich and rare.
Drink deep.

Heaven bless the happy pair !

SOME INCIDENTS IN THE LATTER DAYS OF
JOHN WHITELOW,

Sometime of Stand, in the parish of New Monkland, who, being in arms at the Battle of Bothwell Bridge, was afterwards under hiding for four years, when he was taken, and suffered death in front of the old jail of Edinburgh, in November, 1683. Written by one of his descendants.

THE bridge was won, the foe had crossed
The Clyde ; the Covenanted host
Had lost the day, and vanquished fled.
Mixed with the rout a horseman sped—
For life he rode—and glancing back,
Saw the dragoons were on his track ;
With thundering hoof and foaming flank,
The steed swept on till Clyde's green bank
He gained, there for a moment stood,
Then plunged into the rolling flood.
A swimmer strong, he safely bore
His rider to the northern shore.
Refreshed and cool the stalwart steed,
As if he knew his master's need,
Sprang down the bank, dashed o'er the plain,
His northward course pursued amain.
The rider never drew his hand
Till at the lonely farm of "Stand."
On Monkland moor his weary horse
He reined, and stayed his faltering course.
But, ah ! the terror and alarm
That reigned within that lonely farm,
The fatal news he need not tell,
Alas ! they guessed it all too well.
He clasped his pale and fainting wife,
Whose bosom held a twofold life,
He soothed his children, set to watch
His eldest girl, that he might snatch
A hasty meal and brief repose,
Then he must hide him from his foes.
Through four dark years of fear and peril
Young Margaret, that heroic girl,

Watched o'er his life, purveyed his food,
 Until he sealed the truth with blood.
 There came a day when weak, forlorn,
 The mother lay, her babe new born
 Within her arms, a fearful sound
 Of trampling hoofs the dwelling round
 Smote on her ear. With clanking tread
 Two fierce dragoons approached her bed.
 They asked her where her husband hid.
 She bravely answered, "God forbid
 That I should heaven and him betray."
 They swore they'd kill her where she lay,
 They thrust their swords into the bed,
 And dragged the pillows from her head.
 Then from the fire a peat they snatch,
 And laid it smouldering on the thatch.
 Then rode away with fell desire
 To see the lonely house on fire.
 It burned not, and that babe and mother
 Lived long to bless and love each other.
 They took and tried him ; calm he stood
 Before the men who sought his blood.
 "He was at Bothwell with a sword,
 He owned not James his loyal lord,
 Of Sharp's late murder he declined
 To say what thoughts were in his mind."
 This he confessed, and suffered death
 With martyr zeal and steadfast faith.
 Once lonely "Stand," the martyr's prayer
 At morn and e'en rose on the air
 To heaven ; the music of the psalm
 Rose sweet amid the holy calm
 Of Scotland's Sabbath—sweetly still
 The lonely farm, the moor, the hill,
 Save moorfowls' call and anthem loud
 Of warbling lark on summer cloud.
 Alas ! the change, sight, sound, and speech,
 Another sadder moral teach !

MOTHER AND CHILD.

"Away from the dwellings of care-worn men
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen--
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth,
Their light stems thrill to the wild wood strain,
And youth is abroad in my green domain."—HEMANS.

O come, little Mary, the woods are in tune
With the birds and the breezes of bright sunny June,
For the brook in the woodland to-day we are bound,
With green leaves above us and blossoms around.

To chase the swift minnow, and splash in the stream,
Pick sorrel and flowers on its margin that gleam,
And weave with green rushes a coronet fair
To crown thy white brow and thy long, shining hair.

Now warble thy wood notes, sweet bird of my heart,
All Nature rejoices, and thou must take part
In her hymn'd adorations, and raise thy soft eyes
To thy Father who dwells in yon blue shining skies.

How lovely the mingling of leaflet and flower!
How sweet the wild music in woodland and bower!
More lovely the gaze of thy worshipping eyes,
And sweeter to heaven shall thine anthem arise.

On this soft, mossy bank, where a queen might recline,
Where wild rose and hawthorn their branches entwine,
Come seat thee, and listen the song of the thrush
While the breeze rocks his young in their green cradle bush.

Be grateful, dear Mary, what blessings are thine!—
Kind parents on earth, and a Father divine,
The beauties of Nature, the riches of grace,
The kingdom of heaven, and the light of His face.

OLD MEMORIES.

BRIGHT flashes of sunshine—sweet snatches of song—
Warm gushings of kindness, come thrilling along
The chords of old memories, melting the tone,
And sweet the weird voices of years that are gone.

I hear the brisk hum of the dear spinning wheel ;
Again, the kind hand of Old Granny I feel,
As she strokes down my hair, singing soft, as I stood
By her side, the “Blaeberries” or “Babes of the Wood.”

I see my dear village—it basks in the sun ;
And the barefooted children, that tumble and run
On the pathway—the rattle of looms, and the song
Of the weaver, that sounded the summer day long.

Again, a gay party of youngsters I meet,
Dressed out in their best, two and two on the street ;
'Tis a large penny wedding—the fiddler before
Plays gaily 'midst firing and merry uproar.

On the Sovereign's birth-day every cot was a bower ;
The birch wore its greenest—the broom was in flower ;
Each window was dressed with its neighbour to match,
And the wealth of the woodlands hung low from the thatch.

Then Wilkes,* shoulder high, through the village was borne
By the boys, to the sound of the whistle and horn—
With a tin pail for drum ; on the old beechen tree
They hanged, and then burned, the old scarecrow with glee.

Again my flower treasures I see in their prime :
Nancy-pretty, sweet Willy, white lilies and thyme,
Appleringy and spearmint—the old folk's delight—
With bachelor's buttons both yellow and white.

* John Wilkes, a demagogue M.P. in the reign of George III.

The old churchyard often I wander around—
Oft pausing to stoop o'er a lone grassy mound ;
The dear ones who left me are waiting below,
Nor long will I tarry—'tis time I should go.

No gay garden roses plant ye on my grave—
A briar from the banks of sweet Calder I crave,
With its flush of wild roses to curtain my bed,
Where the robin a requiem will sing o'er my head.

SONG—THE COUTHIE AULD MAN.

Wi' a blush, an' a glint o' true luve frae her e'e,
Her bonnie white hannie, sae soft an' sae wee,
A' trem'lin' she laid in my braid, waukit loof :
I'm yours, John, for ever—tak that for the proof.

My heart it gaed duntin' ; oh, funeuch and fain
Was I whan I ca'd the dear lassock my ain ;
An' the saft haun I chirted, and pree'd the wee mou'
Sae rosy an' rich wi' luve's sweet honey-dew.

The auld wife consented, the auld man an a',
Tae gie me their dochter, an' blest was my fa' ;
Tho' my luve an' their blessin' was a' the bride's gear,
We've throught weel an' thriven this mony a year.

We ha'e a bit mailin wi' whilk we can fen,
We've sax bonnie bairns grown to women an' men,—
My lassocks are winsome, an' warkrife, an' douce,
An' my callans, gude sain them, are stoops o' the hoose.

An' noo the white haunie is runckled and lean,
An' dim is the licht in the luve glintin' een,
An' the rich rosy lips noo are wallow't and wan,
But they're aye just as sweet to the couthie auld man.

SPRING SCENE IN THE COUNTRY.

SINGING, skipping, shaking back
Curls of gold, or brown, or black,
From soft cheeks and laughing eyes—
Careless, gay as butterflies—
Comes a fair and girlish band
Bearing flowers in lap and hand ;
Golden coltsfoot, primrose pale,
Hyacinths from woody vale ;
Yellow willow buds, that smell
Of the wild bee's honeyed cell ;
Daisies, dandelions strung,
Round each neck and bosom hung.
Sweet and swift run childhood's hours,
Spent with streams, and trees, and flowers ;
One leads on a prattling brother
Baby sister bears another,
Oft resigned to willing arms—
Girls still doat on infant charms ;
How they hug and kiss her, crowing
Babe, with health and beauty glowing.
Your sweet voices, dear wee lassies,
O'er my heart like music passes ;
Bonnetless and barefoot dancing,
On your homeward path advancing.
Ah, your homes ! your state is lowly,
But your mission high and holy
Shall be in the future, when,
Mothers ye of future men,
Wield a power within the nation,
In the work of education,

Which priests and sages, Peers and Commons,
 Cannot wield—that power is woman's.
 'Tis not meetings, speeches, grants,
 Laying bare the crimes and wants
 Of your juvenile offenders—
 But the fact experience tenders,
 That the power above all others
 Youth to train is this, good mothers !

AULD SCOTLAN'

AT THE LAYING OF THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE WALLACE
 MONUMENT AT STIRLING, 1861.

AULD Scotlan's hert an' baith her lugs war dirlin',
 Whan thun'erin' waves o' soun' gade rowin', swirlin'
 Aroun' the Abbey Craig o' auld grey Stirling,
 Frae hunner music ban's and bag-pipes skirlin'.

Oh ! blithe was she to see her buirdly callans
 In tens o' thousands pourin' frae their dwallin's,
 Baith Dukes and Lords, an' mony trades an' callin's---
 Oh ! prood was she, an' big her fu' hert swallowin's.

Wi' cheers the verra lift amaisht was riven,
 Frae mornin's drumlie broo the clouds war driven ;
 The sun cam' lauchin' oot—sair had he striven
 To see us frae the twal-oors hight o' heaven.

An' sic a sicht his e'e o' fire ne'er saw,
 Cam' Kirk, cam' State, cam' " Army, Physic, Law ;"
 Leddies an' lassies, bonny burdies a',
 An' mony gawsy wives, baith braid an' braw.

The lowe o' freedom burns sae het an' clear
 In Scotlan's hert this mony hunner year,
 That, spite o' traitor Scot or Southern jeer,
 To Wallace name this tower o' strength she'll rear.

An' by his treacherous doom, whilk aye she'll murne,
An' by the Bruce, an' by red Bannockburn—
To your immortal memories she will turn
For ever—Wallace, Bruce, an' Bannockburn.

IMPENDING WAR BETWEEN AUSTRIA AND SARDINIA.

HARK! the impatient dogs of war,
Growling, baying from afar,
The royal ban-dogs, bound and strain
To slip the leash or snap the chain.
The scent lies strong, and staunch and fleet,
With instinct true, the bloody feet
Of murderous War they seek to trace.
Till Europe's broad and tranquil face,
With wounds and blood, and burning tears,
Mangled, deformed, and soiled, appears.
The Austrian bloodhound whets his fangs,
His war steeds neigh, his armour clangs;
His marching myriads shake the ground,
And doubt and terror hover round.
His savage muzzle yet is wet
With Magyar blood. When I forget
Thee, gallant Hungary, may my name
Become a mark for hate and shame.
The Imperial hound, he first gave tongue
When Cherbourg's forts with vivas rung—
When yelled the pack, when colonels stood
And licked their chops at thoughts of blood.
Down, down, ye dogs; will nought allay
Your thirst for blood? Away, away;
Balls, hunts, reviews, are harmless things
Compared with war—the game of kings.
Victor, God grant thou prove thy name!
Alas, good dog! on thee the blame

They cast of all these warlike coils ;
 For thou wouldst rend the despot's toils
 That hold the Lombard's writhing form,
 But Hapsburg's demon rides the storm.
 Alone, thou wield'st nor spell nor charm
 Of power to break his red right arm.

Britannia, on her island rock,
 Stands armed and watching for the shock.
 If shock must come, heaven scatter far
 The thunder-cloud, the storm of war !

CONTRASTED SCENES FROM REAL LIFE.

SCENE I.—MARRIAGE OF SIR R. PEEL WITH LADY E. HAY.

SEE yonder gorgeous fane, its doors expand,
 Throng'd with the rank, wealth, beauty of the land ;
 And high-born bridesmaids, with a beauteous bride,
 Are there, the titled bridegroom by her side.
 And diamonds flash, and white plumes wave between,
 And lustrous silks, and robes of satin sheen,
 And snowy clouds of richest, rarest lace
 Float round rare forms of loveliness and grace.
 Earl and countess, lord and lady fair,
 Wait at the altar the hymeneal pair.
 The vows are spoken, and a husband's kiss
 Has sealed the pledge of wedded love and bliss—
 And kisses, blessings, smiles on every side,
 Are showered upon the fair and noble bride.
 She, blushing, tearful as a dewy rose,
 Leans on the arm belov'd as forth she goes
 To mount her gilded chariot, swift away
 For home, and love whirls on the cortege gay.
 Ah, happy bride ! though now to thee is given
 Earth's best and brightest ; at the throne of heaven
 The meanest female of the human race
 Shall occupy with thee an equal place.

SCENE II.—THE INCIDENT IS TAKEN FROM “HOUSEHOLD WORDS.”

'Tis night in London—dimly gleam the lamps
 Through murky fogs and chilly, drizzling damps ;
 Tenacious mud o'erspreads the slimy street,
 And clogs the walker's slow exploring feet.
 But 'tis not time, nor place, nor scene, nor hour,
 Can damp the soul that owns sweet Pity's power,
 Nor bid from scenes of want and woe depart,
 Nor freeze the founts of love that warm the heart.
 Go on, large-hearted Son of Genius, go !
 Look till thy heart is pained, thine eyes o'erflow.
 Oh ! 'tis a sight to sicken and appal,
 Crouched on the miry stones, against the wall
 Of yon dark pile, five huddled masses lean,
 But sight, nor sound, nor form of life is seen.
 Lift up the shrouding rags—a female face
 Is seen ; there human feeling leaves no trace ;
 A dreary blank is o'er the features spread—
 The very sense of want and pain is dead ;
 Excess of misery all her powers hath numbed,
 And 'neath the crushing load she hath succumbed ;
 “ And who, and what art thou ? and who are those
 That round thee crouch in torpor—not repose ? ”
 With feeble voice she spoke, and eyes half closed :
 “ I know them not, save that we were exposed
 Three wintry nights—back from the workhouse driven—
 Like things accursed of men, and lost to heaven ! ”
 “ Knowest thou the farthest twain—with arms entwined
 Like broken images—their heads reclined
 Each on the other ? ” “ Sisters young, they say,
 To Destitution's darkest ills a prey.”
 “ And who the next ? ” “ She from the country came,
 And found no choice of life but want or shame.”
 Dickens, thy graphic pencil paints with power
 The crimes, the follies, and the woes that lower
 And taint our moral atmosphere ; still lend
 Thy potent aid—be still the outcast's friend !

CRINOLINE.

AULD SCOTLAN' gangs yirmin an' chanerin' alane ;
She wunners whaur a' her trig lassocks ha'e gane ;
She's trampit the kintra, an' socht thro' the toons,
An' fan' the fule hizzies—blawn oot like balloons !

Can they be my lassocks—ance cozie an' cosh,
Weel shapit, weel happit—sae stumpy an' tosh ?
Twa coats an' a toush, or a goon, ye may ween,
Were boukie aneuch, wi' what nature had gi'en.

They're aye i' my e'e, an' they're aye i' my gate—
At the kirk I am chirtit maist oot o' my seat ;
When caul', to the ingle I needna gae ben,
If Kate an' her crinoline's on the fire-en'.

Whan a lad wi' a lassie foregethers yenoo,
It's no her bricht een, or her rosie wee mou',
Her snod cockernony, waist jimpy an' fine,
That first tak's his e'e—it's the big crinoline !

To say that he likes it would juist be a lee—
But ye ken that the big thing attracts aye the wee—
An' the lass that cares nocht 'bout her heart an' her heid,
Tak's care that her crinoline's weel spread abreed.

An' say, if dame Nature wad gi'e at her birth,
To ilka wee lassie that's born on the yirth,
A bouk o' her ain, that grew bigger ilk year,
Ye'd no be sae prood o' the giftie I fear.

Whan a widow was burnt i' the Indian suttees,
To honour the dead, and the fause gods to please,
The puir heathen body I'm pinch't to accuse,
Whan I read o' they crinoline deaths i' the news.

Sae aff wi' the whalebone, the cane, an' the steel !
 I likena the crinoline, trouth an' atweel ;
 It's fule-like an' fashous, it's cheatrie an' boss—
 I wad juist ha'e yer cleedin' bien, genty, an' doss.

THE MOTHER AT HOME.

A VOICE deep and solemn is sounding abroad !
 O mothers of Britain ! each humble abode
 Should echo the burden with which it is fraught—
 Our children, they must be instructed and taught.

O mothers of Scotland ! I call you by name ;
 I bid you arise and rescue your fair fame ;
 Let your eyes trickle down like a fountain of tears,
 For young ones neglected through crime-shrouded years.

O poor peasant mother—O working man's wife !
 Your child's food and clothing, his health and his life
 Should be toiled for, and cared for, as only a part
 Of your duty ; oh, culture his mind and his heart !

Your cares are full many, your leisure is small,
 But the souls of your babes are more precious than all ;
 While you toil with your hands you should watch, teach,
 and pray,
 For where there's a will there is ever a way !

O mothers ! your prayers, instructions, and rules,
 With the voice of the teacher, and lore of the schools,
 Should ever be joined, and when faithfully given,
 You may hope, you may trust, in the blessing of Heaven.

The statesman, the patriot, the Christian, have found—
 Though grants, schools, and teachers increase and abound—
 For juvenile ignorance and vice there must come,
 Best help, truest cure, from the Mother at Home.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND ON RECEIVING FROM HIM A
 VOLUME OF

“THE PARNASSUS JOURNAL.”

OWRE a' Parnassus I hae wannert,
 Wi' beuk in han' I slowly daunert,
 An' aft baith hert an' een gaed dancin'
 Abune some bricht rock-crystal glancin'
 Amang the stanes or in the soil,
 That weel repaid me for my toil.
 To tell the truth I didna ettle
 To fin' sae muckle bardic metal,
 Or pouch sae mony bonny gems
 Amang the heather coves an' stems
 That cleed oor Scotch Parnassian mountain,
 Adoon whilk rins Castalia's fountain.
 It's ca'd, ye ken, the Muses' Spring,
 Whaur drouthy poets drink and sing,
 Ere fame or fortune's haun' ye claucht,
 Ye first maun tak' a waly-waucht
 O' this same sang-inspirin' water—
 An' syne ye'll rhyme, an' sing, an' clatter.
 A waly-waucht gat Ayrshire Rab—
 It clear't his thrapple, cool't his gab,
 An' syne sae loud an' sweet he sang,
 That a' the warl' wi' echoes rang,
 Till on that kittle steed Pegasus,
 He wan the tap o' mount Parnassus ;
 An' there he sits, an' wha wull steer him ?
 Nae ither singer e'er cam' near him—
 Frae neath the yirth, or on't abune,
 Nane e'er could lilt to Rabbie's tune.
 For me I ne'er cou'd fill my caup
 Oot o' the spring—a wee bit drap
 Was a' that e'er gaed owre my weasan—
 E'en noo my gab begins to geysan,
 An' sae I fin' it maist expedient
 That I should say—yer maist obedient.

W O M A N .

THERE is an element of power
That suits the needs of every hour—
All wants to which our state gives birth—
The life, the mind, the home, the hearth.

Tis Woman. From the mother's breast
The babe draws life and strength and rest;
She soothes its pains, its wants supplies,
With yearning love in heart and eyes.

A prudent, gentle, loving wife,
The boon most precious to the life
Of him to whom her all is given,
Save love of God, and hope of heaven.

And who shall teach the infant mind
The way of truth and peace to find?
Who teach in wisdom's paths to tread,
But she who gives his daily bread?

A guiding star, to shed and shine
Soft radiance on the household shrine,
And from her sphere—a span of earth—
Pour light and love on home and hearth.

And such should Woman ever prove—
The pole-star of domestic love,
To which the youthful circle tend,
As mother, guardian, teacher, friend.

There is an element of ill—
Of power to soil, deface, and kill
The buds, the flowers, the fruits of life—
The careless mother, worthless wife.

O careless mother, why neglect
The early buds of vice to check
In your untutored boys and girls,
Ere cast on life—its sins and perils?

Your children's blood you would not shed ;
Yet cruel mother, on your head
The blood of souls uncared for lies—
That blood to heaven for ever cries.

Oh, woe for him who finds on earth
No spot so dreary as the hearth
Where sits the partner of his life,
A shrewish, wasteful, worthless wife !

O Woman, much to thee is given—
Thy mission comes direct from heaven ;
The priceless gems of human life—
A careful mother, virtuous wife.

ON THE PROPOSED PRESENTATION OF GUNS BY THE PEOPLE OF
BRITAIN TO THE KING OF SARDINIA, IN AID OF

ITALIAN LIBERTY.

No gold,—no jewels bright,
We offer at the shrine
Where Italy adores the light
Of liberty divine.
A sterner gift we bring—
Ye frowning tubes of death,
Your bolts of vengeance wing,
Till tyrants quail beneath.

From fort—from “deadly breach”
Pour from your sulph'rous throats,
As far as sound can reach,
In loud prophetic notes,

A voice whose thunder tones
 Shall Europe's despots wake,
 And on their crumbling thrones
 In craven terror shake.

Victor Emmanuel!—name
 Of augury divine—
 Thee victor we proclaim!
 For Freedom's cause is thine.
 "Emmanuel—God with us"—
 Of old, was Piedmont's cry—
 Emmanuel, ever thus
 Be God to aid thee nigh!

SWEET MAY MORN.

'Tis sweet May morn; wake, drowsy girls!
 Come ere the sun has stolen the pearls—
 The dewy pearls—that glisten sheen
 On May's soft lap, and mantle green.
 Come bare-foot, come, each little lass
 With crystal dew 'mong flowery grass
 Bathe hands and feet, till all aglow,
 And gaily o'er your shoulders throw
 The shining drops, with dew-filled palm,
 Lave cheek and brow, 'tis Beauty's balm.

Hail, sweet May morn! from tree and bush
 The piping blackbird, singing thrush,
 The lark, whose joyous carol loud
 Rings from the dewy vernal cloud;
 The cooing dove, the cawing rook,
 The skimmers of the lake and brook,
 Spring's sweetest voice—her own cuckoo—
 A tuneful homage, loving true,
 Are tendering at thy flowery throne,
 In many a sweetly varied tone.

See, girls ! the day advances, come
Light tripping o'er the daisies home,
Already is the cottage board
With creamy bowls of May-milk stored ;
Rich foaming jugs—but not of ale—
Warm, fragrant, from the milk-maid's pail,
From hand to hand are circling round,
With health, and sweets delicious crowned ;
Sweet simple joys, sweet balmy draught,
With health, and peace, and temperance fraught.

Dear little maids ! your self-styled bard
Would deem it dear and rich reward,
If, when in blushing maidhood's hour,
And armed with love and beauty's power,
That love, that power, you'd bring to bear
On each fond youth who loves you dear ;
And when he breathes the fond desire
To call you his, you would require
The temperance pledge, with that of love—
His love, his truth, and worth to prove,
And gain, for all you have resigned,
A happy home—a husband kind !

BRITISH VOLUNTEERS.

At the call of the bugle, and the roll of the drum,
With the bold front of heroes our trained Rifles come,
All marshalled and marching to strains that inspire,
And fan in each bosom the true martial fire.

Defenders of Britain—her chosen, her own,
Of danger she spake, and to arms ye have flown ;
And bright eyes are beaming, and proud hearts beat high,
For the brave Volunteers marching gallantly by.

Your movement is crowned with a glorious success,
 Our good Queen approves, and your country will bless
 Her brave sons and true in the Volunteer ranks ;
 She gives you the boon of a proud mother's thanks.

Let fort after fort darkly frown on the steep—
 Let steel-plated Warriors keep guard on the deep ;
 Let Armstrong's dread thunders incessantly roar,
 And his dark tubes of death vomit flame on our shore.

Oh, stronger than all, for defence of her coast,
 Her Volunteer patriots—her glory and boast ;
 No foot of invader her soil shall profane,
 True hearts and true rifles she trusts not in vain.

NOVEMBER FINDINGS—1862.

THOU frigid tyrant, dark and stern November !
 We shrink before thee, and shall long remember
 Thy levin fires, untimely thunder volleys,
 That in dread tones rebuked our crimes and follies.

Thy scowling eyes through veiling cloud are glaring
 On the pale face of Nature, rudely baring
 Her shivering form, her leafy garments strewing
 O'er field and wood-discoloured heaps of ruin.

Earth's blasted treasures shrunken, blackened lie
 On many a field ; beneath thy cruel eye
 Red grave-yards swell—o'er many little heaps
 Her buried treasures the pale mother weeps.

The factory wheels—too oft the wheels of life—
 Stand still ; and pining wants and woes are rife ;
 On the cold hearth, and by the naked bed,
 Gaunt misery cowering sits—half-warmed, half-fed.

Friend Jonathan is just as fierce and spiteful—
The braggadocio would be quite delightful—
But loss of blood, and jaundiced bile, poor fellow,
Have made him giddy, and all objects yellow.

Thou drear November ! in thy reign we saw
A press-blown clamour overcrow the law—
A secret conclave trample justice down,
Beneath the shelter of Victoria's crown.

But now let rigours of the season move
To generous sympathy and deeds of love :
So that the poor have cause long to remember
With gratitude even thee, dark stern November.

OCTOBER THOUGHTS—1862.

A SOLEMN, tender melancholy—
A soft emotion, sweet and holy ;
A sense of stillness and repose,
O'er my worn heart and spirit flows.
I feel the breathing calm that lies
On earth, and sea, and sleeping skies,
Upon the yellow voiceless woods,
Where fading Nature mournful broods ;
The stubble-field, brown, silent, bare—
Not even a gleaner wandering there.
I seem by the death-couch to stand
Of some grey Father of the land,
Whose fading hue, and failing breath,
And voiceless lips, give sign of death.
And hark ! 'mid twilight shadows dim,
The robin chaunts his funeral hymn.
Now, o'er the landscape slowly sailing—
Robes of mist around her trailing—

Comes the Night, bright, mild, and gracious;
Through the blue ethereal spacious,
Walks the full-orbed moon in splendour—
Chaste, serene, and meekly tender.
Dost thou gaze—Heaven's fairest daughter—
On western fields of cruel slaughter;
Fall thy beams, with weeping grace,
On many a pale and gory face,
In purple pools of blood reflected—
Whence peace and mercy fly rejected?
Dost thou, beauteous orb benign,
On the patriot captive shine,
And on that more than regal head
Thy gentle, soothing influence shed?
And while on prison-couch he lies,
Tracing thy course through midnight skies,
Oh! whisper in his wakeful ear
With spirit voice soft words of cheer—
And say that Liberty divine,
Shall call him yet to guard her shrine.

THE HARTLEY COLLIERY CATASTROPHE.

DARK gulf of death! black cavern of despair!
From your foul depths, to breathe the upper air,
No victim comes—one common living grave
Encloses all—no human aid can save!
Not one—not one—to tell the fearful tale
How hope expired, and life began to fail;
How poisonous gases drank the fainting breath—
The scene around one sweltering mass of death—
And was there nought but darkness, death, despair,
In that low dungeon? Hark! the voice of prayer,
The solemn agony of wrestling faith,
Passing to life through the dark gates of death,

And forms celestial, 'mid the gloom profound,
 Bright messengers of heaven are hovering round,
 To waft the ransomed spirits as they rise,
 On their swift pinions to the upper skies.
 Broad Britain's heart is moved, its troubled deeps
 Are full of grief and horror while she weeps
 Her perished ones—those pale and ghastly sleepers—
 She spurns the plea—are we our brother's keepers?
 "Thy brother's blood cries to me from the ground:"
 An awful truth—stern, solemn, and profound,
 By Heaven proclaimed—the loss so deep lamented,
 By obvious means, could—should—have been prevented.
 Could tender sympathy and generous deeds
 Bind up each stricken heart that inly bleeds
 In widowed bosoms—still the orphans' cries—
 These generous pity prompt, and kind supplies?
 Ah! these are wounds which only God can heal;
 The strength He gives shall never faint nor fail;
 Your orphans' wrongs and yours He will redress—
 The widows' Judge is He in holiness.

CALDER—A MEMORY.

SWEET CALDER! on thy flowery marge
 When life was young I roamed at large,
 With heart that owned no care, no charge,
 Save for my tiny flower-fraught barge
 Launch'd on the dancing stream.

On thy green banks I loved to lie
 When high the sun and blue the sky—
 Thy silver waters gushing by—
 Watching the trout and minnow fry
 O'er pearly pebbles gleam.

By fair Rosehall, through greenwood glades,
 Thou glid'st through rose and hawthorn shades,
 By hyacinth banks, where Monkland's maids
 Unbind their dark or golden braids
 And lave their snowy feet.

Oh ! many a lone and lovely scene,
 By Enoch's Hall and holms so green,
 Within thy winding course is seen,
 Where, rippling 'neath thy woodland screen,
 Thy murmuring voice I greet.

Here would I dwell in rustic cot,
 Where primrose tuft and cowslip knot,
 Fox-glove, and sweet forget-me-not,
 So richly gem the sylvan spot,
 And sweetest fragrance shed.

Again beneath thy bordering trees
 I walk, and breathe the scented breeze,
 'Mid song of birds and hum of bees,
 And still the scene each sense can please,
 Though youth and joy have fled.

COUSIN BELL.

AN INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.

A DARK fir-wud hings ower the burn,
 That wannerin' jinks roun' mony a turn,
 Far doon oot through the lanely dell,
 By whilk ance leev't my Cousin Bell.

A strappin', gracefu', blithesome queen,
 Wi' coal-black hair an' glancin' een ;
 Nae muirlan' lass mair trig an' snell—
 An' juist nineteen was Cousin Bell.

Her faither rentit a bit mailin',
It wadna pay—his health was failin';
He had nae dochter but hersel',
But brithers seven had Cousin Bell.

"Callants," quo' he, "nae mair we'll toil
For nocht; we'll seek anither soil;
Yon joiner lad, ye've a' heard tell,
Will wed an' keep at hame oor Bell."

For Canada they made them boune—
A house was ta'en in the neist toon,
Whar wi' her young guidman to dwell,
Weel ettle't she—oor Cousin Bell.

Ae Sabbath sittin in the kirk,
Her heart grew caul', her een grew mirk;
Ye couldna guess what there befell
To blast the luve, the life o' Bell.

Purpose o' marriage was proclaimed
'Tween her betroth'd an' ane they named—
Into her faither's arms she fell,
"Oh, tak' me wi' ye!" murmur'd Bell.

On board they laid her in her berth,
For she was dune wi' a' on yirth;
They thocht the waves wad ring her knell,
An' hide the pale, sweet face o' Bell.

Her weary head she seldom shiftit;
Her mournfu' een she seldom liftit—
Oh! wae betide the traitor fell
That brak the heart o' Cousin Bell.

She kiss't them a'—her mither's cheek
She langest press't—but didna speak;
But time an' change can ne'er expel
Their love an' grief for Sister Bell.

She leev't to see the promist lan'—
 The icy waves that lash the stran'
 Of great St. Lawrence rung her knell—
 Rest, rest in peace, dear Cousin Bell.

On far Iowa's prairie lan',
 Four yet survive o' that fair ban';
 An' aften mournfu' memories swell
 The brithers' hearts for Sister Bell !

M A Y.

BLOOMING, brooding, balmy May,
 Tell me what to sing or say
 To thy praise. I muse in vain—
 Sonnet, song, and rhyming strain
 Babble still of meadows green,
 Sprent with dewy diamonds' sheen ;
 Woods bedight in fresh array
 Of dancing leaves and flowery spray ;
 Warbling birds and humming bees ;
 Murmuring streams and whispering breeze ;
 Cuckoo calling to his love ;
 Wailing voice of forest dove ;
 Lambs at play on field and lawn ;
 Gorgeous sunset, glorious dawn ;
 Loving youths and lovely maids
 Wandering in the woodland glades ;
 Children crowned with wilding flowers
 Roam through scented hawthorn bowers ;
 Apple blossoms rich, that speak
 Of rival tints on beauty's cheek ;
 Singing gaily o'er the dale,
 Milkmaid trips with frothing pail,

Promise fair of curds and cream
For sweet May morn, the townsman's dream.

Now, what more to sing or say
Know I not, thou charming May,
To thy praise—ideas fail—
Songs of May are trite and stale,
Charming neither heart nor ear,
Mount we to a higher sphere.

Source of all that's fair and good—
Ah ! so little understood—
Oft "with brute, unconscious gaze,"
Man thy fairest works surveys,
Wanders through the summer bowers—
Hears the music, culls the flowers—
Basks in sunshine warm and bright—
Charms his ear and feasts his sight
With each sweet and beauteous thing—
Shall he then refuse to bring
Tribute to the Name above,
The God of nature, light, and love ?

WELCOME TO OCTOBER.

WELCOME, October, let my simple song
Soft echoing, steal thy yellow groves along,
Where Nature, conscious of her faded charms,
Dejected sinks into thy languid arms,
And mournful throws her tarnish'd robes aside—
The faded relics of her summer pride.
Yet thou hast charms for me ; even beauteous Spring,
Crown'd with dew'd flowerets, left untouched the string
That vibrates softly solemn through my soul,
Whose every feeling owns thy calm control.
The Summer brook, alive with minnowy fry,
And children's plashing feet, with floral dye

Of white, pink, purple, blue—all beauteous marg'd,
 Now brown and chill, the deepening current charg'd
 With whirling eddying leaves, flows swifter on,
 And mourns her naked banks with hoarser tone.

And ye, whose waning years tell life is brief,
 When “fallen into the sere and yellow leaf,”
 Whose life's spring-flowers are withered all and dead,
 Strewn on the winds, or crushed beneath the tread
 Of careless feet, yet trampled, yield a balm
 Sweet to the soul, may ye, serenely calm,
 Smile o'er earth's fallen hopes, and raise your eyes
 To the mild glories of the loving skies.

ON THE MEETING OF THE
 SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

IN GLASGOW, SEPTEMBER, 1860.

QUEEN OF THE WEST! we hail thee from afar!
 The brilliance of each “bright particular star,”
 That gilds thy halls with intellectual light,
 A radiance sheds around thee, solemn, bright.
 The learn'd, the wise, thy classic portals throng:
 Momentous themes dwell on each gifted tongue.
 The great, the good, their powers of heart and mind
 Bring, to improve, to raise, to bless mankind.
 Ay, we have seen, with moistened eye the while,
 By men of rank, with warm heart, beaming smile,
 The hand of fellowship and friendship given
 To labour's sons. We thank thee, God of heaven,
 Who hold'st the hearts of all men in Thy hand,
 And turnest them as Thou wilt. The holy band
 Of Brotherhood more closely we will bind,
 And, hand in hand, explore the world of mind.
 Nor this alone; with powers united strive,
 From charnel-houses of the dead alive,

To draw the sunken, vile, corrupted mass,
To teach, raise, save the underlying class.

Where art thou, woman? art thou at thy post?
We cannot want thy aid to save the lost,
The youthful dwellers of thy home and hearth,
To lead to heaven, and train for life on earth.

THE SEVEN STARS:

A CONSTELLATION OF SCOTTISH POETS.

BEATTIE.

SWEET minstrel! from thy hermit's cell
Rich strains of sacred truth are flowing,
The haughty sceptic's pride to quell;
Thy harp is tuned to numbers glowing.

BLAIR.

Bard of the grave; o'er death's domain
Thy awful muse for ever hovers,
Chaunting in sad and solemn strain
Each ghastly scene she there discovers.

CAMPBELL.

Poet of hope, of love, and woe,
Of thought refined, and tender feeling,
Thy notes of love—sad, sweet, and low,
Swell high when Poland's wrongs revealing.

CUNNINGHAME.

O weird and wild in legend old,
In dark tradition! dim and hoary—
Thy witching muse doth revel hold
In magic, song, and haunted story.

BURNS.

True child of nature, heir of fame,
 On thy true heart the muse's altar
 Burned high—the poet's, patriot's flame,
 A fire unknown to fail or falter.

HOGG.

On Ettrick's banks, her Doric lays
 The shepherd's muse sat sweetly singing,
 Till Scotia's raptured meed of praise
 O'er all her hills and glens was ringing.

SCOTT.

He sung of feudal halls and towers,
 Of knights and chiefs, in olden story ;
 Of beauteous dames in tapestried bowers ;
 High chivalry and deeds of glory.

The heaven of song is studded o'er
 With puny twinklers, faintly gleaming ;
 But these shall shine for evermore,
 Bright in their native radiance beaming.

TO TEACHERS OF THE YOUNG.

HUSBANDMAN, for work prepare
 Tender plants of promise fair ;
 Rise ! around thee everywhere
 Life's young spring-time claims thy care,
 Willing heart, and hand.

Dig, manure, and prune, and train—
 Suns, and dew, and vernal rain,
 Seek from Heaven, nor seek in vain—
 Flowers and fruits reward thy pain—
 Fair the smiling land.

Break thou up the fallow ground,
 With the will the way is found ;
 Faint not !—thorns and weeds abound—
 Seeds of knowledge scatter round—
 God shall give increase.

Father ! God ! we ask for bread,
 Stones Thou wilt not give instead—
 Down Thy promised Spirit shed—
 Toil is vain and hope is dead,
 Till Thou quicken these.

We have seen—we daily see,
 Plant of hope, some fair young tree,
 In the soft winds waving free,
 Green and full of sap is he—
 Rich the promised bloom.

Look again ! A hot simoom
 Scorches tree, and branch, and bloom—
 Write in blood the drunkard's doom,
 Quenched in misery, guilt, and gloom,
 Finds an early tomb.

TO MRS. J. CLELAND,

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED SON AND ONLY CHILD.

My olive plant, so green and fair ;
 My budding hope, my dearest care ;
 My only one ! He only knew
 Who gave—and, ah ! how soon withdrew
 The precious gift—how dear I loved
 My plant on earth ; and though removed
 To higher climes and brighter skies,
 With mournful tread and weeping eyes

I wander round his early tomb—
 But light from heaven dispels the gloom !
 An angel voice falls on my ear,
 “ Whom seek'st thou, weeping mother, here ?
 He is not here : thy son hath risen—
 'Tis but his shattered mortal prison
 Lies there. Oh ! would'st thou ever dwell
 With him thou loved on earth so well ?
 Then Jesus seek, the Saviour know ;
 He'll pardon, peace, and heaven bestow,
 Where thy loved plant shall bloom for ever,
 And thou wilt join him ne'er to sever.”

A REAL INCIDENT OF THE PERSECUTING TIMES IN SCOTLAND.

THE SCENE—A LONELY LOW THATCHED COTTAGE NEAR
 AIRDRIE BURN, NEW MONKLAND.

SHE lay within that lonely cot,
 And seemed by all, save God, forgot,
 And one who, when the shadows fell,
 With stealthy step came up the dell
 To minister, to soothe, and tend
 Her dying hours. She was the friend—
 Still dearest, nearest to her side—
 As child, as maid, as blooming bride.
 Their matron cares they shared together,
 Together sat upon the heather,
 To hear the words of truth and life,
 Each a beloved and loving wife.
 When Scotland's Covenanted men,
 On moor and hill, in cave and glen,
 For Christ and conscience stood to arms ;
 When mansions, cottages, and farms

Were scenes of terror, spoil, and wrong,
And not a dog dared move his tongue,
She entered, saw through gathering tears
The fast fulfilling of her fears ;
The cold, grey shadow on her face
That could not quench the light of grace.
“ Welcome,” she said, with failing breath,
“ My friend in life, my friend in death.
My hands are chill, my eyes are dim,
Take thou my last farewell to him
Who now has long in hiding been,
And dares not near his home be seen.
Tell him on earth we never more
Shall meet ; yet he to Canaan’s shore,
To which I haste, shall shortly come
And dwell with me in ‘ heaven our home.’
Say that I pray with parting breath
That he be faithful to the death,
When God to him a crown of life
Will give : so prays his dying wife.
And now, though all of earth recedes
From mind and eye, to help the needs
Of him I leave in want behind,
Say that beneath the hearth he’ll find
A treasure small when he shall come
By stealth to his deserted home.”
She ceased. Her friend stooped o’er the bed,
Her lips were cold, her spirit fled.
She sought no help, she made no moan,
She laid her out, and watched alone
Till daybreak, then she closed the door
And sped her o’er the lonely moor
To where, in shelter of the wood,
His hiding-place, the husband stood.
She told his loss. He bowed his head,
“ The will of God be done,” he said.
“ His mercy called my dear one home
To shelter her from woes to come.”
She told him he must not come near

To 'tend the funeral—there was fear ;
 For spies were placed, and watch was set,
 Assured the rebel they would get.
 " Beside the bier, if God me spare,"
 He solemn said, " I will be there.
 Yes ; I will see my dearest, best,
 Laid in the sheltering grave to rest.
 Be calm, my friend, fear not the foe,
 My presence there they shall not know."
 By night he watchfully approached
 The churchyard path, and lowly crouched
 Behind the hedge amongst the heather,
 Saw friends and foes pass on together
 Beside the bier. The burial rite
 Was o'er, he watched the live-long night
 Beside the grave—ere break of day
 He rose, and Scotland left for aye.

ON SEEING

A THOUSAND SABBATH SCHOOL CHILDREN

WALK IN PROCESSION TO VISIT THE GARDEN AND
 PLEASURE GROUNDS OF DRUMPELLIER HOUSE.

WHAT went ye out to see ?
 A Queen gone joyous forth
 Awhile to wander free
 On mountains of the north,
 While loyal thousands press and strain
 Around her car, a glimpse to gain ?

One greater far than she
 This day has gone abroad
 With thousand children ; see
 Them marshalled on the road—
 To such was Jesus' blessing given ;
 Of such the kingdom is of heaven.

What went ye out to see?
 A huge transparent dome,
 Where marvels all that be
 Found short but glorious home? *
 These childish forms hold gems more bright
 Than jewell'd Spain or Mount of Light.†

When Summer crown'd the hours,
 Proud City of the West,
 In rarest fruits and flowers
 Thy princely squares were dressed—
 But from these human plants shall rise
 Flowers that shall bloom in Paradise.

What went ye out to see?
 A corpse‡ not laid to rest
 (As all earth's sons should be)
 In her maternal breast,
 But cased in darkly symbol'd tomb
 Drawn from old Egypt's mythic gloom?

No heathen symbol here
 We seek in vain to prove;
 Your symbol, children dear,
 Be still the Lamb, the Dove.
 Oh, may the Lamb your sins atone,
 The Holy Dove seal you His own!

What went ye out to see?
 A Christian teacher band,
 Whose labours—loving, free
 Our grateful thanks demand;
 And ye, God's shepherds, set to feed
 His lambs, may ye be blest indeed!

* First Great Exhibition.

† Koh-i-noor.

‡ Late Duke of Hamilton.

And Lady,* young and fair,
To whom is given the grace
To make the young thy care,
And aged want solace—
May'st thou life's choicest blessings prove,
And reap thy full reward above!

ADDRESS TO THE

REV. DR. GARDNER OF BOTHWELL,

ON COMPLETING THE FIFTIETH YEAR OF HIS MINISTRY.

PASTOR revered, beloved! the Muse would fain
Join on fair "Bothwell banks" the jubilant strain
Raised by thy grateful people; fifty years
Look down upon thy labours sown in tears—
The precious seed beneath thy watchful care
Hath sprung, bloom'd, ripen'd into harvests fair.
Returning with thy sheaves, rejoicing, thou
Uplift'st to heaven thy venerable brow;
For there thy treasure, there thy heart, and there
Thy treasures reaped on earth are garnered, where
They wait to join thee, ripe and full of days,
In heaven's eternal jubilee of praise.
A stranger I, forgive this simple lay,
I wish'd to greet thee, wished to hail the day,
O aged shepherd, when thy flock approve,
With honours meet and tokens of their love,
Thy ministrations. May the call come late
For thee, a chosen guest, to take thy seat
At marriage supper of the Lamb, and swell
The choir of heaven with harp and song! Farewell!

* Mrs. Buchanan of Drumpellier.

LINEs ADDRESSED TO THE
REV. DR. JOHN MUIR,
OF ST. JAMES' PARISH, GLASGOW,

On the occasion of the Jubilee held to celebrate the completion of the
Fiftieth Year of his Ministry.

SERVANT OF GOD ! through fifty honoured years,
With fears and hopes, with prayerful cries and tears,
With watchful care and ever-active zeal,
With loving skill that wounded but to heal,
Thou led'st the flock committed to thy care
By waters still, and pastures green and fair ;
Kept watch and ward, when danger was abroad,
Upon thy towers. Church of the living God !
Pillar and ground of truth ! what time the cry,
" Raze, raze her quite," went forth ; when floods rose high ;
When schism foaming forth reproach, and hate
Beat on her walls and thundered at the gate—
Thou, with thy brother veterans, stemmed the tide,
For God, in midst of her, was on our side.
Even now, when thousand voices join to sing
The hymn of jubilee, a jarring string
Mars the grand symphony—a hostile tone
Of vengeful meaning, to our ears has gone.
But God our refuge is, and strength, our aid—
Though waters roar we will not be afraid.
We greet thee well, we hail thee on thy road,
Advanced far heaven-ward ; oh ! may Israel's God
Remember and accept thine offerings still ;
Grant thy heart's wish, thy counsels all fulfil !
Still may He hear thee from His holy heaven,
With saving strength by His own right hand given.
Our fathers' temple, guard ! her thou hast set
Above thy chiefest joy ; thine eyes shall yet,
Ere God shall call thee to Himself from hence,
On all her glory see a sure defence—
So prays a friend ; forgive, and grant the claim ;
Our God, our faith, our hope, our church, the same !

VERSES WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE MARRIAGE OF
ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, AND
ALEXANDRA, PRINCESS OF DENMARK.

I WOULD sing a song of gladness,
Nuptial bliss and holy love ;
But the trembling chords of sadness
Thrill my bosom as they move.

Beauty, royalty, and splendour,
Pomp in all its phases seen,
We admire ; but turn with tender,
Deeper, feeling to our Queen.

Royal Bride—young, loving, beauteous,
Princely Bridegroom, take her hand ;
Kneel as children dear and duteous
To the Lady of the land.

So before her mother knelt she,
With her Albert by her side,
She has felt all thoughts that melt thee—
England's, Albert's happy Bride.

Mingled tears of love and pleasure,
Grief and joy, her cheek bedew ;
She has lost her life's best treasure,
May it be restored in you !

Blessed change ! no more bombarding
Of old Denmark's forts and towers ;
Love and peace her Princess guarding,
Waft her to this land of ours.

Happy pair ! high crowned with blessing,
Be it bliss without alloy !
Good Victoria's love possessing,
While the nation sings for joy.

Prince, thy father, good and gracious,
 Bright example left behind
 Holds thy empire—nought so precious—
 Bind it on thy heart and mind.

Princess, in thy queenly mother,
 Find the pattern of thy life.
 Loved and loving, bless each other,
 Britain's daughter, Albert's wife.

LINES ADDRESSED TO

MRS. BUCHANAN OF DRUMPELLIER,
 ON HER KIND RECEPTION OF A LARGE PARTY OF SABBATH
 SCHOOL CHILDREN.

OH ! gentle Lady, with the bounteous hand
 And feeling heart, receive this youthful band
 With all thy wonted goodness ; dear they'll prize
 The loving language of thy smiling eyes.
 The heart of children feels, ah, none so well !
 The charm of kindness, and the gracious spell
 Of sympathy with all their little wants,
 Young hopes and joys with which each bosom pants ;
 And whilst thou walked along the lengthened line
 Of childish forms, the spirit sure was thine—
 While sweet emotions thrilled thy gentle breast—
 Of Him who called unto His side and blest
 Young children, saying, " Unto such was given
 Place in the kingdom of His Father's heaven."
 Forgive me, Lady ! for my heart beat high,
 Tears sweet, yet solemn, dimmed my gazing eye,
 As poured the living stream along the way.
 Oh ! loving Saviour ! bless these, too, I pray ;
 And bless the Lady by whose pious care
 The young in Education's blessings share ;
 For this, shall many rise and call thee blest
 Long after thou art laid in hallowed rest.

CRAIGNETHAN CASTLE.

A MEMORY.

THE cloud of years is upward rolled
From memory's page, and I behold,
Craignethan* gray, thy ivied walls,
Thy dusky vaults and roofless halls,
The low-browed arch where clotted slime
Of blood red hue, the spawn of time,
The opening clogs, and no one knows
To what it leads, or where it goes,—
The window† high and hard to win
I see, where Cuddie, peeping in,
Saw Jenny, wild with terror's throes,
Dash in his face the scalding brose.
'Twas on an eve in lovely May,
The radiant ruler of the day
Went calmly down the western skies
That flamed with gold and purple dyes ;
I slowly climbed the ruined stair
And gained the summit,—scene so fair,
So rich, romantic, never met
My 'raptured eye—I see it yet.
Sick with perfume I bowed my head,
The castle's hoary front was spread
With sheets of blossomed wall-flower, swung
Like censers, whence dame Nature flung
Her sweetest incense on the breeze
That wooed with scented breath the trees.
I gazed far down the craggy steep
Where Nethan's winding waters sweep
So far below, her murmurs seem
The spirit voices in a dream.
The crumbling roof was greenly crowned
With brier and hazel twining round ;

* Or Draffan.

† See Scott's Tillietudlem, said to be Craignethan.

I broke a tasseled hazel spray
To wear as trophy of the day.
No drawbridge o'er the moat is seen,
Now dry and lined with verdure green,
Where apple blossoms, snowy pear,
Their petals shed ; with lance and spear
Mailed warriors rode, with helmets doffed
To beauty's smiles and glances soft.
'Tis said, when hapless Mary* fled
From Leven's halls, her royal head
She laid within the tapestried bower
Of Fairly Fair ;† that fairest flower,
Reft from her home, Lord Draffan bore
To Nethan's keep. Ah ! long and sore
She mourned the bloody, vengeful day
That saw her sire her husband slay ;
And she in prayer and tears to dwell
For aye in lonely convent cell.
Now slowly falls the misty cloud
O'er Memory's page, as in a shroud
Old memories lie till word or strain
Awakes them, and they live again.

AUL' SCOTLAN'.

AUL' SCOTLAN' ! lan' o' cakes an' sang,
O' gude pease scones an' kebbuck whang,
Yer crumpy farls o' ait meal cake,
An' barley bannocks, wha wull bake ?
It's no the wife that curls her nose
At cogs o' sowens or cadger's brose,
An' uggs at lang-kail, and wud skail
In dub or sheugh the water kail.

* Mary Queen of Scots.

† See Old Ballad of Hardiknute.

The tea-pat at the ingle lowe
 Stauns, beekin' syne wi' laif or row,
 Or bakes an' jam, she gusts her gab.
 The callans—Geordie, Tam, and Rab—
 Wi' no ae hair on chin or cheek,
 Gang puffin' oot tobacco reek ;
 In bed at twal instead o' ten,
 An' think that swearin' mak's them men.
 Waesucks, there's nocht but dress an' daffin',
 An' rinnin' here and there, an' yaffin',
 Wi' havalal tongue, 'mang lassocks gilpie.
 The aul' fock, turnin' grey an' shilpie,
 Fin' oot ower late that want o' trainin'
 To wark, an' wit, the mither hainin'
 Her dochter, while fu' sair she toils,
 Is juist the thing that lassocks spoils.

The warl's sair alert. In my day,
 Afore my hair grew thin an' grey,
 A wife wad thocht it sin and shame
 If that she brang nae siller hame.
 The warkman's wage was geyan sma',
 And sae the wife tuk pirns to ca',
 Or wrocht at the tambourin' tent,
 To eke the wage an' help the rent.
 In hairst she keepit up her rig,
 An' left the wee bairns wi' the big ;
 An' wi' the fee bocht claes an' shoon,
 An' keepit aye their heids abune.
 The bits o' lassocks, blate and douce,
 Wur learnt to work an' red the hoose ;
 A stripit tounsh, an' plaidin' coat,
 Maist feck o' a' the duds they got.
 A towmond ye nicht ta'en to seek,
 Nor seen a pipe in callan's cheek,
 Or heard an aith. They kept the neuk
 Ilk nicht whan faither tuk the beuk,
 An' ran at biddin', wrocht their wark,
 An' gat their schulin' efter dark.

There's been an unco grit ado,
 An' muckle cry an' little woo,
 Aboot what big fock ca' the masses—
 Whilk means, ye ken, the workin' classes ;
 To gie them lear, an' learn the weemin
 The airts o' cookery an' cleanin'.

An' noo, ye Scottish wives and mithers,
 This speaks to you abune a' ithers—
 Ye maun be geyan sair to blame,
 An' weel I wat I think great shame,
 That ony man should need to tell ye
 To clean your hoose, an' tent your belly
 Wi' weel-made-ready halesume meat,
 An' to be carefu' and discreet.
 A' this is very gude an' needfu',
 But, oh ! ye should be unco heedfu'
 To airt yer bairns to a' that's richt,
 An' frae a' ill to warn and fricht ;
 An' aye be shure ye gie a sample
 O' what ye bid in your example.
 Your wark's afore ye, never swither—
 Be juist a true, gude Christian mother !

A MEMORY.

BANKS OF CALDER AND COUSIN DORA.

STRAYING, musing, singing, dreaming,
 'Neath the leafy banners streaming,
 Fleck'd with golden sunbeams gleaming
 Through the woodland's dun ;
 On lone Calder's banks reclining,
 Where the brier and hazel, twining,
 Screen me from the fervid shining
 Of the noontide sun.

Sweet thy soft melodious gushing,
Sylvan stream ! and sweet the hushing
Of the breeze, with soft breath pushing
 Wide the opening flowers ;
Pendant honeysuckles flinging
Fragrance round ; the woodbine clinging
Round the elm ; bird-music ringing
 In thy birchen bowers.

Through thy waters—rippling, dancing,
Where the minnow shoals are glancing—
Slow I wade, and, still advancing,
 Reach the farther shore ;
Lightly bounding o'er the shingles,
Through my limbs the warm blood tingles ;
With the birds my wild song mingles,
 Trilling o'er and o'er.

Up the dell, all panting, glowing,
Where the foxgloves tall are growing,
Where the wild brier-roses, blowing,
 Scent the summer air ;
Where the weeping willow stoopeth,
Where the silver runnel scoopeth
Out her bed ; where hyacinth droopeth,
 Slender, meek, and fair.

Where the silver birch is waving,
Where the crystal well-spring laving,
Busy bees their treasures saving,
 Stands a lonely cot,
Bower'd in jessamine and roses ;
Flora there her wealth discloses,
Freely there her charms exposes,
 On that lovely spot.

From the flower-wreathed porch comes winging,
Like a bird, dear Dora, singing,
To my side so fondly clinging—
 Ah, how soon to part !

Fair, pale rose ! too early blowing !
 Child of beauty, bright, and glowing !
 Sweetest thoughts and fancies flowing
 Ever from her heart.

Summers six, with shade and shining,
 Passed, when, without plaint or pining,
 On her couch of death reclining,
 Cousin Dora lay.

Short we had her in possession,
 Yet she has fulfill'd her mission ;
 Called to Heaven, we bow submission—
 She has passed away !



THE WAY O' THE WARL'.

It's the Way o' the Warl' when yer troubles are sair,
 An' yer doon i' the dirt, aye tae tramp ye the mair ;
 Ye may warssle an' grane, ye may murther an' cry,
 Wi' a glunch or a sneer she wull gang her wa's by !

It's the Way o' the Warl' tae think maist o' braid-claith
 An' the weel-plenisht purse—oh, hoo weel she likes baith !
 The thin raggit doublet she canna weel thole,
 An' she ne'er could pit up wi' a pouch an' a hole !

It's the Way o' the Warl' aye tae soun' weel the fame—
 Nae odds hoo he gat it—o' the chiel wi' a name ;
 But the nameless, though giftit, are caul' i' the yird,
 Ere a sang or a word i' their praise she wull mird !

Then maybe she'll say, when he's streekit and caul'—
 “ Puir chiel ! I aye thocht him a gude kin' o' saul ; ”
 An' syne ower his grave she'll big a wheen stanes,
 An' sit on the tap o't, an' greet ower his banes !

Noo, yer Way wi' the Warl's jist tae let her alane,
 Ne'er fash her wi' yammerin'—ne'er mak' ye a mane—
 Ne'er haud up yersel' an' yer sairs tae her een—
 She's ower thrang wi' hersel', an' she cares na a preen !

Juist help ye yersel', an' there's Ane that wull help :
 When the Warl' steeks ye oot, ne'er sit down an' yelp
 Like a doug, but bear bauldly yer heid, like a man—
 Keep yer e'e an' yer hert aye abune gif ye can !

Noo, Warl', hae I wrang't ye?—thou kens best thysel';
 Let them that hae try't thee an' lippen't thee tell;
 But, hark i' yer lug, my puir hard-workin' brither,
 Lippen aye maist tae Heaven, tae yersel', an' yer mither

 BELLS.

BLEST Sabbath bells ! blest Sabbath bells !
 My heart with solemn rapture swells ;
 I come ! I come ! how blessed there,
 How joyful in the house of prayer
 The anthem swells !

'Tis Christmas tide ; ring, blessed bells !
 The angels' song your anthem swells—
 "To us this day a Child is given :
 A Saviour born, the Christ from heaven !"
 Ring, blessed bells !

Glad marriage bells ! glad marriage bells !
 Ring out—your joyous music tells
 That love and beauty, hand in hand,
 Before the holy altar stand
 Their vows to tell.

Your merry chimes ring, jocund bells !
A father's heart exulting swells,
A mother's arms embrace her boy,
The heir is born—ring out the joy,
Each chiming bell !

Sad passing bell ! sad passing bell !
Sad hearts bereaved will throb and swell !
Ring out a knell, some dear one's dead,
The clay is cold, the spirit fled,
Ring out the knell !

Toll, slowly toll, sad funeral bell !
We bring the dead in earth to dwell—
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
We give till God shall call the just ;
Cease, tolling bell !

Peal, peal, ye loud, triumphant bells !
For victory peal—the tumult swells ;
The reeling air is stunned and thrilled,
Peal, loudly peal for thousands killed ?
Say, is it well ?

O pealing bells ! O pealing bells !
With pity, grief, and horror swells
My heart, when pealing from afar
I hear the tocsin bell of war,
And carnage fell.

Ring out, ring out ! O warning bell !
At morn upon the waters fell
A blinding fog, ring out and tell
Of danger near : they pass ; all's well !
Still sailing on.

O warning bell ! mute was thy tongue
When o'er the dark waves wildly rung
A crash—a shriek of wild despair ;
Two vessels met, but one is there
Alone, alone !

Placed on a rock, a warning bell,
Rung out when ocean winds would swell,
Warning the sailor from the rock,
Where else his ship, with deadly shock,
Would meet her doom.

A warning voice, a warning bell,
O'er life's tumultuous ocean swell,
Peals high above the breakers' roar,
"Turn, turn, or sink for evermore
In guilt and gloom!"

FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR 1863.

FAREWELL, old year, "the bourne" is near,
"Whence traveller ne'er returneth"—
Passing away from time for aye,
Thy life-light faintly burneth.

Farewell, old year, dark shapes of fear,
Grim spectres pale and gory
Flitting around with moaning sound,
Tell us thy sad war story.

Farewell, old year, we do not fear
Republic* or Imperial†—
If war inclined, they both shall find
We're rather tough material.

Farewell, old year, thy past career
Hath given both gloom and gladness;
Thou gave us peace, but no decrease
In human crime and madness.

* American Republic.

† French Emperor.

Farewell, old year, the pall and bier
 Thou saw us oft attending,
 And heard oft-times the merry chimes
 Of birth and wedlock blending.

Farewell, old year, a voice we hear,
 How solemnly it falleth—
 "All flesh is grass," prepare to pass,
 Ere long the Master calleth.

Farewell, old year, thy knell we hear
 Through Time's dark arches sounding;
 Wrapt in thy shroud, a dense, dark cloud
 Thy solemn bier surrounding.

Farewell, old year, we still have cheer,
 Though tinged with doubt and sorrow,
 We leave thy urn and gladly turn
 To give new year good morrow.

VERSES.

Descriptive of an early morning walk in the latter end of April, 1830.

THE blithe voice o' spring through the woodlan's was ringin';
 Frae her nest 'mang the gowans the laverock was springin';
 The breeze was asleep, but the burnie was singin',
 And clear blabs o' dew frae ilk green blade war hingin'.

The hare was juist scuddin' awa' to her lair—
 She had munch'd at the corn till she wantit na mair;
 The craws war asteer, for the morning was fair,
 Like the roar o' the linn cam' their soun' on the air.

The red-lippit gowan had closed her sweet mou',
 But the cup o' the primrose was lippin' wi' dew;
 An' the hy'cinth had kaim'd oot her ringlets o' blue,
 Till the dell, o' their fragrance an' beauty was fu'.

Wi' a half-open e'e the young sun leukit oot
Ower the hill taps, to see what the warl' was aboot ;
An' the cock on his bugle fu' loudly did toot,
Warning a' to their "darg," baith the man an' the brute.

An' the lane star that hings on the e'e-bree o' morn
Grew pale, for young day her bricht tresses had shorn ;
An' aye she grew paler, till, dim an' forlorn,
She sank in the red clouds that herald the morn.

Then a rich gowden stream frae the fountain o' licht
Gush'd oot,—an' the mists that had happit the nicht
Row'd up frae the glens, an' war sune oot o' sicht,
An' the green yirth lay smilin' sae lown an' sae bricht.

Up the heather-clad hill to the big boulder-stane,
Whaur aft in my rambles a rest I hae ta'en,
I sat mysel' doon on't to leuk a' my lane
On the lan' whaur frae bairnhood to age I had gane.

Oh! dear to my heart, an' fu' sweet to my e'en,
My ain Caledonia! aye thou hast been—
Nae lan' I hae read o', or heard o', or seen,
Has thy wit, an' thy worth, an' thy courage, I ween.

Thy peat-fires are luntin',—hoo fragrant the smell
This bab o' the heather an' bonnie blue-bell—
This twig o' green birk—oh, I canna weel tell
Hoo the sicht an' the scent gars my fu' bosom swell!

Thy laigh-theekit biggins, whaur aft the sweet psalm
Is heard in the e'enin's sae holy an' calm ;
On the leal Scottish heart it fa's like saft balm,
The lown voice o' prayer, the soun' o' the psalm.

Noo, "I'm wearin' awa' to the Lan' o' the Leal,"
But lang as I dow to the boulder I'll speel,
To see spread afore me the lan' I lo'e weel,
An' will lo'e till I leave't for "the Lan' o' the Leal."

SCOTIA: A VISION.

MIDNIGHT's solemn peal had rung ;
My drowsy spirit listless hung
Between the certain and unreal,
When visioned forms and shapes ideal
Come floating from the dreamy cells
Where vagrant fancy ever dwells.
And thus, half-conscious, in my ear
A wailing voice I seemed to hear ;
Its tones were thrilling, sad, and wild,
Like mother's anguish o'er her child.
Methought my casement opened wide,
A female form, that seemed to glide
On air, within my chamber stood.
I knew her by the plaid and snood
That bound her streaming, golden hair,
With rainbow hues all checker'd fair.
Her flowing robe around her fell ;
Entranced I lay, as if a spell
Had bound me. On her mournful face
Love, sorrow, majesty, and grace
Were blended : she the silence broke ;
My heart leaped up, 'twas Scotia spoke.
“ Where shall I hide my world-wide shame ?
She cried ; “ Ye jewels of my fame,
My virtuous maidens, fair and bright,
Come forth and bless your Scotia's sight—
Come dressed in Virtue's spotless charms,
To honour, grace, and bless the arms
Of wedded love. The wound is deep
That pains my heart ; I mourn and weep
This sad reproach above all others,
My nameless babes and unwed mothers.
This plague-sore eats away my life ;
Stand up and answer, mother, wife—
Have you by teaching, watching, prayer,
By fair example, ceaseless care,

Trained up your child that she should go
In Virtue's path—say, is it so?
Let conscience speak, the roll of time
Is black with shame and red with crime.”
She paused, my bosom heaved and thrilled.
When next she spoke, her eyes were filled
With burning tears of grief and shame.
“Lost is the prestige of my name;
My daughters, modest, pure, and good—
What hand shall save from ruin's flood
The fair frail barks it soon would whelm?
Mothers, good mothers, at the helm!”
She ceased, she vanished, and my room
Seemed wrapt in sadder, deeper gloom.

CALEDONIA.

THY name, Caledonia! Queen of the North!
On my wild harp is thrilling—I sing of thy worth;
Though simple the melody, lofty thy name,
Thy virtues, thy valour, thy learning, and fame.

Though sterile thy soil and inclement thy clime—
On thy dark hills of mist, in the far olden time—
On thy storm-beaten islets, wild, barren, and lone,
The twin stars of learning and liberty shone.

The badge of the conqueror thou never hast worn;
Thy red lion-banner hath ever been borne
In war by the hand of the free and the brave,
The patriot, the hero, but never the slave.

Like a rock in the ocean, thou often hast braved
High tides of invasion, wild tempests that raved
And rolled in hoarse thunder the waves on thy form,
Oft drenched by the spray, not o'erthrown in the storm.

When o'er the blue Grampians, majestic and hoar,
The eagles of Rome sought in triumph to soar,
They were struck in their flight by the fierce mountain-erne,
Thy own Caledonians, stalwart and stern.

Of Wallace, the deathless, what need I to tell?
He fought for and saved thee—by traitors he fell;
Of Bruce, who made England's fair daughters to mourn,
For brothers and sires slain at red Bannockburn.

When dark persecution, relentless and stern,
Like water poured out on the heather and fern,
On the hill and the woodland, the glen and the cave,
The blood of thy martyrs, the pious and brave.

Then the sword of the Covenant leaped from its sheath,
And they vowed to contend, even to torture and death,
For truth and for conscience, nor once lay it down,
Till the tyrant was 'reft of his kingdom and crown.

My loved Caledonia! still in the van,
For the faith of the Christian, the rights of the man,
Thy sons have been found, they have blazoned thy name,
And placed it on high in the Temple of Fame.

In the field, in the council, in science and art,
With valour, with wisdom, and genius, thy part
Thou actest; and earth has no kingdom or clime,
Where thy sons do not further the promised good time.

On the glories we gaze that encircle thy name,
But dark clouds, impregnate with sorrow and shame,
Are low'ring above thee, and threaten to shed
A deluge of ruin and woe on thy head.

No foreign invader descends on thy shore;
Dane, Roman, and Saxon oppress thee no more;
The sword of the tyrant now sleeps in the sheath;
Ah! the foe is within that consumes thee to death.

Awake! Caledonia! wake! O awake!
 Arm! arm for the combat! thy life is at stake!
 At the name of the foe do not falter or shrink—
 'Tis the spirit of evil incarnate in drink.

THE LOWLY SONG OF A LOWLY BARD.

"My boast is not that I deduce my birth
 From loins enthroned, or rulers of the earth;
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise:
 The child of parents passed into the skies."—COWPER.

"We are lowly, very lowly:"
 Low the bard, and low the song;
 Lowly thou, my own dear village;
 Lowly those I dwell among.

From my lowly home of childhood
 Low sweet voices fill my ears,
 Till my drooping lids grow heavy
 With the weight of tender tears.

Low in station, low in labour,
 Low in all that wordlings prize,
 Till the voice say, "Come up hither,"
 To a mansion in the skies.

From that lowly cot the sainted
 Rose from earth's low cares and woes;
 From that lowly couch, my mother
 To her home in heaven arose.

In that cot, so lone and lowly,
 (Childhood's hand might reach the thatch,)
 God was felt, and o'er the dwellers
 Angel eyes kept loving watch.

Lowly heart, and lowly bearing,
Heaven and earth will best approve.
Jesus ! Thou wert meek and lowly—
Low on earth, but Lord above.

Yet, not low my aspirations :
High and strong my soul's desire
To assist my toiling brothers
Upward, onward to aspire.

Upward to the heaven above us,
Onward in the march of mind,
Upward to the shrine of freedom,
Onward, working for our kind.

This to you, my working brothers,
I inscribe ; may nothing low
Dwell in mind, in heart, or habit ;
Upward look, and onward go.

ON THE DEATH OF A

HIGHLY GIFTED AND PRECOCIOUS CHILD,

Who died at the age of six years and two months.

Too fair, too pale, too pure and wise
For earth, she early sought the skies ;
Her fair broad brow and hazel eyes,
Instinct with genius, ever rise
On Memory's mournful eye.
Oh ! gifted child of love and song,
Could prayers and tears thy stay prolong,
How had they flowed ! The angel throng
Bore on their wings, with joy and song,
Our darling to the sky.

Fair star ! at thy terrestrial birth
 I hailed thee—watched thy course on earth ;
 Grave were thy joys, and quiet thy mirth—
 The radiant orb, soon lost to earth,
 Is shining high in heaven.
 Thy earthly home a rural cot
 With roses draped, with many a plot
 Of flowers—earth holds no lovelier spot—
 All, all remains, but thou art not,
 For thou wert lent, not given.

The roses of two summers shed
 Their fragrant petals on her head,
 When on the green and daisied bed,
 With wilding flowers and toys bespread,
 The child was set to play.
 A silver birch lean'd o'er the ground,
 And there dear Dora I have found,
 A long soft band her waist enwound,
 And to the tender sapling bound,
 That so she might not stray.

And there, for hours each summer day,
 The hermit babe would sing and play
 Alone with Nature, pleased and gay,
 For strangers seldom came that way,
 And playmates she had none.
 Oft to her father's knee she went
 When he would read, with ear intent
 And speaking eye, where thought was blent
 With feeling deep, that found a vent
 When she was all alone.

Like warbling linnet's song would flow
 Her silver tones, soft, sweet, and low ;
 All beauteous things she seemed to know—
 Her sobs would rise, her tears would flow
 At piteous song or tale.

How pale, how spiritual and sweet
The smiling face that wont to greet
Me through the pane, then run to meet,
And fill my hand with cowslips sweet,
And lilies of the vale !

Then to her own dear flow'ry nook,
Beneath the birch, our way we took ;
Some favourite poem from the book
She held—would read with sparkling look,
And curious, quaint comment.
Six summers had their roses shed
Upon the infant poet's head,
When on her white and death-cold bed
A withered rose lay Dora—dead :
Heaven took what it had lent.

PRAY FOR POLAND.

OH, not unwept, unsung thy wrongs have been,
Full many a swelling heart hath bled unseen ;
Full many a tearful prayer and mournful groan—
Have to the ear of Heaven been breathed alone !

Long have the iron hoofs of power and pride
Trod on thee ; long thy panting, bleeding side,
Pierced by the barb'd steel of Russian power—
A fearful reckoning waits the avenging hour !

How long, O Lord, how long ! stretch out Thy hand,
Cast out the oppressor from the struggling land,
The fetters rend, proclaim to Europe broad—
Among the nations, who is judge but God ?

Thy time must come ; it will, for God is just :
 Arise and sing, thou dweller in the dust ;
 Thy soiled and bleeding brow shall yet be crowned
 By Freedom's hand, and healed each ghastly wound.

No power I wield, no influence can I bring,
 To bear upon the heart of Czar or King,
 But I can plead thy cause His throne before
 Who reigns, and rules, and lives for evermore !

“PET MARJORIE.”*

SWEET PET ! such pets are far and few—
 A flow'ret balmed with spirit dew—
 With beauteous tints of heavenly hue—
 A lovely soul, bright, fond, and true,
 The poet's pet and pearl.
 Descending from her native skies,
 Alas ! how soon again to rise
 An angel in an infant's guise,
 She stormed all hearts with sweet surprise—
 The rarely gifted child !

And Genius, at her childish shrine,
 Admiring stood, and traced each line
 Of thought that o'er her features fine
 Would come and go, like cloud and shine
 In smiling April weather.
 When fancy's fires were burning low,
 And bright ideas mustered slow,
 Then Pet's small hand in Scott's would glow—
 His plaidie round the lamb he'd throw,
 And wrap them close together.

* “Pet Marjorie,” a little book just brought out by an Edinburgh Publisher.

The baby poet — wond'rous child —
Who rhymed, and wrote, and sung, and smiled,
Her sweet conceits and fancies wild
She quaintly strung, and duly filed
 In her most unique journal.
Short space was she to earth confined,
For matter was too weak for mind ;
No earthly tie her soul could bind ;
She soared to mingle with her kind
 Beyond our sphere diurnal.

Mysterious questions we might ask —
Was it in human love to bask —
Work out some heaven-commissioned task,
Then lay aside her mortal mask,
 The spiritual assuming ?
We may not ask, but this we know —
The stings of guilt, the pangs of woe,
The blush of shame shall never glow
On cheeks where Heaven's own roses blow
 For ever fresh and blooming.

LINES ON THE SNOWDROP.

Written on receiving a Bouquet of these beautiful Flowers from
a Lady Friend, March 9, 1865.

SWEET, modest, pensive, tender flower,
Though snow-drifts rise and storm-clouds lower
Above thy gentle drooping head,
And chill thee on thy frozen bed —
Though oft thy pure, pale face appears
Bedewed with cold and freezing tears,
Soon from thy lids the god of day
Shall kiss the chilling drops away,
And crown thy green and slender stems
With stainless wreath of pearly gems.

Chaste, virgin flower, first-born of Spring,
 Thou purest, fairest, loveliest thing,
 Herald of all the coming flowers
 That star the meads and deck the bowers ;
 Yet when sweet May comes crowned with blossom,
 Thou hid'st thee in thy mother's bosom,
 And when bright June spreads out her roses,
 In earth's maternal lap reposes.

Emblem of innocence, in vain
 The howling winds and beating rain
 Shall wildly sweep thy wintry bed ;
 Again thy beauteous, graceful head,
 Unsoiled, unsullied, shall arise
 In meek devotion to the skies.

B I R K H I L L.

A MEMORY.

O'ER thy lone beauty, sweet Birkhill,
 Sad, brooding memory hovers still ;
 Within, without, the sylvan cot,
 Ah ! long unseen, but ne'er forgot.

The fair-haired father, gentle wife,
 True helpmate of his toiling life ;
 The joyous group of youthful faces
 Gone, vanished—lo ! their vacant places.

Meek Margaret, with the soft brown eyes,
 And Jane, the thoughtful, kind, and wise ;
 Bright Isa, of the golden hair,
 And baby Annie, pale and fair.

And Willie, generous, bold, and free,
 The master mind of brothers three ;
 He, while in manhood's glowing prime,
 Drooped, languished, died in Indian clime.

And two, when life's young leaves were green,
And hope's fair blossoms blushed between,
Fell, in the mildew of decay,
Like withered flowers upon the clay.

When summer dressed lone Birkhill's bowers,
And gemmed her garden plots with flowers,
And draped her cottage wall with roses,
Within, on couch of death, reposes

A white-robed form in marble beauty—
Without to pay the last sad duty.
For years we saw the mourners come :
One only waits till summoned home.

And she and I are near the bourne,
From whence no traveller may return ;
Soon shall the link that binds us sever,
But faith and hope say, "Not for ever."

MAY, 1864.

Now o'er the laughing meadows,
Throned on her dewy car,
Queenly May comes with her train,
From southern climes afar,
To seek her woodland palace,
Where thousand minstrels swell
The choral hymn that hails her
In forest, copse, and dell.

Sweetly tinged with sapphire hue
Is spread a carpet fair ;
Down by Luggie's fairy stream,
The hyacinth beds are there,

Golden cups and crimson bells
Wave o'er the margin green,
Blossomed thorn and birch perfume
The palace of the Queen.

Pinky buds on scented brier
Their dewy lips uncloze ;
Fair sultana of the dell,
The blushing wilding rose ;
Mossy cushions swell around,
With sorrel pearls gleaming ;
The honeysuckle clasps the rock,
With flowery tendrils streaming.

Meadows sweet, whose golden hair
Sheds out a rich perfume,
Stately foxglove, rearing high
A tower of purple bloom.
Gazing with her soft blue eye
On the dancing waters,
See the sweet forget-me-not,
Beloved of Beauty's daughters.

Hark the blackbird's dulcet notes,
Thrush and linnet singing ;
Hark that maiden's melting lay,
Answering echoes ringing ;
Waking up the sleeping trees,
Whispering to the flowers,
The breeze salutes, with kisses soft,
The blossoms on the bowers.

Queen of flowers of love and song,
How sweet with thee to dwell,
And linger by the fairy stream
In Luggie's lovely dell !
Sweeter, purer bliss was mine
When last the dell I trod,
I looked on Nature, " looking up,
Through her, to Nature's God."

MYSIE, AN AUL' WARL' BUT OWER TRUE
STORY.

SHE wrocht her wark an' never lintit,
Her wrangs to nane she ever mintit ;
An' tho' they war baith grit an' sair,
O' them an' him she spake nae mair.

Sair browten't on him was her he'rt,
Folk thocht the twasum' ne'er wad pairt ;
But sic is man, an' sic was Rabbie,
He brak' his troth an' marriet Babbie.

A widow woman, sair forfairn,
Was Mysie's mither—for her bairn
That mither pray't, wi' deein' breath,
She micht be biel't frae want an' skaith.

My gutcher sat by her bedside ;
Said he, I'se for thy bairn provide ;
Amang my ain she'll pick an' mell,
An' sune dae sum'thing for hersel'.

Oh ! Mysie was a pleasant bairn—
Kin', canny, clever, gleg to learn ;
An' weel she lo'ed the guid aul' carle,
That biel't her frae the caulrife warl'.

Whan juist saxteen she gat a place ;
Her mensefu' gait an' bonnie face—
Her warkrife haun' an' couthie ways,
Sune gat frae a' aboot her praise.

The farmer's son, young Rabbie Steel—
A weel-faur'd, sleekit, pawkie chiel—
Sune wan her he'rt, an hoo, gude kens,
Gat Mysie on his finger en's.

He swore he lo'ed her mair than life,
An' gif he made na' her his wife,
Wush'd that his right haun' he nicht tine,
Gif he his promise didna' min'.

An' then the upshot sune was seen ;
Wi' pykeit chafts an' watery een,
Puir May was packit frae the hoose
By Rabbie's mither, snell an' douce.

An' sic a nicht whan she cam' hame—
Sae muckle greetin', sabbin', shame ;
Wi' her nae tongue cou'd flyte a word,
Puir gaspin', tremilen, flutterin' burd.

For owks she grat maist day an' nicht ;
Yet ere her bairnie saw the licht,
An' she had been twa months awa'—
Young Rab had weddit Babbie Law.

A towmond they had been thegither,
Whan ae day in cam Babbie's mither ;
Said they, " We're a' in grit alarm,
An' gutcher maun cum' to the farm.

He bou'd to see ye," quo' the wife ;
" The doctors canna save his life ;
Nor a' the skill they can comman'
Can heal the incume in his haun'."

The aul' man pray'd by his bedside ;
Then Rabbie said, " Cou'd less betide
A he'rt sae fause, wi' tongue sae fair,
O ! I ha'e wrang't puir Mysie sair.

" But ye maun see to unnerstaun',"
He rave the bucklin's aff his haun' ;
" Tho' I forgat, Heaven keepit min'
O' my fause aith—leuk, there's the sign."

Sair swall't an' black as ony coal
 Was that richt haun', but waur to thole
 His sair remorse for Mysie's wrang.
 Fause loons, beware ! sae en's my sang.

JUNE, 1864.

WHY darkly veiled, like mourning bride,
 Com'st thou, sweet June ?—Why dost thou hide
 Thy glowing charms and lustrous eyes
 Beneath a cloudy, cold disguise,
 Fair Nature's bosom chilling ?
 Thy sister, May, gave promise fair
 Of golden sunshine, balmy air :
 She, rich in thousand floral charms,
 Drooped, languished, in thy cruel arms,
 Thy cold embraces killing.

Sweet song-birds ! ye who watched and sung
 Beside the cradle of your young,
 In bush or bough, oh ! oft unfold
 Your wings, to shield from cruel cold
 Your downy, callow treasure.
 The thorn is white with odorous blossom,
 The water-lily on the bosom
 Of the lone sleeping lake reposes,
 The briery banks are starred with roses—
 Why frown'st thou on our pleasure ?

The hushing music of the breeze,
 That sings to sleep the nodding trees,
 On fruit, and flower, with bitter breath,
 Sheds nightly down the chills of death,
 I mourn, ye things of beauty !

O leafy, flow'ry, balmy June !
 The poet's lyre is out of tune,
 The strings are sullen, damp, and chill,
 The song can neither charm nor thrill,
 Till thou fulfill'st thy duty.

Oh ! cast aside thy veil of gloom ;
 Come forth in splendour, beauty, bloom ;
 Fair bride of summer, blushing, smiling,
 With sun-bright eyes our fears beguiling—
 Come jewelled, robed and crowned.
 Nature, be thou my muse—inspire
 My song : and though at times my lyre
 Hath thrilled to notes of woe and war,
 An inspiration dearer far
 In Nature I have found.

SPIRIT-RAPPING.

Lines inscribed to the new Professor of Spiritual Rapology,
 Glasgow, 1864.

HAST thou abjured the worship of old Mammon,
 To offer incense at the shrine of Gammon,
 " To call up spirits from the vasty deep,"
 And deftly set them playing at bo-peep ?
 And having learn'd that souls are fond of dancing,
 Mak'st tables shake their legs and fall to prancing ;
 The accordion plays, and dance and music swell,
 " And all goes merry as a marriage bell."
 Most sage professor, you do not believe
 In what you wish weak mortals to receive ;
 For did you know that spirits were about,
 You would not put the gas or candle out,
 And frighten screaming girls out of their wits,
 Fainting and struggling in hysteric fits.
 That renegade, the titled priest of Natal,
 Gives out no dogma to the truth more fatal,

Even Scripture truth, than that you say is true—
 The spirits of the dead called back by you?
 O impious—nonsensical—absurd
 Your spirit-rapping dodge is, 'pon my word;
 And then, so weak the questions and replies,
 Just silly twaddle or mischievous lies,
 Quite unbecoming in a prudent ghost,
 Who never tells if he is blest or lost.
 Ask some scorch'd female's soul, at my desire,
 How many crinolines are yet to fire,
 And if Eugenie will reduce her hoops,
 In mercy to her suicidal dupes?
 Call up the captain's ghost (oh, tale of pity!)
 He of the vanished steamer, Glasgow City;
 Ask where she lies who went but never came?
 Met she her fate by storm, by ice, or flame?
 There's many a ghost that could a tale unfold;
 A friendly voice cries out, You'd better hold;
 For spirit-rappers can so well dispense
 With Scripture, reason, truth and common sense.
 Till "heaven peeps through the blanket of the dark"
 That veils their minds, you're sure to lose your mark,
 When to the land of souls they really come,
 Its stern realities will strike them dumb.
 Let this suffice—guard your own spirit well,
 The secret soon you'll know you may not tell.

A BALLAD OF MEMORIE.

NAE mair, alas! nae mair I'll see
 Young mornin's gowden hair
 Spread ower the lift—the dawnin' sheen
 O' simmer mornin' fair!
 Nae mair the heathery knowe I'll speel,
 An' see the sunbeams glancin',
 Like fire-flauchts ower the loch's lane breast,
 Ower whilk the breeze is dancin'.

Nae mair I'll wanner ower the braes,
Or thro' the birken shaw,
An' pu' the wild-wud flowers amang
Thy lanely glens, Roseha'!
How white the haw, how red the rose,
How blue the hy'cinth bell,
Whaur fairy thim'les woo the bees
In Tenach's breken dell !

Nae mair when hinnysuckle hings
Her garlands on the trees,
And hinny breath o' heather bells
Comes glaffin on the breeze ;
Nor whan the burstin' birken buds,
And sweetly scented brier,
Gie oot their sweets, nae power they ha'e
My dowie heart to cheer.

Nae mair I'll hear the cushie-doo,
Wi' voice o' tender wailin',
Pour out her plaint ; nor laverock's sang,
Up 'mang the white clouds sailin' ;
The lappin' waves that kiss the shore,
The music o' the streams,
The roarin' o' the linn nae mair
I'll hear but in my dreams.

Whan a' the house are gane to sleep
I sit my leefu' lane,
An' muse till fancy streaks her wing,
An' I am young again.
Again I wanner thro' the wuds,
Again I seem to sing
Some waefu' auld warld ballant strain,
Till a' the echoes ring.

Again the snaw white howlit's wing
Out ower my heid is flaffin,
Whan frae her nest 'mang Calder Craigs
I fley't her wi' my daffin ;

An' keekin in the mavis' nest
O' naked scuddies fu',
I feed wi' moolins out my pouch
Ilk gapin' hungry mou'.

Again I wanner ower the lea,
"An' pu' the gowans fine ;
Again I paidle in the burn,"
But, oh ! its lang-sin-syne !
Again your faces blythe I see,
Your gladsome voices hear—
Frien's o' my youth—a' gane, a' gane !
An' I sit blinlins here.

The star o' memory lights the past ;
But there's a licht abune,
To cheer the darkness o' a life
That maun be endit sune.
An' aft I think the gowden morn,
The purple gloamin' fa',
Will shine as bricht, an' fa' as saft,
Whan I hae gane awa'.

SPRING.

FAIRY Spring, in kirtle green,
Stealing through the woods, is seen
Gliding o'er the freshening meadow
Bright with sunshine, dim with shadow,
Smiling on the lambkins skipping—
Children through the green lanes tripping.
High o'er head, on quivering wings,
The lark his jubilant anthem sings,
And thousand swelling feather'd throats
Are warbling clear their amorous notes.

Now with gentle hand she raises
 From the sod her infant daisies,
 Bids her sleeping violets rise,
 Kissing fond their dewy eyes ;
 Scented buds of golden yellow,
 Honey sweet adorn the willow,
 And the drooping hyacinth bells
 Tint with heaven's own blue the dells,
 Where the primrose lurks below
 Snowy sheets of blossomed sloe.
 Treading slow the bramble brake,
 Curled and coiled like sleeping snake,
 The curious botanist discerns
 The dark brown younglings of the ferns ;
 From flowers of "Araby the Blest,"
 Ne'er were sweeter odours pressed
 Than budding birch and sweetbriar shed
 On thy radiant youthful head.
 Virgin Spring ! then come again ;
 We hail thine advent, bless thy reign ;
 Come with airs soft, genial, calm,
 Shedding flowers and breathing balm :
 May human labour, human love,
 And gentle peace thy reign approve !

 POLAND.

"O Heaven, he cried, my bleeding country save ;
 Is there no hand on high to shield the brave ?"—CAMPBELL.

SPEAK not thus in tones of gladness,
 For my soul is steeped in sadness ;
 Mournful visions haunt my mind—
 The wronged, the wrongers of mankind.
 Bleeding, bound, and ghastly rise,
 The crushed, the wronged, before mine eyes ;

The wronger comes, with murderous brand,
Bondsman's chain, and felon hand.
Ah! my spirit burns and bleeds
For thee, O Poland! Ruthless deeds
Of brutal violence, barbarous wrong—
Themes for Campbell's deathless song—
Thou hast borne for sleepless years,
Dyed in blood and steeped in tears.
Now from charnel vault ascending,
From thy form the cerements rending,
From thy limbs the despot's chain—
Righteous Heaven, is this in vain?
When the crown'd unholy alliance
Met for cold ambitious dalliance—
Claims and pleas of right rejecting,
Poland's mangled form dissecting—
A limb was carved for Prussian brother,
Austria coolly grasped another,
While the Russian Bear kept growling
O'er the trunk, his war-wolves howling
In the rear, gaunt, fierce, audacious,
Britain's sympathies were spacious,
But she would do nothing more;
So she signed and sealed and swore.
Still believing she is bound
By that deed of wrong profound,
Still the wronger she will cherish,
Though a noble people perish,
And their country's soil be sodden
With her children's blood down-trodden.
Again will Britain sympathise—
Tears will rain from ladies' eyes
At recital of her wrongs;
Concerts, balls, bazaars, and songs
Without end, to aid the Poles;
The sympathising current rolls
Strong and deep. 'Tis ever thus
We aid the Poles. With brother Russ
A feeble diplomacy dallies,

Being of the Holy Allies.

Oh ! unjust, unwise, and cruel,
Thus to cast such precious jewel
Down before the northern boar—
His horrid tusks, for evermore
Shall they gnash, and grind, and rend ?
God of right, the right defend !

COUSIN AGGIE.

A MEMORY.

THE seal of sixty summers now,
Cousin Aggie, marks thy brow,
If beneath Canadian skies
Still thou livest. Mayhap thou lies
Within the forest's shadow dark,
Where never sculptured stone shall mark
Thy last, thy lonely resting-place,
Thou "best and loveliest of thy race !"
Children oft we roamed together
'Mongst the blue-bells and the heather ;
Peeping in the moorfowl's nest—
Her wild bright eye and speckled breast,
Quailed not at our presence near—
No living thing of us had fear ;—
Happy time, ne'er to return,
"When we twa paidl'd in the burn,"
When the simmer days were fine,
In the days o' auld-langsyne."
Time on stealthy pinions flew—
Cousin Aggie taller grew—
Her form in mould of classic grace
Was cast : and ah ! how fair her face !
How soft her eye ! how sweet her smile !
And wooers came : not long the while
Young Hamilton bore off the prize :
Her hand, with blushes, tears, and sighs,

She gave to him she loved so well
In yon lone cot in fair Dalziel.
’Twas early morn when they were wed,
Yet ere the noon of day had sped,
With clinging arms, and tender fears,
She from her mother’s bosom tears
Herself away—she must not bide,
The ship is waiting wind and tide,
With all her snowy wings unfurl’d,
To bear them to the Western World.
The bridegroom pressed her to his side,
“My own,” he said, “my ocean bride,
Thy all for me thou hast resigned,
And I devote love, life, and mind
To thee ; and I, this voyage past,
Shall find a home for thee at last
On free Columbia’s virgin soil,
Where we shall love, and live, and toil.”
But fortune, in an evil hour,
Gave them into a villain’s power.
The tale I cannot tell aright,
But that they took a hasty flight
Across a frozen lake—their store
Of worldly goods was sent before—
The ice gave way, the loaded wains
Went down. What now for them remains
But love and hope ; that gave them strength :
They had the will, the way at length
They found to the Canadian shore,
Nor dreamed of deeper loss in store.
Upon a chosen spot of land,
Their log-house built ; the holy band
Of wedded love more strong and dear
Had grown in danger, loss, and fear.
One day they left their forest home
Along the lake some miles to roam ;
Returning, looked they for the spot
Where stood at morn their lonely cot ;
A thin blue smoke rose on the air,

A pile of smouldering ashes where
Your all consumed lies—hapless pair!—
But love and hope forbade despair.
Dear Cousin Aggie, once, no more
I heard that thou thy troubles o'er—
A wife beloved, a mother dear,
Adorn'd thy calm domestic sphere;
O dearest cousin! I would know,
For it is long, so long ago,
And I did love thee passing well,
Since I of thee or thine heard tell;—
Thee, yet alive, I dearly greet;
If gone before, we soon shall meet.

OCTOBER, 1863.

MONTH of storm, beat shocks and sheaves,
Withered flowers, and falling leaves,
Sullen clouds that darkly loom
Like the shadows of the tomb;
Looks the sun through murky haze
With a weird and watery gaze,
Lighting up the fields and streams,
Vanishing like lightning gleams.
Brooks that sung through mead and dingle
With a silvery tinkle tingle,
Foaming, turbid, rush along
With a rudely brawling song.
Robin of the noiseless wing
And ruddy vest, begins to sing
His wintry lay, and, flitting by,
Scans me with his bold, bright eye.
Sore, October, thou hast grieved me,
Ah! thine advent hath deceived me,
For thou cam'st with thunder crashing,
Deadly lightnings round thee flashing,

Furious gales, and drenching rains,
Sweeping o'er the ravished plains.
I would welcome thee, October,
Gracious, mild, serene, and sober ;
With thy fields of russet hue,
With thy skies of hazy blue,
With thy sun, whose chastened glory
Tells brown Autumn's latest story.
Month of all the circling year,
To my soul's best feelings dear,
Sweet the balm thou oft hast poured
When my heart had quailed and cowered,
And shrunk into its inner cell
To bleed unseen. I may not tell
The bitter woes, the chilling fears,
The grief that lies "too deep for tears,"
The venom'd sting, whose burning smart
Thrills o'er the life-strings of my heart.
O then how sweet the soft solace,
To gaze upon thy saintly face,
So dreamy, tender, meek, and calm ;
My spirit drank the soothing balm,
The sense of stillness and repose
That round thee like a halo flows.
Dear to you above all others,
You, my toiling, care-worn brothers,
Is the needed, blessed boon
Of your weekly afternoon,
When, with grateful heart and eyes,
'Neath our "Indian summer" skies,
Our own October, forth ye go
Picking berry, nut and sloe.
While the woodlands dim and sere,
Their treasure shed to form the bier—
The death-bed of the waning year—
Think of your own so very near :
So learn, so live, that each October
Finds you more wise, more chaste, more sober.

GRAN'FAITHER AT CAM'SLANG.

At the time of the great Revival Work in 1740 or 1742.

He donn'd his bannet braid an' blue,
His hame-spun suit o' hodden grey,
His blue boot-hose drew ower his knees,
An' teuk the gate at skreigh o' day.

His Bible had he in his pouch,
O' scones an' cheese a guidly whang;
An' staff in haun', he's aff to see
The godly wark at auld Cam'slang.

"The lingerin' star that greets the morn"
Was twinklin' thro' the misty blue;
The muircock craw'd, the paitrick whirr'd,
An' roun' his head the peesweep flew.

He trampit on ower muir an' moss
For thretty miles an mair, I ween,
Till to the Kirk o' auld Cam'slang
He cam' on Saturday at e'en.

He lodged him in a hamely hoose,
Syne dauner't oot intil the nicht;
The mune was down, the win's were lown,
But a' the lift wi' stars was bricht.

Nae soun' o' youngsters oot at e'en,
Nae voice o' whisp'ring lovers there;
He heard nae soun' but that o' praise—
He heard nae voice but that o' prayer.

By ilka bush o' whin or broom,
By lown dyke back or braeside green,
Folk greetin', prayin', praisin' there,
A' sittin', kneelin', roun' war seen.

He teuk the bannet aff his heid,
An' liftit up to heaven his e'e;
Wi' solemn awe, an' holy fear,
His heart was fu' as fu' coud be.

He kneel'd abint a boortree bush,
Whaur but the e'e o' God coud see,
Whaur but the ear o' God coud hear—
An' pray'd baith lang an' fervently.

Neist day, frae a' the kintra roun',
By tens o' hunners folk cam there,
To hear the words o' grace and truth
Frae preachers in the open air.

He thocht to sit within the kirk
He rather wad than sit ootbye,
Sae in he gaed, an' there he sat
Till stars were blinkin' in the sky.

Nae cries he heard, nae fits he saw,
But sabs were rife, an' tearfu' een
That ne'er leuk'd aff the preacher's face,
Was a' that coud be heard or seen.

The dews were fa'in' on the yirth—
On mony a heart the dews o' grace
Had fa'en that day, e'en while they sat
At Jesus' feet, in Mary's place.

At dawnin' o' the morn he rose
On Monday—hame he boud to gang;
An' a' his days he ne'er forgat
That Sabbath-day at auld Cam'slang.

Whan years had gane, a printed beuk
Cam' oot, whilk I hae aften seen,
An' it was seal'd, an' it was sign'd,
By ministers a guidly wheen.

It said that mony hunner souls,
What time the wark was at Cam'slang,
War turn'd to God, an' a' their days
Had leev'd an' gane as saints shoud gang.

LUGGIE, PAST AND PRESENT.

I HAVE seen thy crystal waters
Mirror Beauty's sportive daughters ;
Seen the village maiden there
Lave her brow and braid her hair—
Wade, till in the limpid pool
Her snowy feet shone pure and cool.
Peering through a clump of rushes,
'Neath the overhanging bushes,
That o'er the stream their shadows flung,
The water-hen led out her young—
The wildest, nimblest things alive—
How they swim, and wheel, and dive,
Slightest stir or whisper near
Quick as light they disappear !

Cleaving swift the mimic tide,
Shoals of minnows dart and glide.
Patient on the pebbly strand
See the watchful urchin stand—
Wand, and string, and crooked pin,
How he hauls the "baggies" in !
Till some imp, his pleasure dashing,
Up the stream comes singing, plashing—
Flies the game, the sport is o'er—
The twain together leave the shore.

Tinkling, gushing, singing stream,
On thy banks I wont to dream ;
To thy lulling music listening,
As I strayed my glad eyes glistening

With sweet tears. Then onward still,
Down the stream below the mill,
To the lone and lovely dell
Where the ringing echoes swell ;
Where in robes of richest hue,
Pink and purple, gold and blue,
Smiling Flora reigns, and sheds
On her children's jewelled heads
The dewy fragrance, fresh and sweet,
That ever here the senses greet.
Straying through each sylvan nook,
With enraptured gaze I look
On the fair illumined page
Nature paints for youth and age ;
Now that page is blurred and soiled—
Nature of her charms despoiled.

Now, ye twittering, warbling things—
All that coos, or chirps, or sings—
Fly, oh fly, ye may not dwell
In the Luggie's lovely dell !
The linnet and the finch again,
Piping blackbird's mellow strain,
We hear not—and the vesper thrush,
His small flirtations in the bush
Revealing, with a gush of song,
May not here his stay prolong.
Nests are gone from brake and bush ;
Down the dell with whoop and rush,
Sooty imps from underground
Plunder, trample all around.
Flora mourns her children slain ;
For their lives she sued in vain—
Primrose and the sweet blue bell
Lie murdered in the lonely dell ;
And ragged robin's pinky hood
Gleams no more within the wood.
Why, you ask, does Nature fail ?
Lo ! the cause—the rail, the rail !

Luggie, by thy turbid stream
 Never more shall poet dream—
 Never village maiden there
 Lave her brow and braid her hair—
 Sportive youth his harmless pranks
 Plays not on the cinder banks
 That rise around thy fetid stream,
 Where fire, and flame, and rushing steam
 Burn, and blaze, and scream for aye.
 There they know no Sabbath-day,
 And the fiery, molten river
 Night and day is running ever.

ELEGY.

“ Where are ye, friends of my youth?
 And echo answered ‘ Where!’ ”

WHERE are ye, dear companions of my youth?
 I gaze around and meet no answering eye—
 No glance of girlish sympathy and truth,
 No bounding, dancing step, no glad reply.

Reflected fair in Memory’s magic glass,
 I see pale Margaret with the golden hair,
 And dark-hair’d Tina, a blithe, romping lass,
 And Jane with ringlets brown and sweetly fair ;

And blue-eyed Lisa, whose unhappy home
 Loomed like a thunder-cloud o’er her young life ;
 Who oft with tears and sobs would vow to roam
 Far from the abode of misery, hate, and strife ;

And bright-eyed Jessie, fancy’s wayward child,
 Yet warm of heart, to girlish friendships true ;
 To nature still she sung her wood-notes wild
 By woods and streams, ’mongst verdure, flowers, and dew.

What glorious sunshine on our village lay
On summer days—what lovely moonlight shone
At night on garden plot and cottage grey
In my own lowly village, dear Langloan !

No sound of tramping hoofs, no yelling pack,
No merry winding of the hunter's horn,
Rous'd sleeping echo to fling boldly back
The challenge rude, as if in mocking scorn.

A troop of merry girls, the foremost I,
With naked feet and wildly-streaming hair,
Rush'd through Drumpellier woods with whoop and cry ;
Our merry romping game was hound and hare.

But Love and Hymen came with added years,
And dearer bonds entwin'd each youthful heart ;
But blue-eyed Lisa sat alone in tears,
As from her side she saw each friend depart.

Now widow'd Margaret's golden hair is white,
And Tina's dark locks moulder in the grave,
And lovely Jane has bid a long good night
To all she loved : not love her life could save.

Long years had pass'd, and nought was heard or seen
Of poor Eliza—she a wandering life
Had led, a mother too, 'twas said, had been—
Yet never bore the sacred name of wife.

And bright-eyed Jessie down the vale of years
Hath far descended ; soon will she be laid
By kindred hands, with many filial tears,
Beneath sepulchral boughs that wave o'erhead.

Companions of my early youth, adieu !
I saw ye not when ye were called away ;
Oh ! might I hope in bliss to meet with you,
That hope would gild life's fast-declining day.

GRANNIE VISITED AT BLACKHILL, SHOTTS,
JULY, 1805.

It's fifty towmonds since, an' mair,
Wi' lightsome fit and richt guid-wull,
Ae simmer day I teuk the gate
Oot ower the muirs to auld Blackhill.
The July sun was in the lift,
The laverock's sang was clear an' shrill.
Nae ither sound' but muirfowls ca',
An lammies baain' on the hill.

I birz't oot thro' the jaggy whins,
Aneath whase gowden blooms her nest,
The lintie bigs—sweet birdie! thine
O' a' the sangs I lo'e the best.
Nae dyke, nae yett I had to loup;
Fo'k teuk the gate that pleas'd themsel's,
An' sae did I wi' kiltit coat,
Knee-deep amang the heather bells.

O! lown an' laigh that lanely cot,
The dwallin' o' my sainted grannie,
Whaur, at the winnock laigh an' wee,
Sat at her wheel my Auntie Nannie.
Wi' velvet fug the thack was green,
That lay abune the aul'-warl bigging';
An' thick an' strang the fouet grew
A' roun' the divot-happit riggin'.

Twa humil't kye, like moudies sleek,
An' gabblin' ducks an' kecklin' hens;
A green kail-yard, a big peat-stack,
An' mony ither odds an' en's.
A stane-cast doun, the gowany brae,
Ahint the hoose, a trottin' burnie,
Wi' trouts an' mennin's plenish't weel,
Was singin' blithely on its journey.

Nae need had I at grannie's door
 To staun an' tirl at the pin.
 For couthie tongues an' kin'ly hearts
 War there to gi'e me welcome in.
 For that was ane o' Scotlan's hames—
 Her peasant hames in "auld-langsyne;"
 An' never till my heart be caul'
 Shall I their precious memories tine.

There sat my granny spinnin' thrang,
 Aye croonin' o'er some godly saum,
 Tho' wrunkl't sair her face wi' eld,
 It brichen't wi' a holy calm.
 An' gutcher wi' a neebor sat
 Thrang crackin' aboot sheep an' kye;
 An' gutcher said he had a beast
 That "thretty pund Scots" wadna buy.

But siccan cracks war nocht to me,
 I boud to hear the martyr's story
 Frae granny's lips; her ain forbear
 Had dee't for Christ, His croon an' glory.
 An' whan the gloamin' saftly fell,
 My grannie sat ootside the door,
 An' drew me kin'ly to her side,
 As aften she had dune before.

The kye cam' routin' frae the fiel';
 The e'enin' air was rich wi' balm;
 Stown frae the bean an' clover blooms,
 The dews were fa'in' saft an' calm.
 The corncraik chirm't amang the corn,
 The mavis on the bourtree bush
 Maist darklin's sang; an' up the brae
 Cam' trottin' burnie's siller gush.

"God bless thee, bairn—my Jamie's bairn,"
 She said, an' straikit doun my hair;
 "O may the martyrs' God be thine,
 And mak thee His peculiar care."

I laid my heid intil her lap,
 My heart was fu', I couldna speak ;
 An', leukin' up, I saw her dicht
 A tear that tremilt on her cheek.

I've seen a length o' days sinsyne,
 An' muckle baith o' guid an' ill ;
 But yet, thro' a', I ne'er forgat
 That simmer gloamin' at Blackhill.

AULD MITHER SCOTLAND.

" Scotland, the land of all I love,
 The land of all that love me ;
 Land whose green sod my youth hath trod,
 Whose sod shall lie above me."

AULD SCOTLAND ! hoo I lo'e the name,
 My guid auld-fashion'd mither !
 It maunna be thy kin'ly bairns
 Should tine thee a' thegither.
 Oh ! weel I like ilk thing o' thine—
 Thy cozy theekit dwallin's,
 Thy bare-fit lassies, tosh and' trig—
 Thy canny, clever callans.

Thy misty hills are dear to me—
 Ilk glen an' bosky dingle ;
 The lanely loch, on whilk the lichts
 An' dancin' shadows mingle ;
 The muirlan' burnie, purple-fringed
 Wi' hinny-scented heather,
 Whaur gowden king-cups blink aneath
 The brecken's waving feather.

Nae, mither ! nae ; we maunna pairt !
 E'en tho' they say thou's deein' ;
 That speech is gaun, they say thy face
 We'll sune nae mair be seein'.

But oh ! I fear the Doric's gaun,
For, mang baith auld an' young,
There's mony noo that canna read
Their printit mither tongue.

I like the English tongue fu' well
In writin' an' in readin' ;
But 'tween the English an' the Scotch
There's lack o' truth an' breedin'.
It's England's meteor flag that burns
Abune oor battle plains ;
Oor victories, baith by sea an' lan',
It's England aye that gains.

It's England mak's an' signs the peace
Whan nations tire o' fechtin' ;
Whan Europe's balance gangs agee,
She trims the scales for wechtin'.
An' England laughs, as well she may,
The Wallace touir at Stirlin'
Maun tapless stan, like pillar'd saut,
Until the maiks are birlin'.

An', mither, something's in the win'
Wull gar ye raise yer bristles ;
There's some wad plant in a' yer kirks
The big kist fu' o' whistles.
Leuk up frae oot yer bluidy graves,
Ye martyr'd Covenanters,
Wha raised the saum in cave and glen,
An' bann'd baith pipes and chanter.

It's no' the kittlin' o' the ear,
The thrillin' o' the sense,
The tearfu' e'e, an' upturn'd look,
In rapture maist intense ;
The holy music Scotlan' craves
Are strains devotion brings
Warm frae the heart, whan God's ain han'
Sweeps ower the dinlin' strings.

POLAND.

“Hope shrieking fled, and mercy bade farewell.”

WORDS cannot come, tears will not flow,
So fierce the anguish, stern the woe
The Polish patriot feels. In vain
With bursting heart and burning brain,
With high-strung nerves and vengeful hand,
For freedom and his bleeding land,
He madly strikes the barbarous foe—
Chains, bondage, blood, and tears, and woe,
His only meed; and deeper gloom
Broods o'er the dark and bloody tomb
Of Polish freedom. Lo, the bear,
With rending claws and teeth that tear,
And arms that crush out hope and life,
Growls, hideous victor in the strife!

We sympathise but do not hope,
As through thy serpent folds we grope
Dark diplomacy, every fold
Constrictive, cruel, slippery, cold;
The horrid folds still crush and bind,
As round the victim's form they wind —
A shapeless mass, the remnant sole,
When thus prepared is swallowed whole.
What agonies of hope deferred
Were thine, while neighbouring powers conferred;
When bootless diplomatic notes
Flew thick as wintry sunbeam motes!
Then came the end and thou wert left,
Of mercy, hope, and help bereft.

Ah! Garibaldi; we had hope
That now thy strong right arm had scope
To wield the brand uplifted never
But to rescue, defend, deliver

The victims of despotic sway,
 And pour the glorious light of day
 Through charnel dungeons vile and dark,
 Where time had neither hope nor mark,
 And laid the Bourbon's crown and throne
 Upon the sacred altar stone
 Of Freedom. Yet, poor Poland's name,
 We breathe it with a blush of shame :
 Her language, liberty, and laws
 Must die ! Just heaven, avenge her cause !
 We cannot, rather will not. None
 Will take her by the hand : alone,
 Before broad Europe, lost, forlorn,
 She lies dismembered, bleeding, torn.

Indignant sorrow swells our breast ;
 Before high Heaven a stern protest
 We make against that barbarous Power
 That conquers only to devour.

WINTER.

Loud blaw the wild an' wintry win's,
 Wi' eerie howl an' angry thud,
 Wi' blatterin' rain, an' rattlin' hail,
 Loud roarin' thro' the naked wud.

The driftin' rack o' laigh-hung clouds,
 Is drivin' ower the murky lift ;
 The day is dune ere weel begun,
 Syne comes the e'enin's cheerfu' thrift.

Red rows the burn frae bank to brae ;
 The dowie banks are screenge't and bare ;
 The flow'ris are deid, the birdies dumb—
 There's no a cheep in a' the air.

The lea is wallow't, bleach't, an' bare ;
 The leafless thorn is red wi' haws ;
 An' on the fiel's o' brairdin' wheat
 Comes souffin' down the hungry craws.

Thro' driftin' snaw, an' blashie sleet,
 Puir bodies wade, an' grue, an' grane ;
 Then comes the white-pow'd warlock frost,
 An' a' he touches turns to stane.

The curlers ply the "roarin' play,"
 An' rinks are made, an' wagers ta'en ;
 An' loch an' muir are ringin' roun'
 Wi' echoes o' the curlin' stane.

At lown dyke backs the cowrin' nowte
 Ha'e biel't them frae the sleety blast
 That soops frae doon the snaw-tapp't hills—
 A hafflins thaw is come at last.

O ! wae's me for the fo'k that dree
 Cauld poortith, an' her mony waes,
 Wha seldom, e'en in winter time,
 Are fill't wi' meat, or hap't wi' claes—

Ha'e scarce a spunk o' fire to warm
 Their chitterin' bairnies' fingers red ;
 Ha'e ne'er a shoe to fend their feet,
 An' scarce a blanket on the bed ;—

A wee drap parritch, naething mair,
 But taties an' a pickle saut ;
 A wee bit bread at orra times,
 But nocht that comes o' beef or maut.

Oh ! I ha'e ken'd—I ken e'en now—
 O' hames to whilk a mither's care
 Has brocht contentment wi' sic lot—
 For mither's love, an' God's, war there !

O ye wha ha'e o' warl's gear
 Mair than ye need or wish to spen' !
 Let Winter's cauld juist warm yer hearts,
 To help puir, needfu' workin men.

MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS AT THE CLOSE OF 1864.

DARK and lone, at midnight sitting,
 Not unthinking, not unwitting,
 As I muse of my surroundings,
 Sorrows deep and spirit woundings—
 The anguish keen, the bitter woes,
 The pangs a mother only knows—
 When e'en the children she has borne
 Pour disgrace, reproach, and scorn
 On the thin and silv'ry hairs
 Whiten'd by a thousand cares
 For their weal. That stooping form,
 Once their shield in ev'ry storm,
 That swept across the battle-field
 Of humble life, to age must yield
 And weak decay ; yet still to Heaven
 For them her prayers and tears are given.
 Ah ! sharper than a serpent's sting
 The barbed dart, like words they fling,
 That quiver in a mother's heart
 With bleeding, rankling, cruel smart.

Be hush'd, sad heart ! the midnight bell
 Tolls out, old year, thy solemn knell !
 Slow down my cheeks sad tears are stealing ;
 I see the grisly monarch sealing
 With his broad signet evermore
 Thy lifeless features, "Sixty-four :"
 E'en while I gaze thy being fades
 Into the dark, mysterious shades

Of dread eternity ; and we
Who lived, and moved, and sinned in thee
Stand on the crumbling shores of life,
Where waves of sorrow, guilt, and strife
Come rolling, surging, foaming on—
We look around, our friends are gone !
We wait the destined wave that rolls
To bear us to the " Land of Souls."
Oh ! when we leave Time's storm-beat shore,
May we be safely wafted o'er
The gulf of death, to yon bright clime
Where there is neither death nor time.

But hark ! the bells, with joyous chime,
Welcome the new-born child of time.
We bless thee, babe—may ev'ry mood
Of thine be happy, peaceful, good ;
May thy right hand the olive bear
Of peace to all. Hail, infant year !

PHASES OF GIRLHOOD.

With fondest love and sweetest pleasure
Gaze I on my infant treasure—
My sweetest rose, my purest pearl,
Heaven's latest gift, my baby-girl.
Opening wide her violet eyes
With a wondering, sweet surprise,
Gazing in my smiling face,
Nestled in my soft embrace,
With her rose-tipped fingers straying
O'er my breast, or sportive playing
With my falling tangled hair :
Tender love and anxious care
Ever shield from pain and peril
Mother's pet, her baby-girl.

A babe no more ; a lovely child,
With soft blue eyes, and features mild,
With prattling tongue, and nimble feet,
And silvery voice as music sweet.
Nature has been very kind
To my darling ; from her mind
Stored with sparkling gems of thought,
On her lisping tongue are brought
To my ears, and she will ask
Questions that will sometimes task
Me to give, as she desired,
Answers such as were required.
Mother's will is still her law,
Bonds of sweet affection draw
To my heart, and hold her there,
With earnest prayer and loving care,
And trust in God, from sin and peril,
To guard and shield my little girl.

Now my girl must go to school,
Be subject to her teacher's rule ;
At home were trained the budding beauties
Of her mind—her moral duties.
Well she knows her gentle heart
Is tender, true, and void of art ;
On that mind, so pure and good,
May never evil thoughts intrude ;
In that loving little heart
May never shame or grief have part ;
In that motley congregation—
A common school—contamination
From falsehood, evil words, and strife,
Sully the streams of youthful life—
From every ill that would infect
Her mind, may God my child protect ;
And much may she, my darling daughter,
Profit by the knowledge taught her.
When school she leaves, be still my pearl,
An innocent and happy girl.

My girl is but a workman's child,
 And so not Miss but Maggie styled.
 At school four years has been at most,
 And now she leaves—not for the cost,
 For that is small—at home she's wanted ;
 A little colony is planted
 Upon the hearth and round the table.
 There's more to do than mother's able
 To perform, and Maggie's clever
 And now is done with school for ever.
 She now is set to washing, scrubbing,
 Baking, cooking, wringing, rubbing ;
 Nursing little sis or brother
 To relieve poor, weary mother.
 Time goes on, now Maggie's tall,
 Very pretty, too, withal ;
 Getting forward with her teens,
 Knows not yet what wooing means.
 All too soon shall Maggie know
 The hopes, the doubts, the bliss, the woe
 Of love. Oh ! may good angels guard,
 And virtue have its full reward.
 Thank God, from sin, from shame, and peril,
 He still preserves my virtuous girl.

TO MOTHER EARTH.

Jeremiah xxii. 29.

O EARTH, earth, earth ! where wilt thou hide thy slain ?
 How cover up the blood thy children pour in vain ?
 The air is rank with death, and rent with shrieks and groans,
 For still the voice of war rolls out in thunder tones.

O earth, earth, earth ! there comes an awful day
 When thou and all thy works shall burn and melt away ;
 When all thy dead shall rise, and the sepulchral sea
 Shall render up the dead that in her caverns be.

O earth, earth, earth ! thy heart is hard and cold,
More cruel, cruel still when waxing dim and old ;
“Thy voice is still for war,” and through the oceans spilt
Of kindred blood—thou still would'st wade to deeper depths
of guilt.

O earth, earth, earth ! let not poor Poland's name
In mocking sympathy be breathed for very, very shame ;
“The boar that from the forest comes doth waste her at his
pleasure,”
Much soulless sympathy thou gav'st and savest thy blood and
treasure.

O earth, earth, earth ! was thy maternal breast
E'er so outraged, so foully stained, so reft of peace and rest ?
The children of one home, the brothers of one race,
Who flash their fratricidal swords before the mother's face.

O earth, earth, earth ! hear'st thou the solemn call ?
The voice of Him who speaks, the Father—God of all ?
Let tyrants quail, for God is judge, and sets the prisoners
free,
The wrath of man but works His will, earth's sovereign
judge is He.

SEPTEMBER.

MATRON fair, ripe, rich, and glowing,
Full thy stores, thy vintage flowing ;
Golden sunflowers, dahlias blowing,
Deck thy festal board.
With ruddy fruit the boughs are bending,
Heaven and earth in blessing blending ;
Nature sings, her song ascending
To her bounteous Lord.

Flora weeps her waning flowers,
 While Pomona lavish showers
 Her wealth : the field and garden dowers
 With fruitage fresh and fair.
 Richly crowned with golden sheaves,
 Ere October tints the leaves,
 Thy full hand each want relieves
 Of penury and care.

Scotia's vine—the bramble twining—
 Copse-wood bank, and hedge-row lining,
 See the jetty clusters shining,
 Children, come and gather !
 Richer fruits and fairer flowers
 Gem the southern fields and bowers ;
 Dearer to this heart of ours,
 Bramble, fern, and heather.

Hark ! oh hark these dropping shots,
 The heath is foul with crimson clots,
 The sportsman o'er his victim gloats,
 And coolly calls it sport.
 Alas ! ye sinless, hapless things,
 Your blood-stained breasts and broken wings,
 My heart with deepest pity wrings,
 Slain in each wild resort.

Softly radiant, deeply blue,
 Flecked with clouds of snowy hue,
 Soft enchantment gilds the view
 While I skyward gaze.
 Bark of light that sail'st at even
 Through the azure depths of heaven,
 Dear the boon to Autumn given,
 Thy nightly full-orb'd rays.

The woods are still, the warbler's throat
 Pours no more the wooing note,
 The lark, on mounting wing afloat,
 Hath ceased his matin lays :

A softly sweet ethereal calm
Sheds around its soothing balm ;
My heart indites a silent psalm
Of joyous, grateful praise.

THE AUL' KIRKYARD.

THE aul' kirkyard !—the aul' kirkyard !—
Its crowdit graves an' mossy stanes ;—
I've coft me there a lanely grave,
In whilk I houp to lay my banes.

A rosy brier hings ower the spat,
An' there the mavis bigs her nest :
Ye'll hear her sing at e'en an' morn,
An' see her bonny speckled breast.

The shilfa an' the yeldrin there
Mak' simmer haunt, an' hap an' sing
Amang the flow'ry twigs that ower
The lanely grave their blossoms fling.

The e'e o' Heaven leuks brichtly doun
Oot thro' the brier on simmer days ;
At nicht the sweet an' bonny mune
Sheds doun her mildest, holiest rays.

An' there my sainted mither lies—
They laid her 'neath the brier to sleep ;
An' I, her wae an' weary bairn,
Maun sune into her bosom creep.

An' lang an' soun' my sleep shall be ;
I'll never wauken till I hear
The trump o' God, that bids the deid
Arise, an' at His bar appear.

My he'rt is fu' an' unco sair
 At tales o' wrang, an' wrath, an' guilt;
 The flesh is creeping on my banes
 To hear o' a' the bluid that's spilt:

To think hoo mony sinfu' sauls
 Are soopit aff the shores o' life—
 Unrepentant, unforgiven—
 By burnin' drink an' bluidy strife.

O aul' kirkyard! O aul' kirkyard!
 Hoo aft ha'e I, wi' langin e'en,
 Leuk't ower thy moulderin' wa' to see
 The grave aneath the brier sae green.

VERSES,

Inscribed to an unknown Poetical Correspondent.

WHERE art thou, my leal "auld brither"?
 Where, say where, thy lowly home?
 I may never wend me thither;
 Thou to mine mayhap may'st come.

Who art thou? A busy worker
 In the world's great labour mart,
 Tired with toil, of grave demeanour,
 And a loving, loyal heart.

What art thou? A child of nature,
 Truthful, tuneful son of song,
 Trilling out thy wood-notes sweetly,
 Passing life's low vale along.

Low the vale, yet oft the Muses
Wander there, and we have heard,
Sung in soft Parnassian measure,
Strains that fired the listening bard.

I am now an aged worker ;
I have toiled, and read, and sung ;
Oft my lyre was tuned to gladness—
Ah ! more oft by woe unstrung.

Now my task is nearly ended,
And ere long my song shall cease ;
Day is waning, shadows falling ;
Soon my eyes shall close in peace.

Hast thou kindred thoughts, my brother ?
Dost thou muse upon the day,
When the soul, released and ransomed,
Cleaves the shades, and soars away ?

From a world of crime and sorrow
Bloody, bootless, wasteful war,
Cruel drink—its woes and horrors—
Oh ! my soul would fly afar.

LINES SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

MR. JOHN WHITE LA W,

Who died December 3, 1863.

ONCE dear companion of my early youth,
The heart of feeling and the soul of truth
In thee were joined, and still thy youthful mind
Was given to learning, and could quickly find
Apt illustrations of scholastic terms.
But labour's foot trod rudely on the germs

Of genius, and made thee, through life's turmoil,
 Beg of a lordly brother leave to toil ;
 And toil was thine, and thine was love and song,
 And down the vale of life they danced along
 Beside thy path, and cheered thee on thy way.
 Thy toil is o'er, and they are mute for aye.
 Oh, not for aye ! we hope thou now dost raise,
 In high adoring strains, thy Saviour's praise,
 And join'st the heavenly choir's ecstatic song
 That rolls the eternal symphonies along.
 "Rest, weary one," upon thy marble brow
 No cloud of care or grief is lingering now ;
 "After life's fitful fever thou sleepest well ;"
 Peace to thy ashes, peace ; dear friend, farewell !

OUR LOCAL SCENERY.

SMOORIN' wi' reek an' blacken'd wi' soot,
 Lowin' like Etna an' Hecla to boot,
 Ought o' our malleables want ye to learn ?—
 There's chappin' an' clippin' an' sawin' o' airn ;
 Burnin' an' sotterin', reengin' an' knockin' ;
 Scores o' puir mortals roastin' an' chokin'.
 Gizzen'd an' dry ilka thrapple and mouth,
 Like cracks in the yird in a het simmer drouth ;
 They're prayin', puir chiels, for what do you think ?
 It's no daily bread, it's drink, "Gi'e us drink !"
 "Callan," quo I, "ye maun rin like a hatter,
 Bring up twa pails fu' o' clear caller water ;
 Be aff, noo, ye imp ! come back at a canter,
 Keep oot o' the store, or I'll fell ye *instantan* !"
 Wae on the store an' the publican's bar,
 It's no a haet better—sometimes it's waur ;
 Men, when they're het, hoo they sweat an' they swear,
 Coup up the whisky and toom down the beer.

While droonin' their brains an' toomin their purses
 The verra air rings wi' oaths an' wi' curses.
 It's no juist a pay or an orra bit fuddle—
 Aft in a day they guzzle an' muddle.
 The puir wifie says there's little comes till her
 It's the drink, it's the drink that licks up the siller.
 Licks up the siller ! wha is't that can count,
 Reckon an' add up the fearfu' amount,
 Wasted on drink at ilk airn-makin' station—
 Drink, ever drink, the curse o' our nation ?
 An' oh, siccan Sabbaths ! oh, siccan weans !
 Rantin' an' playin' an' castin' o stanes.
 Hearken, thae toddlin' bit things hoo they swear ;
 Had I wings like a doo I wadna be here—
 I wad flee far awa' an seek oot a rest
 Whaur drinkin' an' swearin nae mair wad molest.

AULD SCOTLAND AT THE ABBEY CRAIG IN NOVEMBER, 1864.

As white as a ghaist, wi' a tear in her e'e,
 Her grey hair doon-hingin' oot-ower her e'ebree,
 Gangs auld Mither Scotlan', sair mournin' the shame
 That's lyin' e'en noo on her bairns an' her name.

That haf-bigget touir they hae raised on the height
 O' the auld Craig at Stirlin' to Wallace the wight—
 The day it was foundit her auld lyart pow
 Fu' heich she was haudin' ; its laigh eneuch now.

She daurna leuk up she's sae doon i' the mouth :
 Weel kens she the bodies that dwall in the South,
 An' specially the Cockneys, are lauchin' ilk ane
 At her an' her sticket big humplock o' stane.

The win's o' November blaw sleety an' chill,
But she's aff through the heather awa' to the hill;
Like a ghaist she gangs wannerin' an' mournin' alane,
An' the auld Abbey echoes her sorrowfu' mane:

O shade o' my Wallace! the sainted, the blest,
Frae the mansions abune, frae thy bricht place o' rest,
Dost see thy ain Scotlan' in sorrow and shame,
That her sons hae neglected to nourish thy fame?

The Scots are lang gane that "wi' Wallace hae bled,"
The Scots that the Bruce aft to victory led;
They fell, they are sleepin' on Fame's gory bed,
And their name still is ours, but their spirit is fled!

She cried, and the tear-drops were dried on her cheeks,
"Oh, listen, my bairns (it's your mither that speaks);
Bring gowd in your gowpens to big up the touir:
Wi' the will there's a way, wi' the means there's a power."

BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

DARK lowered the thunder-cloud of death
O'er Alma's height, while far beneath,
 In deep and dread array,
Fair France, thy eagle-bannered host,
Her lion bands, Britannia's boast,
 Strode on their fateful way.

They sweep the plain, they stem the flood,
O God of battles, just and good,
 Sustain, defend the right!
Sweet mercy shield the parting souls,
When high the tide of carnage rolls
 Round Alma's bloody height.

Wild bursts the storm through sulphurous flash,
With thundering peal and deadly clash
 Of swords. Through murderous hail
Of shot and shell that rend the air,
With levelled bayonets, stern they dare
 The bristling heights to scale.

They mount, they gain the deadly steep,
And drive the foe with onward sweep;
 Let Scotia's heart beat high,
For glory culled her fairest wreath
From her blue hills, and twined her heath
 With flowers that never die.

Yet glory weeps and memory bleeds,
Though bright their high heroic deeds,
 O'er many a hero low.
Brave dwellers of the mountain heath,
Old Scotia long shall mourn your death,
 Though victory soothes her woe.

Fly, braggart Russ, for British steel
Has wrought a spell to make you feel
 And fear the freeman's arm.
To make your serf-born courage wince;
Fly, bear along your baffled prince,
 And shield him well from harm.

Dark Moloch of the barbarous north,
A world in arms thee summons forth
 To answer at her bar.
Say, why must hecatombs of slain
Thy horrid altar heap in vain,
 To glut thy lust of war?

So from a million bloody graves,
From lands that groan with myriad slaves,
 The witnesses appear.

The widow's shriek, the orphan's wail,
The mother's moan thy soul assail,
And smite upon thy ear.

The thrones are set, thy plea is cast,
Earth's nations have thy sentence passed,
And this shall be for doom—
Banished to that lone ocean isle,
Where found armed Europe's great exile
A prison and a tomb.

A PLEA FOR THE DORIC.

FORGI'E, oh, forgi'e me, auld Scotlan', my mither !
Like an ill-deedie bairn I've ta'en up wi' anither ;
And aft thy dear Doric aside I hae flung,
To busk oot my sang wi' the prood Southron tongue.

They say that our auld hamelt tongue, my ain mither,
Is deein', and sune will be dead a'thegither ;
Whan thy callants hae ceased to be valiant and free,
And thy maids to be modest, oh juist let it dee !

Shall the tongue that was spoken by Wallace the wicht,
In the sangs o' thy poets sae lo'esum and bricht,
Sae pithy an' pawkie, sae tender an' true,
O' sense and slee humour an' feelin' sae fu' ;

Shall the tongue that was spoken by leal Scottish men,
Whan they stood for their richts on the hill an' the glen—
Oh, say, maun it dee, when the last words that hung
On the lips o' the martyr war ain mither tongue ?

Oh, think ye the tongue that at red Bannockburn
Bade charge to the onset—think ye it maun turn
To a thing o' the past, that our bairns winna ken
To read mither tongue on that mither's fire en' ?

Juist think gif the "Cottar's ain Saturday Nicht"
War stripped o' the Doric, wi' English bedicht—
To the leal Scottish heart it wad ne'er be the same;
Wi' sic truth and sic feelin' it wadna strike hame.

At the saft gloamin' hour, "when the kye's comin' hame,"
And the young heart is loupin' to hear the dear name,
What tongue like the Doric love's saft tale can tell,
'Neath the lang yellow broom, an' the red heather-bell?

I'm wae for Auld Reekie; her big men o' print
To Lunnon ha'e gane, to be nearer the mint;
But the coinage o' brain looks no a'e haet better,
Though Doric is banish'd frae sang, tale, and letter.

But there's a'e thing I'm sure o'—ere lang I maun gang,
Yet aye whan I dow I maun lilt a bit sang;
And sae soun' shall I sleep 'neath the auld mossy stane,
That I'll never hear tell whan the Doric is gane.

THE SKYLARK—CAGED AND FREE.

SWEET minstrel of the summer dawn,
Bard of the sky, o'er lea and lawn
Thy rapturous anthem, clear and loud,
Rings from the dim and dewy cloud
That swathes the brow of infant morn,
Dame Nature's first and fairest born!
From grassy couch I saw thee spring,
Aside the daisy curtains fling,
Shake the bright dew-drops from thy breast,
Preen thy soft wing, and smooth thy crest—
Then, all the bard within thee burning,
Heaven in thine eye, the dull earth spurning,
Thou soar'dst and sung, till lost on high,
In morning glories of the sky!

Not warbling at thine own sweet will,
Far up yon "heaven-kissing hill."
With quivering wing, and swelling throat,
On waves of ambient air afloat—
Not so I saw thee last, sweet bird :
I heard thee, and my heart was stirred,
Above the tumult of a street,
Where smoke and sulphurous gases meet,
Where, night and day, resounds the clamour
Of shrieking steam, of wheel and hammer—
A Babel rude of many a tongue :
There, high o'erhead, thou blithely sung,
Caged, "cribb'd, confin'd," yet full and clear
As silver lute, fell on my ear
Thy joyous song : as void of sorrow
As when, to bid the sun good morrow,
Just rising from his couch of gold,
Thou sung, and soar'dst o'er mead and wold.
Thy prison song, O bird beloved,
My heart hath strangely, deeply moved.
In reverie, a waking dream
Steals o'er my senses, and I seem
The joyous girl that knew no care,
When fields were green and skies were fair :
And, sweetest of the warbling throng,
The thrilling, gushing voice of song
I seem to hear.—Ah ! 'tis the lark,
That, mounting, "sings at heaven's gate ;" hark
These rapturous notes are all his own ;
Bard of the sky, he sings alone !
Sweet captive, though thy fate be mine,
I will not languish—will not pine ;
Nor beat my wings against the wires,
In vain regrets and strong desires
To roam again, all blythe and free,
Through Nature's haunts, again to see
The blooming, bright, and beauteous things
That in her train each season brings :
Spring's bursting buds and tender leaves,

The summer flowers, the autumn sheaves,
The purple hills, the shining streams,
Where lingering memory broods and dreams ;
But never more—ah ! never more
To climb the hill or tread the shore
With foot untiring, swift, and free—
It may not—nay, it cannot be.
Ah ! cannot be—my eyes are dark—
A prisoner, too, like thee, sweet lark :
But I have sought and found content ;
And so our songs shall oft be blent—
I, singing in my hermitage,
Thou, warbling in thy prison cage,
Aspire ! thou to thine own blue sky,
I to a loftier sphere on high !

A WHEEN AUL' MEMORIES.

I.—COATBRIDGE.

Wi' my haun on my haffit I sit by the fire,
An' think that for nocht I ha'e sic a desire
As to gang my auld gates, and see my auld places,
To hear the auld voices, and see the auld faces.

When a gilpy o' nine I was set doon to wark
At the auld spinnin' wheel, an' frae morning till dark
I spun, for my mither was thrifty an' snell,
An' wadna alloo me to jauk or rebel.

O licht was my heart, an' licht were my heels,
Whan, dune wi' the birrin' an' bummin o' wheels,
I skelpit aff, barefit, the hie road alang,
Wi' a hap, stap, an' loup, an' a lilt o' a sang.

There was Willie the wabster, an' Tammy the douce,
At Merryston Brig they ilk ane had a hoose ;
An' there wasna anither 'twixt that an' Coatbrig,
But twa theekit dwallins, laigh, cozy, an' trig.

And syne ower the brig to auld Jamie's we cam,
At the sign o' twa Hielanders takin' a dram ;
Then auld cadger Johnnie's (we ca'd him Saut Jock),
Four mae bits o' dwallins, an' no mony fo'k.

Noo, min' what I tell ye, it's sixty years lang
Since Coatbrig was juist what I said in my sang ;
On the south o' the road wasna biggit a stane,
An' the hooses I speak o' they stood a' alane.

Then up the auld road I gaed scamperin' awa,
Weel kent I the gate o' John Jamieson's raw,
Whaur in at the winnock the roses were keekin',
An' four bonnie lassies were needlin' an' steekin'.

An' the looms they war rattlin' an' blatterin' awa,
For in that wee shoppie the wabsters war twa—
Jock Tamson an' Jamie, a son o' the house,
An' wow but thae callans war cantie an' crouse.

It was there my young fancy first took to the wing ;
It was there I first tasted the Helicon spring ;
It was there wi' the poets I wad revel and dream,
For Milton an' Ramsay lay on the breast beam.

At auld auntie's winnock, whaur the hour-glass aye stood,
I aft keekit in e'er I dared to intrude,
For a woman both gracious an' godly was she,
An' the Bible ye seldom wad miss aff her knee.

Puir crummie the cow had yae half o' the smiddy,
In the ither auld John had his bellows an' studdy,
Sae the cow chow't her cud while she glower't ower the hallan
At John, who was rosy an' fresh as a callan.

Ilk mornin' an' e'enin' was heard the sweet psalm
In that laigh hamely dwallin', an' saftly an' calm
Fell the dew o' the Sabbath on labour an' strife,
An' their souls war refreshed at the fountains o' life.

Noo they're a' in the mools, an' there isna a stane
Left o' the auld biggin', son Jamie's his lane;
Wi' the tear in my e'e, an' a pow like the snaw,
I mourn for the days an' the folk that's awa.

II.—DRUMPELLER.

Ye kenna, my cummers, ye never can ken
That my heid an' my he'rt, baith the but an' the ben,
Are fu' o' aul' memories. The ghaists o' the past,
Sum greetin', sum lauchin', cum thrangin' an' fast.

Whan we cam to the clachan', I min't like yestreen,
The hawthorn was white, an' the birk it was green,
An' the wild flouris war blumin' sae sweet to the e'e,
An' the bonnie May gowans war white on the lea.

An' the wuds o' Drumpeller war ringin' wi' glee,
An' the bairns thro' the plantins ran fearless an' free,
For the laird an' the leddy baith liket to see
A' things roun' them happy o' ilka degree.

An' nurses wi' bairns in white cleedin' wad glint
Thro' the trees, an' the wild, gentle laddies ahint
Wad cum, an' wi' chasin', an' racin', an' sang,
Gar the wild echoes ring the green wudlins amang.

There's nae simmer days like the simmer days then,
Sae bricht an' sae bonny they lay on the glen
O' the wannerin' Luggie, that wimplet sae clear,
Thro' hazel, an' hawthorn, an' rose-busket breer.

An' the notes o' the mavis an' blackbird wad ring,
 An' the gowdspink an' lintie fu' sweetly wad sing
 In the green braes o' Kirkwud ; sic a walth o' wild flouris,
 I never saw onie sic bird-haunted bouris.

But it's "sixty years since," the aul' gentles are gane,
 An' o' the wild laddies few left to mak' mane.
 Twa dochters, gude sain them, are yet to the fore,
 But bonny Drumpeller they've left evermore.

III.—SIMMERLEE.

Noo, neebors, ance mair, wi' my stick i' my haun,
 I'll tak' to the road—to the northward I'm gaun,
 For that was the airt I best liket to gang,
 Ere the cares o' this wearifu' warl' grew thrang.

Oot-ower the auld brig, up to sweet Simmerlee,
 Sweet, said ye ?—hech, whaur ?—for nae sweetness I see ;
 Big lums spewin' reek an' red lowe on the air,
 Steam snorin', an' squeelin', an' whiles muckle mair !

Explodin', an' smashin', an' crashin', an' then
 The wailin' o' women an' groanin' o' men,
 A' scowther't, an' mangle't, sae painfu' to see—
 The sweetness is gane, noo it's black Simmerlee.

It was sweet Simmerlee in the days o' langsyne,
 Whan through the wa' trees the white biggin' wad shine,
 An' its weel-tentit yardie was pleasant to see,
 An' its bonny green hedges an' gowany lea.

I min' weel the time when a bonny young bride,
 Cam' to sweet Simmerlee mony years there to bide,
 An' a flock o' fair bairnies grew up roun' her there :
 The dearest was gallant young Donald, the heir.

Oh ! wha wad hae thocht sic a fate wad betide
 Young Donald, wha perish't that nicht on the Clyde,
 Whan the knell o' the Comet* rang far ower the wave,
 An' she sank like a stane—there was nocht that could save !

There was greetin' an' sabbin' in sweet Simmerlee,
 An' the dule an' the sorrow war waesome to see,
 For Donald he was the a'e son o' his mither,
 An' his titties lang mourn't the fate o' their brither.

IV.—GARTSHERRIE.

Noo I'll dauner awa' up by Carlincraft Burn,
 An' roun' by auld Hornock I'll tak' a bit turn,
 Sae lown an' sae lanely that wee cosie neuk,
 To think what they've made o't I canna weel bruck.

The auld warl' dwallin' had a muckle clay brace,
 An' a lum whaur the stars glintit doun i' yer face
 As ye sat by the fire ; to the blue licht abune
 Ye nicht glower through the reek at the bonny hairst mune.

There was Carlincraft Jock an' his queer tittie Meg,
 Wha caret'na the warl' nor its fashions a feg,
 Jock's hoose had nae door but a stane prappit broad,
 Roun' whilk would come snokin' slee Lowrie the tod.

Noo the bodies are gane, an' their dwallin's awa',
 An' the place whaur they stood I scarce ken noo ava,
 For there's roarin' o' steam, an' there's reengin' o' wheels,
 Men workin', an' sweatin', an' swearin' like deils.

An' the flame-tappit furnaces staun' in a raw,
 A' bleezin', an' blawin', an' smeekin' awa,
 Their eerie licht brichtenin' the laigh hingin' cluds,
 Gleamin' far ower the loch an' the mirk lanely wuds.

* The Comet, first steamboat on the Clyde.

Noo, mark ye, the ashes, the dross, an' the slag,
 Wad ye think it was they put the win' i' the bag
 O' the big millionaires ; that 'mang danners an' cinnners,
 The Co. should ha'e gather't sic millions o' shiners ?

Yet sic is the case, an' lang may they bruck
 The gear they ha'e won, they've had mair than gude luck,
 They've gi'en kirks, they've gi'en schules, an' gude pay
 to their men,
 May Gude gi'e them gumption their wages tae spen'.

OCTOBER.

Not changeful April, with her suns and showers—
 Pregnant with buds, whose birth the genial hours
 Of teeming May will give to life and light,
 Rich in young beauty, odorous, and bright—

Not rose-crowned June, in trailing robes of bloom,
 Her flowery censers breathing rich perfume,
 Her glorious sunshine and her bluest skies—
 Her wealth of dancing leaves where zephyr sighs—

Nor fervid July, in her full-blown charms,
 Shedding the odorous hay with sun-browned arms :
 Nor glowing August, with her robe unbound,
 With ripening grain and juicy fruitage crowned—

Nor thee, September, though thine orchards glow
 With fruits ripe, rich, and ruddy—laying low
 The yellow grain with gleaming sickle keen,
 With jest and laugh, and harvest song between—

I sing OCTOBER—month of all the year
 To poets' soul and calm, deep feeling dear.
 Her chastened sunshine and her dreamy skies.
 With tender magic charm my heart and eyes.

In silvery haze the purple hills are swathed,
 In dripping dews the faded herbage bathed ;
 Red-robin trills his winter-warning ditty,
 His big bright eye invoking crumbs and pity.

From faded woodlands, ever pattering down,
 Come many-tinted leaves—red, yellow, brown ;
 The rustling carpet, with slow, lingering feet,
 I thoughtful tread, inhaling odours sweet.

The very soul of quietude is breathing
 O'er field and lake, with sweetest peace enwreathing
 My tranquil soul ; from founts of blissful feeling,
 Sweet, silent tears adown my cheek are stealing.

Spirit of meekness—brooding in the air—
 On thy soft pinions waft my lowly prayer,
 That I may meet—calm, meek, resigned, and sober—
 My life's decline—my solemn last October.

VERSES INSCRIBED TO MR. THOMAS DUNCAN, GLASGOW.

Written after a visit from him with two Friends from the City, to the
 Authoress at Langloan, May, 1863.

FRIEN' TAMMIE, I thocht that I coudna dae better
 Than rhyme a bit scrift in reply to yer letter,
 Sae I juist bade the Muse lea her trantels* ahint her,
 An' lilt a bit sang tae Tam Duncan, the Printer.

An' wow she was cadgie an' fidgin' fu' fain,
 An' tae skirl the Doric her pipe didna hain ;
 To half-clippet English I never could stint her,
 Mair special whan singin' tae Tammie, the Printer.

* Trifles, odds and ends.

Tell Jamie, the Binder, sae cannie an' slee,
 Sae quiet wi' the gab, an' sae gleg wi' the e'e,
 That his leuks war sae frien'ly, sae truthfu' an' kin',
 Whan he last took my haun' I aye min't it sin' syne.

There was nane sae frank-heartit an' free as young Burns
 On the braes o' Cairnbroe ; through life's trials an' turns
 He's foughten his way, an' won up i' the warl,
 A younker nae mair, but a blythe buirdly carle.

Ye threesum war welcome yon day at Langloan.
 Hoo gleesum an' he'rtsum the time slippet on !
 Ye'se be welcome again, sae come whan ye can,
 Tae see the aul' wife an' her couthie aul' man.

POSTSCRIPT.

Cam' ye frae Hyndford, Carmichael, my man,
 For yer name is the name o' the aul' yerl's clan ?
 Ye'll hae read o' the tulzie an' spillin' o' bluid
 'Tween young Lord Carmichael an' Baron Polmood.

MEMORIES.

Written in the Stormy Months of the Opening Year, 1868.

LONELY musing, sadly thinking,
 Strength and spirits failing, sinking,
 Drooping, shivering, cow'ring, shrinking,
 In the wintry blast.
 Winds are howling, roaring, screaming,
 Thunder rolling, lightning gleaming,
 Rain and hail in torrents streaming,
 Driving fierce and fast.

Storms the face of nature marring,
Thunder-clouds conflicting, jarring,
Strife of elemental warring,

These are calm and tame
To the storms of wrathful feeling,
Human hearts to vengeance steeling,
Wrath of man in deeds revealing
Rapine, blood, and shame.

Cease, my heart, thy dirge-like knelling !
Why in mournful numbers swelling ?
Why my muse thus ever quelling
Strains of hope and peace ?
Change the strain, the flowers are springing !
Hark ! the lark at heaven's gate singing !
Ah ! his joyous anthem ringing,
Bids thy wailings cease.

The primrose in the dell is blowing ;
Sister flowerets, fresh and glowing,
Grace the brooklet's brink, clear flowing,
Through the dingle green.
To the tassel'd hazel bushes
Now resort the amorous thrushes ;
The water coot among the rushes
Seeks her brood to screen.

Clouds alternate, smiling, weeping,
O'er the April skies are sweeping ;
Dancing streams are gaily leaping
To the pools below.
Thousand small bright eyes are twinkling
Through the leaves, where trilling, tinkling
Song of wild birds gushes, trinkling
In melodious flow.

In dewy tears the hyacinth weeping,
Her drooping azure bells is steeping,
The violet's sweet blue eyes are peeping
Veiling leaflets through.

With "daisies pied," and cowslips yellow,
Comes the voice that hath no fellow—
Wandering voice, soft, clear, and mellow,
 'Tis the lone cuckoo.

Beauteous spring! with throb and quiver
Beats my heart. Alas! for ever
My eyes are dark, and I shall never
 See thy smiling face—
Never see the purple heather,
Ne'er the fern's green waving feather,
Never May's sweet blossoms gather,
 On my breast to place.

Be hush'd, my heart! thy 'plaint restraining,
Hush'd be murmuring and complaining,
'Tis the will of God constraining
 Humble resignation.
Bear thy loss without repining,
"Darkest clouds have silver lining,"
On the night of sorrow shining;
 Blessed consolation!

Olden memories never dying,
Treasures in my bosom lying,
The failing founts of life supplying
 With perennial flow.
Memories of the good and holy,
Of the dark and melancholy,
Of the sufferers meek and lowly
 Sainted long ago.

Memories of the young and loving,
Friendships tried, yet faithful proving,
Scenes to deep compassion moving,
 Cureless, tearless woes.
Memories sweet of rural pleasure,
Streams, and woods, and floral treasure,
Rich the free, unstinted measure
 Nature's hand bestows.

Memory tells of idly dreaming
 Life away—of never deeming
 That the work of time redeeming
 Being youth begun.
 Work ! while life's young sun is shining—
 Darkness comes, when life, declining,
 Weakly, darkly, sadly pining,
 Mourns her work undone.

Memory ever backward flowing,
 Of the future all unknowing
 Paints the past in colours glowing,
 This bright memory can.
 "The memory of the just is blessed,"
 Be that bliss by all possessed !
 All whose lives are thus expressed,
 "Just to God and man."

ELEGIAC VERSES ON THE DEATH OF LORD PALMERSTON.

A LOFTIER muse, in higher strains, may sing
 A grander requiem o'er the statesman's bier :
 Yet genius, rank, and grandeur may not bring
 A holier tribute, or a warmer tear.

"Familiar in our mouths as household words,"
 His name, his talent, and his worth. Enshrined
 In Britain's heart, when memory stirs its chords,
 She boasts the triumphs of his master mind.

The world of politics abroad he scanned
 With eagle glance, that would not quail or pause ;
 Woe to the despot ! whose unholy hand
 Had touched the ark of British rights and laws.

His was no garment rolled in needless blood—
 His voice, no shouting warrior's battle cry ;
 A Nestor at the council board he stood,
 His counsels ever sage, and purpose high.

The demon steed of dark despotic power
 He curbed and reined with might and matchless skill ;
 When o'er our isle the tempest seemed to lower,
 The brooding clouds were scattered at his will.

"We may not look upon his like again."
 Full oft he passed, avoiding shoal and strand,
 O'er diplomacy's deep and treacherous main,
 And brought the good ship Britain safe to land.

Alas! the hand that held the helm is cold—
 The trusted pilot treads the deck no more,
 Whose skilful tactics—measures prompt and bold—
 Kept far the dangers of a leeward shore.

His place is vacant at the council board,
 And empty in the senatorial hall ;
 But in the nation's heart a grateful chord
 Still vibrates strong for him, revered of all.

MARY LEE.

A BALLAD.

WHAT ails ye, bonnie Mary Lee ?
 What gars ye greet an' pine ?
 Your e'e is dim, your cheek is wan—
 What ails ye, Mary mine ?

Kame back, kame back the raven hair
 That wauners owre your broo,
 Gae to the burn, lave cheek an' chin,
 My bonnie mourning doo.

I ken your saunted mither's gane
The gate we a' maun gae,
But weel we houp she's wi' the blest,
Then wharfore mourn ye sae.

Come, sit ye doun beside me, lass,
An' tell your waesume tale—
Sair it maun be, my Mary Lee,
That mak's yer cheek sae pale.

She drew a creepie to her side,
An' dichtit aye her een:—
O Leezie, lass, I'se tell ye a',
My truest, dearest frien'.

Ye ken't young Jock o' Benty Knowe,
A lad that bare the gree,
Whare'er he gaed nae ither Joe
Was hauf sae dear to me.

For towmonds twa he courtit me;
At market, kirk, an' fair,
Ye wadna' miss'd him frae my side,
The brawest, blythest there.

I never thocht to tine his luvie,
Or yet my ain to hide,
An' whan he speer't I gied consent
To be his bonnie bride.

Anither towmond we agreed
To wait; syne fu' an bien
Oor wee cot hoose shou'd plenish't be,
Baith cozie, tosh, an' clean.

Sune after this, he didna' come
Sae aften as before;
An' sune nae mair his weel-kenn'd chap
Cam tirlin' on the door.

An' oh ! I thoct my heart wad break !
I cou'dna think or guess
What I had said or dune to mak'
Him lo'e me ony less.

An' a' my pride o' maidhood rase !
I wadna' yield to speer
What had come owre him, tho' I kent
I lo'ed him true an' dear.

My mournfu' e'e an' wallow't cheek
My guid aul' faither saw ;
"My bairn," quo' he, "what's come o' Jock ?
He ne'er comes here ava'.

"If he's deceiv'd my bonnie bairn,
An' cast her luv awa',
Whan he had won her artless heart,
Oh ! black sall be his fa' !

"But there's young Jamie o' Blackhill,
A better man than he,
He lo'es the very yird ye tread,
My bonnie Mary Lee.

"He's come o' honest godly folk,
An' leads a sober life,
An' thou hast tauld me that he aft
Has socht thee for his wife.

"An' but yestreen he said to me,
If you an' him agree,
Wull you gie me your free guid-wull
To wed your Mary Lee ?

"An' I ha'e gi'en my free guid-wull,
An' I sall bless ye baith,
Sae think nae mair o' Benty's Jock,
He's dune thee scorn an' skaith."

But, Leezie, Jamie o' Blackhill
Was never nocht to me,
Tho' ne'er a nae-say he wad tak',
Or ever let me be.

Ae nicht, whan stan'in at the door,
I saw him comin' roun'
The gavel-en'; an' oh, my heart
Gied sic a waesume stoun!

Sae blythe and bauld he stappit up,
"Noo, Mary," whisper'd he,
"I'm come to seek ye for my ain,
Your faither's pleased wi' me.

"Let byganes a' be byganes noo,
An' say ye'll be my wife,
Ye'll ne'er ha'e cause to rue the word
Your langest day in life."

My faither then cam' to the door,
An' brocht him kin'ly ben,
Syne bade me bring the bread an' cheese,
An' fill the tappit hen.*

An' lang an' couthie was the crack,
But ne'er a word said I,
Till father said—Hech, Mary, lass,
Ye'r unco dull and shy.

Neist owk, my lass we'll buy the brows,
To busk oor bonnie bride,
For sune ye to the kirk maun gang,
Wi' Jamie by yer side.

For I've been tauld what to my bairn
I like na well to tell,

* Old pewter pint measure.

That Benty Knowe has a' the while
Been coortin' Bartie's Bell.

I've seen o' simmers aughty-seven,
An' sune maun lea' thee, bairn,
An' had it been wi' Benty's Jock,
Thou wad been sair forfairn.

But Jamie is a truthfu' chiel,
An' lo'es thee as his life,
An' fain am I afore I dee,
To see thee made his wife.

Wi' thy consent, on Sabbath neist,
He'll juist pit in the cries;
An' Benty Knowe an' mony mae
Will get a great surprise.

O Leezie, lass, what wad ye dune
Had ye been in my place?
That nicht I kneel't afore the Lord
An' pray'd for help o' grace—

That I micht schule my rebel heart
To dae my father's will;
For oh! hoo sall I tell thee, lass,
I lo'e the fautor still.

Neist Sabbath we were cried in kirk;
On Monday nicht cam' he;
His face was white as ony ghaist,
The tear was in his e'e.

I maist had swarf't whan to the door
I gaed and saw him staun,
He cou'dna leuk me in the face,
But tried to tak' my haun,

But I drew back :—"What want ye, Jock?
Hae ye come here to tell
Hoo in your wooin' you hae sped
Wi' Bartie's bonny Bell?

"Ye've dune yer best to break my hert,
An' smoor't wi' grief an' shame
But if ye can forgie yersel,
I'se try to dae the same."

He leukit up, an' sic a leuk,
Sae fu' o' shame an' wae!—
That leuk I never sall forget
Until my deein' day.

I turn'd me richt an' roun' aboot,
"Fareweel, fareweel for life!"
Said I: "Whan neist ye see me, Jock,
I'm Jamie Wilson's wife."

My faither by the crusie sat,
The Bible on his knee;
I flung my airms aroun' his neck—
"O faither, pray for me!"

He drew me doun upon his knee,
An' dichtet aff my cheek
The het, het tears; my heart was fu',
He saw I cou'dna speak.

"Oh, I hae pray'd, an' I sall pray
For thee baith e'en an' morn;
A dearer or a better bairn
Was ne'er o' woman born."

An' noo I'll murne an' pine nae mair,
But tent my faither's life
Wi' muckle care, an' strive to be
Kin' Jamie's faithfu' wife.

BARNSELY COLLIERY EXPLOSION.

Lines Suggested by hearing of the recent Dreadful Colliery Explosions,
with the attendant fearful Loss of Life at that place, 1866.

FAR, far below—oh ! far below,
Where sulphurous lightnings flash and glow,
Where blasting, bellowing thunders roar
With rending crash—dark Stygian shore ;
Black gulf of horrors, dark, profound,
Where ambush'd demons lurk around—
Waiting to light the horrid gloom
With lurid, scorching, fiery spume
Of deadly gases. Woe, oh, woe !
How long, how long shall it be so !
How long be sacrificed in vain
These hideous hecatombs of slain !
Pale Science weeps, her troubled eye
Falls on the victims as they lie—
Scorched, crushed, and mutilated forms,
Dire wrecks of subterranean storms,
That ravage with resistless sweep
Those regions of the deeper deep.
For she had studied, searched, and toiled,
Had seen her best inventions foiled
With “ Can't be troubled,” “ 'Tis no use,”
“ Too much expense,” neglect, abuse
Of her injunctions. Hark ! the shock
Explosive through the cavern rock,
The scathing fire, the choking damp.
“ Do you not use the safety lamp ? ”
You ask of some poor writhing wretch.
“ The fireman quite forgot to fetch
The warning light. Alas, alas !
Our naked lights fired off the gas ;
The mine was foul, and must explode,
And then along the flame-swept road

A hundred smouldering corpses lay.
Yet I survive—woe worth the day !”
What wailing shrieks, what groans of woe,
What tears of burning anguish flow
From eyes that weep the heart-springs dry!
What *calls* that meet with no reply !
The grey-haired widow calls her boy—
Her duteous lad, her pride and joy ;
Sobbing, the newly wedded wife
Calls on the partner of her life ;
The widowed mother to her breast
Her orphan babe hath closely pressed ;
And, followed by a childish train,
Calls on the father’s name in vain.
Alas ! that voice, once loved and dear,
Will reach no more his death-closed ear.
Now angel Pity, hand in hand
With Charity, walks through the land ;
Benevolence, strong in wealth and power,
Sheds from both hands a golden shower,
Till hearts bereaved hail, even in grief,
With grateful tears the blest relief.
Ah ! it is well it should be so :
But there are words of deeper woe
“ Than even the wail above the dead.”
What of the soul so quickly sped
To that dark bourne, that unknown shore
Whence traveller can return no more ?
We may not lift the awful veil,
Nor, if we might, would it avail ;
Their state is fixed ; yet all must know
Who labour in the “ shades below,”
That, standing face to face with death,
He with a blast—a flash—a breath
May quench the life. Then oh, beware !
You may with caution, means, and care,
And trust in Providence Divine,
Avert the dangers of the mine.

SHEEPIEKNOWE.

A BALLAD.

AUL' Sheepieknowe ! how dear the name !

Lane birthplace of my guid forbears ;
Scene o' their life-lang cares an' toils,
Their sunny joys and cloudy fears.

Oh ! mony a simmer sun has shone
An' mony a wintry blast has blawn,
On thy laigh heather-theekit roof,
An' aul' grey wa's that steively staun.

An' mony a bairn first saw the licht
Aneath thy sooty, strang roof-tree—
That leev'd an' lov'd, an' toil'd, an' there
Lay down in faith and hope to dee.

An' mony a bonnie lass, I ween,
Wi' blushin' cheek an' dooncast e'e,
In bridal gear thy cozie biel
Has left a dautit wife to be.

An' aft frae oot thy lowly door
The dead, wi' reverend hauns, were ta'en
To aul' Cam'nethan's lane kirkyard,
To sleep wi' friends lang ages gane.

An' ilka nicht an' morn were heard
The soun' o' psalms, the voice o' prayer,
By faither raised, an' sweetly joined
By wife an' bairnies roun' him there.

Hoo welcome was the Sabbath rest !
Hoo sweet the Sabbath's holy calm !
On toilin' haun an' weary heart
It fell like heaven's ain blessed balm.

(May Scotland' never quat the grip,
But haud her Sabbath firm and fast,
Thro' skaith an' scorn, thro' taunts and sneers,
An' let them lauch wha win at last.)

Thro' thy wee winnocks, Sheepieknowe,
Fell little sunshine in the cot;
Withoot, the beekin' simmer sun
Lay shadowless upon the spot.

The purple scad o' heather blooms
Fell on the e'e for acres roun';
But peesweep's cry and muirfowl's ca'
Ye wadna heard anither soun'.

A gowany sheet lay on the lee,
Spread by the hauns o' bonnie June;
Ilk simmer morn, on flichterin' wing.
The laverock liltit hie abune.

The wuds o' Murdiestane were green,
An' ringing wi' the sang-birds' lay;
On Calder's wild an' wannerin's stream
The glintin sunbeams saftly play.

In dowie mood, ae simmer day,
Alang the bank an' up the dell
I wandered on. There's something wrang,
I said, but what I canna tell.

A shadow lay upon my heart,
The feydom o' some comin' ill;
I heard a stap, an' leukin' up,
Saw Cousin Hughie o' the Hill.

White as a ghaist, wi bluidshot een,
He grasp'd an' chirted sair my haun;
"O Hughie!" then I gaspit oot,
"I thocht ye in a foreign lan'."

“ To me a’ lan’s are foreign noo—
Nae hame, nae haud ha’e I on yirth;
In burnin’ shame, an’ bitter wae,
I curse the hour that gied me birth.

“ For she, wha’s name I canna speak,
The woman that was ance my wife,
Has brocht disgrace upon my name
An’ blastit a’ my hopes in life.

“ Ae year, nae mair, in luv an’ bliss,
I spent wi’ her, whan we were wed,
But luv, an’ bliss, an’ purity,
An’ a’ the wife should ha’e, have fled.

“ I boud to leeve an’ gang aboard
As surgeon in a man-o’-war;
Twa years frae hame, yet a’ the while
She was my idol an’ my star.

“ We cam’ to port, an’ I got leeve,
An’ flew on wings o’ luv to rush
Into her arms, an’ in my face
She leukit up withoot a blush.

“ Her crime, like murder, wadna hide;
My frien’s had kenn’d ere I cam’ hame,
But had nae heart to sen’ me word,
Sae bauld was she, e’en in her shame.

“ I’ll never leuk on her again,
Nor gainst my life will raise my haun;
Neist owk I sail to seek for death
By Afric’s fever-stricken stran’.

“ An’ I am here ance mair to see—
Ance mair to tread upon the heather—
The wuds an’ braes o’ Murdiestane,
Before I lea’ them a’ thegither.”

Like ane entranced I stude the while,
 The tears were streaming down my cheek;
 "God help, and guide thee, cousin dear"—
 Anither word I cou'dna speak.

He took my haun again, an' said,
 "Fareweel for ever, I maun gae."—
 I never saw his face again,
 But mourn'd him sair for mony a day.

But, ere the heather bloomed again,
 An' ere the gowans clad the lea,
 He slept intil a foreign grave:
 Rest, weary heart!—peace, peace to thee!

A LAY OF THE LOCH AN' THE MUIRLAN'.

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

A LANELY loch, a muirlan' broon,
 A warl' o' whins an' heather,
 Whaur aft, whan life was young, I strayed,
 The berries blae to gather.
 Sae bonnie bloomed the gowden broom,
 Sae green the feathery bracken,
 An' rosy brier, dear to my e'en,
 Ere licht had them forsaken.

Hoo softly, calmly, sweetly fell
 That dewy, simmer gloamin',
 Whan I alang the lanely loch
 To muse and dream gaed roamin'.
 The star o' luve her lamp had lit,
 The sun's last rays were glancin'
 Oot owre the wee, wee curlin' waves,
 Like water-spunkies dancin'.

The wild duck stay'd her paidlin' feet
To nestle 'mang the rashes,
The loupin' braise an' perch fell back
Wi' mony plouts an' plashes ;
An' there, deep anchored in the loch,
The water lilies floatin',
Like pearly skiffs to bear the crews
Whan fairies tak' to boatin'.

Oh ! is't a maiden's mournfu' sang
That owre the loch is stealin',
In strains sae waesome an' sae sweet,
A tale o' luve revealin' ?
If sae, she sings nae a' her lane :
Hark ! frae that lanely dwallin'
Sweet voices mair than twa or three
The silvery chorus swallin'.

Oh ! leeze me on that laigh wee cot,
The hame o' Wabster Johnnie ;
An' leeze me on his dochters five,
A' warkrife, gude, an' bonny.
An' oh ! hoo sweet at gloamin' hour
To hear thae lassies singin',
An' " Banks an' braes o' bonnie Doon "
Alang the waters ringin'.

Noo, Johnnie was a wabster gude,
An honest man an' truthfu' ;
Tho' saxty winters snaw'd his pow,
He leukit hale an' youthfu'.
Gude hame-spun yarn he weel could weave,
In drugget, harn, or blanket,
For cotton yarn, the feckless trash,
Nae customer he thankit.

Oh ! weel he lo'ed his gude auld wife,
A canty, clever body,
That wrocht her wark, an' ca'd her pirns,
An' never needed toddy.

An' peace was in their lowly hame,
They lo'ed ilk ither truly ;
An' love an' peace will often meet,
Whaur God is worshipp'd duly.

An' wooers aften cam' galore
To see thae lassies bonnie—
A' decent chiels—for unco strict
Anent his bairns was Johnnie.
An' wad ye ken what them befel
Whan frae the wabster's ingle
The fivesum gaed to ither hames
Wi' unco folk to mingle?

First bonnie Jean, syne couthie Jen,
An' blithesome, winsome Annie,
Were wed, an' passed wi' kind gudemen
Along life's road fu' canny.
But Mysie, aye sae blate an' douce,
An' Nannie snell an' clever,
Baith kept their hauns to ser' themsel's
In single life for ever.

An' toddlin' wee things cam' belyve
To see their lochside grannie—
To climb the knees, an' clasp the necks
O' Aunties May an' Nannie.
An' time an' tide, that bide for nane,
Brocht changes grit an' mony,
An' scored the broo, an' dimm'd the een,
An' boo'd the back o' Johnnie.

The treddles noo cam' to a staun,
The lay nae mair gaed duntin',
An' by the fire he maistly sat,
His cutty seldom luntin'.
The sisters saw wi' tearfu' een
That grannie's health was failin',
An' tended her wi' muckle care,
For she was sairly ailin'.

The twa, sae pleasant in their lives,
 In death were undivided—
 Ae heart, ae hope on yirth, ae hame
 In Heaven by grace provided.
 Three owks between the sair-worn clay,
 To mither yirth's safe keepin'
 Were gi'en. Lang ha'e the aged pair
 Been in her bosom sleepin'.

The loch is lanely noo nae mair ;
 Whaur heather, broom, an' bracken
 Ance clad the muir, the yellow corn
 By wastlin' win's is shaken ;
 An' Johnnie's cot the iron hoof
 O' railroad desecration
 Has trampit down—see, there's the line,
 An' there's the railway station.

OCTOBER, 1865.

As by the deathbed of an aged saint,
 Whose pallid lips emit no moaning plaint,
 On whose calm brow the light of heaven is shed,
 Eternal peace begun ere life has fled—
 Even so I stand and gaze with moistened eyes
 On the calm glories of the autumn skies,
 The breathless quiet, "the rapture of repose"
 That o'er the dying form of Nature throws
 A magic halo, a soul-trancing spell,
 A powerful charm to soothe, perchance dispel
 The lowering clouds of care.—I walk abroad
 And, musing, stray along the silent road,
 Or by the margin of the moaning stream,
 Whose mournful music aids the poet's dream—
 A dream of bliss and peace, serene and sober—
 The dream, the bliss, the peace are thine, October :

Thine the sear leafage of the rifled woods,
The fading hue of pastoral solitudes ;
Thy groves are silent—there the cushat dove
No more in amorous cooings tells her love,
And save red-robin of the noiseless wing,
And short, shrill lay, we hear no warbler sing ;
Beneath the beech the mast lies ripe and brown,
The ripen'd acorns patter thickly down.
Fast in their jagged husks the chestnuts fall ;
Far in the hazel copse I hear the call
Of merry nutters beating down the spoil,
Their kernel treasures, meed of pleasant toil.
Where now the flowers ? decayed, discoloured, dead.
Still here and there the daisy rears her head,
All blanched and tearful, as if sadly weeping
The death of kindred in the dank sod sleeping.
Oh, close thy weary lids, dim “ Eye of day,”
Till Spring shall wake and raise thee from the clay ;
For thou shalt wake again, again shalt rise
To gaze again upon the summer skies,
To drink the dew, and feel the brushing wing
Of early lark ere yet he mounts to sing.
And I, like thee, lone floweret, must decay—
Must soon be laid to sleep with kindred clay,
Till Time shall be no more, and earth and sky,
With all they hold, in flaming ruins lie ;
Then death itself shall die, and earth restore
Her sleepers in the dust—to die no more.

GIRLISH REMINISCENCES.

CRADLED in a nest of flowers,
Sheltered by the birchen bowers
That clustered round the spot,
Waving their pensile, slender arms,
Shedding a thousand fragrant charms
Around our lowly cot.

How oft in balmy breathing June,
When woodland choirs were full in tune,
 I wandered by the stream
That poured, in gushing liquid tones,
Its silvery music o'er the stones :
 O happy, happy dream !

And see, while peals of laughter wild
Ring through the wood, a happy child
 Comes plashing down the stream ;
Another, and another see—
Four girlish butterflies were we—
 Sporting in life's young dream.

Too soon awake, alas ! we found
That it was but enchanted ground
 On which we danced along,
With flowing hair and bounding feet,
With frolic, glee, and laughter sweet,
 And childhood's careless song.

Dear Agnes, very fair and pale
Was she. How shall I tell the tale ?
 Within a lonesome place
They found her lifeless on the ground,
Near where a woodland streamlet wound,
 That rippled o'er her face.

Sweet Mary, with the ringlets fair,
And Helen of the raven hair,
 Where now—oh ! where are ye ?
Ye crossed the wild Atlantic wave ;
Yet still to know, my heart would crave,
 If ye remember me.

And I, I wait upon the shore,
That whoso leaves returns no more ;
 I long to reach my Home,
Where those not lost, but gone before,
Shall meet on that celestial shore
 Where death nor sorrows come.

VERSES

Written for, and Inscribed to, the Members of the Glasgow Saint Andrew's Society, at their Annual Meeting, November 30, 1866.

HAIL, Brothers ! true sons of the mother we love,
Fair Scotland, free Scotland ! we meet here to prove
The filial devotion, that warms as it fills
Our hearts for the Queen of the Lakes and the Hills.

With our hearts, with our hands, our blood and our breath,
The fealty we owe her in life and in death
Shall be paid at the altar of Freedom divine,
And the record inscribed on her holiest shrine.

Great WALLACE we honour, the first on the scroll
Of patriots immortal, the Godlike in soul :
Strength, valour, and glory unsullied and bright,
Thrice saving his country from tyranny's might.

Ye SONS OF ST. ANDREW ! sworn brothers in heart,
You have nobly sustained the true patriot's part ;
For Wallace and Scotland ye boldly stood forth,
Till success had crowned the Rock Gem of the North.

No region, no distance, no kingdom or clime,
Can sever the sympathies, high and sublime,
That the sons of old Scotland have felt and expressed
For brethren in bondage, by tyrants oppressed.

In our hearts, GARIBALDI ! thy place hath been given
Near Liberty's martyr, our WALLACE in Heaven :
Like valour, like virtues, unselfish and pure ;
Thou conquered, hast suffered, hast learnt to endure.

Thou, KOSSUTH, wert priest at fair Liberty's shrine,
When the Hapsburg had mingled her blood with the wine ;
But the bloody libation was poured not in vain,
The priest at her shrine shall be KOSSUTH again.

Reformers, we urge not the tide of Reform
 With the shock of the earthquake, the roar of the storm,
 Advancing, progressive, majestic and grand,
 Till sweeping resistless, it rolls o'er the land.

This night in the shade of the Thistle we meet,
 As Scotsmen, as freemen, our brothers to greet.
 Long may the proud emblem triumphantly wave,
 The boast of the free, and the hope of the slave.

THE MUSIC OF THE STREAM.

Is it a spirit voice—an angel's song—
 That pours its liquid melody among
 The mossy stones that break the rippling sheen,
 Lone Calder ! gliding thy fair banks between ?

No ! 'tis the voice—the music of the stream,
 That chimes harmonious with the poet's dream :
 A dream of beauty, radiant and divine,
 A halo floating round the 'muses' shrine.

Oft in sweet summer prime I singing strayed
 Down yon deep dell and through the woodland glade,
 To woo fair Nature in soft Doric rhymes,
 And hear the tinkling of thy silver chimes.

And, ah, what glorious wealth of wilding flowers !
 What wealth of fragrant blossoms on thy bowers !
 What odorous breathings of the summer breeze !
 What chorus of sweet singers in the trees !

O Nature ! fairer, dearer to my heart
 Than pictured scenes of highest, rarest art !
 What sweeter chord can charm the spirit dream
 Than the weird music of the singing stream ?

Fond Memory treasures in her deepest cell
The woodland glade, the deep romantic dell,
Where oft the summer day too brief would seem,
When wandering, musing, by lone Calder's stream.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream,"
I heard no more the music of the stream:
The flowers and blooms were withered, trampled, soiled,
Nature's fair face of every charm despoiled.

For, lo! obscuring the fair light of day,
The genii of the mines, in grim array,
With baleful wings the landscape shadowed o'er,
And beauty, bloom, and song exist no more.

OCTOBER MUSINGS, 1866.

SILENT, grave, subdued, and sober,
Month beloved, my own October!
Resting in thy peaceful arms,
Seeing not, I feel thy charms—
Feel upon my withered cheek
Thy gentle breath, thy whispers meek;
Tell of Autumn's latest sheaves,
Songless woods, and falling leaves—
Nature's floral wreath despoiled;
Hueless, scentless, matted, soiled,
Fall her tresses thin and gray,
Bending to October's sway.

Summer sun with thirsty beams
Drinking dry the pools and streams:
Where thy fervid glories now,
The burning splendours of thy brow?
Veiled effulgence now is thine,
Tender radiance, half divine;

This dreamy quiet, this stilly calm,
 Sheds around a soothing balm.
 Hushed beneath the influence mild,
 My soul is like a weanèd child—
 Weaned from earth's low cares and joys,
 Vain pursuits, and worthless toys.
 Life's short race is nearly run,
 And the goal will soon be won ;
 Still I bear in heart and mind
 The wants and sufferings of my kind.

Sad, yet sweet, to moralise
 'Neath October's solemn skies,
 When the finger of decay
 Points the year's declining day ;
 Like the hand upon the wall,
 " Born to die," inscribes on all :
 Flowers decayed and earth defiled,
 Where of late they bloomed and smiled ;
 Fields and woods dim, bare, and gray,
 In every aspect of decay,
 Tell me that I too must die—
 In cold decay and darkness lie,
 Till He, whose name I love and trust,
 Shall wake to life my sleeping dust.

LEDDY MARY—A BALLAD.

OH ! mirk was the nicht, an' the hour it was late,
 Whan a bonnie young leddy gaed up the gate ;
 Sae slow was her stap—sae sair was the mane
 That fell frae her lips aye noo an' again.
 She was row'd in a mantle baith rich an' wide,
 But page nor maiden were there by her side.
 She stude at a door, an' she tirl'd the sneck ;
 An aul' wife cam' but, wi' a boo an' a beck ;

She thocht the rich mantle, an' white-jewel'd haun,
Belang'd to some leddy o' rank in the lan'.
"Oh! ha'e ye a room ye can put me intil?
Can ye gi'e me a bed, an' gi'e me yer skill?
For here I maun bide till my bairnie is born—
For I maun be deid, or hame on the morn,
An' ye s'all ha'e gowd, an' bountith, an' fee;
But whaur I ha'e come frae, or what I may be,
Ye never maun speer; for nae livin' on yirth
Maun ken what I'm here for, my name, or my birth."
She gie'd her a room, an' she gied her a bed;
She gied her her skill. Whan twa hours were sped,
The lady was lichter—but she cou'dna bruck
On the face o' her wee greetin' laddie to leuk:
"My heart it wad saften, an' that maunna be
Till I ha'e revenge on his faither," said she.
Oh! rich were the pearlin's, an' costly the lace,
That lay on the bosom, and roun' the sweet face
That was droukit wi' tears like a lily wi' dew,
An' her e'e it was stern, tho' her words they were few,
She drew frew her bosom a lang purse o' gowd—
"Tak' that for propine, fu' well it's bestow'd;
Ye did what ye cou'd for helpin' o' me;
Twa hours an nae mair I'll tarry wi' thee."
An' true to the time she gat up on her feet,
An' said—"Noo, ye maunna leuk oot on the street;
My gate I maun gang, my weird I maun dree,
In my faither's at hame this day I maun be."
An' sae she gaed oot as she cam' in the dark,
But to whaur she wad gang the wife had nae mark.
She tended the bairn, an' warm'd his wee feet,
Laid him intil the bed, an' sat down to greet;
She fear'd the sweet leddy wad come by her deid,
An' naebody near her that kenn'd o' her need.
Neist day thro' the city word gaed like a bell,
That a nobleman's dochter had deet by hersel';
On the flure o' her room she was lying cauld deid,
Her mantle rowt roun' her, the hood on her heid.
Whan the wife heard the news it stoun'd her oot thro':
My sweet Lady Mary! my bonnie young doo!

It maun ha'e been thee that was wi' me yestreen ;
 In the pride o' thy beauty hoo aft I ha'e seen
 Thee trippin' the street on thy gay gallant's arm !
 My malison on him that wrocht thee sic harm !

THE SUNDAY RAIL—I.

On the Opening of the North British Railway for running
 Sunday Trains, September 3, 1865.

Now range up the carriages, feed up the fires !
 To the rail, to the rail, now the pent up desires
 Of the pale toiling million find gracious reply,
 On the pinions of steam they shall fly, they shall fly,
 The beauties of nature and art to explore,
 To ramble the woodlands and roam by the shore.
 The city spark here with his smart smirking lass,
 All peg-topped and crinolined, squat on the grass
 While with quips and with cranks, and soft-wreathed smiles,
 Each nymph with her swain the dull Sabbath beguiles.
 Here mater and pater familias will come
 With their rollicking brood from their close city home.
 How they scramble and scream, how they scamper and run,
 While pa and mamma are enjoying the fun !
 And the urchins bawl out, "Oh, how funny and jolly,
 Dear ma, it is thus to keep Sabbath-day holy !"
 Now for pipe and cigar, and the snug pocket flask,
 What's the rail on a Sunday without them, we ask ?
 What the sweet-scented heather and rich clover blooms
 To the breath of the weed as it smoulders and fumes ?
 So in courting and sporting, in drinking and smoking,
 Walking and talking, in laughter and joking,
 They while the dull hours of the Sabbath away.
 What a Sabbath it is ! Who is Lord of the day ?
 Son of man, Son of God, in the sacred record,
 'Tis written that Thou art of Sabbath the Lord ;
 But impious man hath reversed the decree,
 And declares himself lord of the Sabbath to be.

In a world without souls it might not be amiss
 The Sabbath to spend in such fashion as this ;
 But men having souls, if aware of the fact,
 Should remember the Sabbath to keep it intact.
 For souls are immortal, and bodies are clay,
 And life but a vapour that fleeteth away ;
 To the soul and to God in His worship be given,
 Oh, is it too much ?—'tis but one day in seven.

THE SUNDAY RAIL.—II.

A SCOTTISH SUMMER SABBATH MORNING.

THE still repose, the holy calm
 Of this blest morn, a sacred balm
 Sheds on my world-worn weary heart ;
 It quiet beatitudes impart
 A peace benign, a yearning love,
 A wish for perfect peace above.
 The liquid music of the rill ;
 The crow of muircock on the hill ;
 The chirping, twittering, warbling gush
 Of feathered throats in brake and bush ;
 And high o'erhead, on quivering wings,
 The lark her thrilling anthem sings.
 These only are the sounds I hear ;
 But ah ! I feel that God is near—
 Near to the soul that from her wings
 Shakes off the soil of earthly things
 That mar her flight and chill her life
 Through six days' care, and toil, and strife.
 Thank God, to us one day in seven,
 The blessed Sabbath rest is given—
 Given that the soul may prune her wing,
 And to the Sabbath altar bring,
 And on its sacred circle lay
 The hallowed offerings of the day,—

Thoughts, winged with faith, that to the skies
In prayer and meditation rise.

To praise Thy name and hear Thy Word.

Within Thy sacred Temple, Lord,

Our love and duty we unite,

And call the Sabbath a delight.

Not such the Sunday tourist feels

When on the steam-car's rushing wheels,

In quest of health and recreation—

We add, of pleasure and flirtation—

He flies along the sounding line

And thinks the day indeed divine ;

And says, "From bigot trammels free,

The Sunday holiday for me !"

Oh, Scottish workmen ! Oh, my brothers !

I plead with you above all others :

Why lose your prestige ?—why backslide

From fathers, once their country's pride,

From whom you boast you are descended ?

Ah ! they could ne'er have apprehended

That ye, their sons by blood and name,

Should thus dishonour—shame ! oh, shame !—

The Hallowed Day, ordained most holy,

By idle pleasure, sin, and folly.

THE BALLAD O' MARY MUIREN.

THE pride o' the clachan, the rose o' the glen,

The flower o' oor lassies was Mary Muiren ;

Sae modest, an' mensefu', an' winsome was she,

Sae couthie, an' blithesome, an' bonnie to see.

What wooers ha'e said, an' what poets ha'e sung,

'Bout bonnie Scotch lassies, sweet, lo'esome, an' young,

I needna repeat ; sae I winna say mair,

But Mary was gentle, an' guileless, an' fair.

In a howe o' the muirlan'—they ca'd it the glen—
 Stude a laigh-theekit hoose, wi' a but an' a ben,*
 An' gushin' an' rowin' an' wimplin' along,
 A clear siller burnie was singin its sang.

In the glen the young gowan first open'd her e'e,
 The bluebell an' primrose there first ye micht see;
 The bracken was greenest, the sweet heather bell
 The reddest and richest that bloom'd on the fell.

Ae sweet simmer mornin' I gaed awa' doon
 Thro' the glen, by the burn—I was gaun to the tour
 Sic a scene o' saft beauty ne'er fell on my e'en,
 Sae dewy an' fragrant, sae flowery an' green.

Hoo saftly fell doon on my warl'-weary breast,
 The beauty, the loneliness, silence, an' rest
 O' the glen, whaur nae soun' ye wad hear at ilk turn
 But the sang o' the birdies, an' babblin' burn.

The gate I was gaun brocht me to the hoose-en',
 The dwallin' o' Mary, the Rose o' the Glen.
 Her faither—Aul' John—was the canny bit laird
 O' the laigh theekit hoose, an' muckle kail-yard.

The hoose fire was luntin, I kenn'd by the smeeck
 Rowin' oot o' the lum, an' the guff o' peat reek
 I snufft wi' delight: sae the folk were asteer,
 An' I thocht in the by-gaun for them I wad speer.

There was nae lockit yett, an' nae bow-wowin' tyke
 To keep me frae stappin' inside o' the dyke;
 It was juist whan Aul' Johnnie was raisin' the saum
 The beuk it was ta'en in the quiet mornin' caum.

That voice it was naeboddy's, Mary, but thine,
 The highest, the sweetest, the haufin's divine,
 It rang in my lug like a clear siller bell,
 An' my heart hoo it dirril't aneath the sweet spell.

* The country parlour and kitchen.

The door it was open'd, an' Mary cam' oot
As sweet as a rose an' as fresh as a trout.
She smil'd whan she saw me an' bade me gae in ;
It was time for the milkin', sae aff she boud rin.

There was naebody there as I stappit in ben,
But John an' his wife sittin' on the fire-en'.
" You're welcome," quo' he, an' the licht on his face
Was the spirit o' peace an' caum prayerfu' grace.

The wife leukit up, an' I saw by her e'e
That her heart was as dowie as dowie nicht be ;
I thocht that some grief maun ha'e lain on it lang ;
Wi' Mary, sweet Mary, sure noch't cou'd be wrang.

" O Nannie, it's weel ye ha'e come to the glen,
I ha'e something to speer that ye aiblins may ken.
Oh, I ha'e been dwinin' this towmond an' mair,
Gey doun i' the mouth, an' a heart fu' o' care.

" Amang your acquaintance doun by in the toun,
Ken ye ocht o' a chiel whase name is Tam Broon ?
He's a braw swankie fallow as ever ye saw,
An' a tongue that wad wile e'en the egg frae the craw.

" Three nichts i' the owk he comes doun to the glen,
An' aftener, maybe, for ocht that I ken ;
He's a'thing wi' Mary, that's plain to be seen,
An' he's just drawn the heuks owre my puir lassie's een.

" Some freen's they ha'e tauld us he's aften seen fu',
An' atweel I jalouse that the tale is owre true ;
But Mary, she says it's a' lees that they tell,
For Tam is the man can tak' care o' himsel'.

" Her faither forbids her to speak to the man,
An' I greet, an' I pray, an' say what I can.
' O mither,' she says, ' I ha'e gi'en him my heart,
An' my haun he maun ha'e, for the twa canna pairt.' "

“ Weel, neebor, for you an’ puir Mary I’m wae,
That a chiel like Tam Broon shou’d ha’e tack’lt ye sae ;
I ken him fu’ weel, an’ he’s gi’en to the dram,
But sleekit, an’ pawkie, an’ guid at a sham.”

Alas for puir Mary, sae sweet an’ sae fair !
She teuk nae advice, sae they priggitt nae mair :
Ere lang she was wedded to sleekie Tam Broon,
Nor lang till she faund him a fause, drucken loon.

Three towmonds an’ mair I was far frae the glen,
An’ ne’er cou’d hear tell o’ puir Mary Muiren ;
But whan I cam’ back to my hame in the toun,
To speer for the bodies I gaed awa’ down.

Whan I stappit in by, no ane cou’d I see
But John by the fire, wi’ a bairn at his knee—
A bonnie wee lassie, wi’ lang gowden hair,
The image o’ Mary, but she wasna there.

He rase when he saw me, an’ grippit my haun ;
His een were watshod, an’ he cou’dna weel staun.
“ O Nannie, my woman, sin’ ye gaed awa’,
My sorrows and losses they hinna been sma’.

“ It’s a towmond come June sin’ I lost my aul’ wife,
An wi’ her a’ the comfort an’ hope o’ my life ;
Wi’ grief her grey hairs to the grave were brocht doon,
An’ wha had the wyte o’t but drucken Tam Broon.

“ An’ syne my puir Mary, his heart-stricken wife,
Wha ance was the pleasure an’ licht o’ my life,
Sax months sin’ wi sorrow an’ poortith oppressed,
Was laid on her mither’s caul’ bosom to rest.

“ I thought then to dee, but the Lord He has lent
This sweet bairn to me wi’ her faither’s consent ;
An’ my Mary’s wee Mary is mine noo to keep,
To eat o’ my bread, in my bosom to sleep.”

“Frien’ Johnnie,” said I, as I dichtit my e’en,
“This bairn for a blessin’ to you may be gi’en :
May the hap o’ her mither ne’er darken her life,
May she ne’er dree the dule o’ the drucken man’s wife.”

BALLAD OF THE MONKLAND COTTAR.

An Incident in the Life of the Maternal Great Grandfather of Dr.
Livingstone, the African Explorer.

It’s no a tale o’ luve I sing,
Nor ane o’ war an’ glory:
It’s juist a lay o’ Scottish life—
A guid auld-warl’ story.

Far in the Monklan’ muirs langsyne,
Amang the whins an’ heather,
There leev’d an honest, godly man—
A husband an’ a faither.

A hunner years, an’ fifty mair,
Ha’e gane sin’ he was leevin’;
Sic poortith then as puir men dree’t
We scrimply noo believe in.

Three pennies, maybe four, a day
The cottar gat for toilin’,
In fiel’ or fauld, at dyke or sheugh,
Wi’ muckle care an’ moilin.

For widows auld an’ helpless puir
Was made but sma’ provision,
An’ wha cou’d get, an’ what they got,
Was at the kirk’s decision.

Short gate frae whaur this guid man leev'd
There stood a lanely shielin',
Whaur leev'd a widow, auld an' puir,
That had nae ither bielin'.

Ae saxpence in a month was a'
Alloo'd her by the session ;
An' to ha'e wished or socht for mair
Wad been a great transgression.

The honest man weel kenn'd her need,
An' sae he sent a letter,
An' tauld the minister for shame
To mak' her something better.

He read the letter owre an' owre,
Wi' rage maist like to choke—
“Ye craw fu' cruse,” quo' he, “I trow
I'll clip your wings, my cock.”

Syne to the toun o' Hamilton
A letter swith has gane,
That brocht the sodgers up ae nicht,
An' sae the man was ta'en.

They put him up intil the jail,
Alang wi' mony mae,
And tauld them that they boud to list,
An' wi' the sodgers gae.

A fearfu' stoun gaed thro' his heart,
The tear fell frae his e'e,
At thocht o' his dear wife an' bairns,
Wham he nae mair wad see.

He thocht what holy David did
Whan he was sair bestead,
An' fleein' frae his ruthless foes,
He to King Achish fled.

An' whan the sergeant cam' to see,
 An' march his men awa',
 He glower'd and blether'd like a fule,
 An' lat his spittle fa'.

The sergeant had a cunning e'e,
 An' sune saw thro' the wile—
 Quo' he, "The man's gane oot his min' *
 An' maun be left awhile."

"What is't that brocht ye here," quo' he,
 "What ill thing ha'e ye dune?
 I see it's but a feint ye mak',
 Sae tell me true an' sune."

He tauld him sune, he tauld him true—
 "I've dune nae ill ava ;
 An' oh, I fear my wife an' bairns
 Will starve whan I'm awa'."

"Cheer up, my man," the sergeant said,
 "I'se dae the maist I can
 For you : ye've done the thing that's right,
 Like ony honest man."

Swith to the officer he gaed,
 Was highest in comman'—
 Quo' he, "The Monkland man's gane mad,
 As I can understan'."

"Nae need ha'e we o' madmen here—
 Fie! sen' him swith awa'
 Clean oot the gate ; it's nocht to me
 Whate'er sall him befa'."

Then back the sergeant cam' wi' speed,
 "Guid news, my frien'," quo' he,
 An' put three shillin's in his han',
 "Mak' hameward speedily."

* Gane oot his min'—lost his reason.

“God bless ye, frien’,” the guid man said,
“Sae muckle gear afore
Has seldom lain within my luif,
Or yet within my door.”

He took the bannet aff his heid
An’ raised to Heaven his e’e—
“The Lord be praised, wha in my need
Sent sic a frien’ to me.”

The sergeant lat him through the yett,
An’ shook him by the haun’—
“Fareweel, my frien’, we’ll meet again
In yonder happy lan’.”

They pairted ne’er to meet on yirth,
He took the road for hame,
An’ whiles he prayed, an’ whiles he sang
Praise to the blessed Name.

The sun gaed doon, the gloamin’ fell,
The nicht was fair an’ calm,
Whan he stood on his ain door-stane,
An’ heard the e’enin’ psalm

Sung by his wife an’ bairns, wha pray’d
Wi’ mony a sab an’ tear,
That God wad sen’ their faither back—
They thocht nae he was near.

His heart was duntin’ in his breast,
The tears ran doun his cheek;
He chappit saftly at the door,
But oh, he couldna speak.

An’ whan the wife cam’ to the door,
A screigh o’ joy gied she,
An’ fell intil his open arms;
Sae did the bairnies three.

An' whan they were come till themsel's,
 "My dearest wife," said he,
 "An' you, my bairnies, come an' sit
 Aroun' yer faither's knee.

"Ye raised the psalm in dule an' wae,
 An' prayed wi' sabs an' tears ;
 We'll sing a psalm o' joy an' praise
 To Him wha prayer hears."

They sang the psalm wi' joyfu' hearts,
 An' poured the gratefu' prayer ;
 Ligh was the roof, an' mean the cot,
 But God Himsel' was there.

An' aye at e'en an' mornin' prayer,
 Within that lanely cot,
 The faither's Christian sodger frien'
 Was never ance forgot.

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN CASSELL,

THE TRUE AND ESTEEMED FRIEND OF THE WORKING MAN.

WHAT mournful voices thrill upon my ears ?
 What wailing tones of sorrow vex the air ?
 They speak a woe that lies too deep for tears,
 A woe that every son of toil will share.

The mournful voice, the sorrow and the woe
 Are heard, and known, and felt o'er Europe broad ;
 Cassell is dead ! his work is done below—
 He rests upon the bosom of his God !

Friend of the working man ! the heart-warm tear,
 Wiped by the horny hand of honest toil,
 Is shed in grateful showers upon thy bier,
 By million workmen upon British soil !

Their friend and advocate—the wise and good !
 Their interests ever were with him supreme—
 A father working for their mental food—
 Their progress upward, onward, still his theme.

No mythic figures drooping o'er his dust,
 Can symbolise his virtues and his worth ;
 No " storied urn or animated bust "
 Relates his labours, draws his merits forth.

A leader in the van of knowledgs still,
 He won his laurels on the field of mind,
 In combat keen with ignorance and ill—
 The trophies of his power remain behind !

ON THE DEATH OF THE

REV. MATTHEW GARDNER, D.D., OF BOTHWELL,

Who died 4th June, 1865, in his Ninetieth Year, and Sixty-third of
 his Ministry in that Parish.

RIPE, fully ripe, then came the reaper Death,
 With sickle keen, with cold and withering breath,
 And reaped the shock. The watchful angels near
 With songs of joy to Heaven's high garner bear
 The golden grain—given to sepulchral earth,
 The worn remains await a second birth.

Gone from our midst, last of the reverend band
 That wont of old in Monkland church to stand,
 To break the bread, and pour the sacred wine,
 Blest symbols of the sacrifice divine,
 With " thoughts that breathed, and words that
 burned," to move
 The eye to tears—the heart to melt in love.

'Tis sixty years since, in the open air,
 I heard him first the word of life declare.
 Amongst the graves, upon the grassy mounds,
 We sat, and raised with heart and voice the sounds
 Of sacred psalmody, while wood and plain
 Rung answering echoes to the solemn strain.
 Then with what unction, with what power and zeal,
 Rich gospel balm sin-wounded souls to heal,
 "The old man eloquent, with heart and tongue,"
 Would pour, while we upon his accents hung!
 "Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway"
 When calling souls to turn, repent, and pray.

Thus saith the Lord—O faithful and beloved !
 Well have the talents given thee been improved—
 Well done, thou good and faithful servant, come,
 My love, My joys are thine, and "Heaven thy home."

 SPRING.

THE wintry storms are over,
 The winds are lull'd to rest ;
 Spring is tripping o'er the meads
 With violets on her breast.
 The daisy shy is peeping
 Up from the fresh green sod ;
 The lark on high is singing
 A hymn of praise to God.

The sportive stream is dancing
 And singing through the dell,
 Where children gather cresses
 Beside the fairy well.

Primrose pale and hyacinth blue
In sweet profusion blow,
And feath'ry ferns are waving
Around the blossom'd sloe.

Blithesome lambs are gamb'ling
O'er meadow, lea, and hill,
And minnow shoals are swarming
In every sunny rill.
The woodland glades are ringing
With trilling, tuneful notes,
Poured out in love and gladness
From thousand warbling throats.

Fragrant birch and scented briar
Are breathing in the breeze,
And May her blossom'd banner hangs
Upon the hawthorn trees.
Nature in her sweetest mood
Has sown the earth with flowers—
Drawn from the founts of dew, her hands
The vernal treasure pours.

How sweet, how pure the pleasure—
How little understood—
To trace Thy hand in nature,
Thou Giver of all good !
Thy glory in the sunshine,
Thy beauty in the flowers,
Thy bounty in the springing corn,
And balmy April showers.

Nature—fair in every phase,
The changing seasons bring,
Is fairest in the vernal flush—
The garniture of Spring.
Hers is the promise of the year,
The dawn of virgin charms,
The fair young bride soon sleeping
In Summer's glowing arms.

Summer ! lily-crown'd and rich
 In myriad rosy blooms,
 Charming the eye, and shedding
 A thousand sweet perfumes—
 Yet, queenly Summer ! never
 To thee my muse can sing
 The strains, so sweet and tender,
 That hail the budding Spring.

SPUNKIE.

OH, what's come o' Spunkie ? can naebody tell
 Whaur it dances an' blinks at e'en on the fell ?
 It's lang since I saw the bit flickerin' licht
 Skippin' roun' the bog holes an' mosses at nicht.

The lights o' langsyne are noo laid on the shelf,
 An' maybe they've smoor't the wee wannerin' elf,
 Or sous'd the bit Spunk in some broun mossy stank,
 Sae deep that it canna win up to the bank.

Oor auld faithers thocht that some uncanny thing
 Gaed dancin' wi' Spunkie, puir bodies to bring—
 Wha tint the richt gate, in the dark howe o' nicht—
 Into danger an' dool wi' his cheatrick licht.

A tale aboot Spunkie I here ha'e to tell,
 It was frae my mither's ain lips that it fell :
 Her grannie, she said, a guid mither an' wife,
 Had followed the imp to the loss o' her life.

On the muir she had wanner't ae misty hairst nicht,
 An' saw no far distant a waverin' licht ;
 That licht is a lamp in some winnock, thocht she,
 I wonner wha aughts it, but sune I sall see.

She never cam' hame, but they trackit her feet
To the moss ; it was there wi' death she did meet,
In a boggy well-e'e owre heid she had sunk,
Beguiled by the light o' the wannerin' Spunk.

Auld Spunkie's sair wyted for mony misdeeds ;
His wild licht ne'er guides us, but aften misleads ;
Whan wanner't in darkness an' oot o' the way,
It dances and dazzles to lead us astray.

There's mony a Spunkie that dazzles oor een,
An' dances before us to ruin, I ween ;
Tak' tent o' the Spunkie that wilders the brain—
That leads ye to danger, to poortith, an' pain.

There's a licht frae abune, sae steady an' pure,
Sae true, we may follow, frae danger secure ;
That licht never dazzles or leads us astray,
In the darkest o' nichts it shines on the way.

BALLAD OF THE NEW MONKLAND MARTYR.

DOCHTER Peggy sat on the kiln,
An' watch'd owre her faither's life,
For he had been at Both'ell brig,
An' joined in the bluidy strife.

They socht him air', they socht him late,
Four lang years an' a day,
But ne'er cou'd fin' the hidin'-place,
Whaur John o' the Staun he lay.

Aye she span at her rock o' tow,
An' twirl'd her spin'le free—
Aye she leukit owre muir an' moss
To see what she micht see.

For faither aft cam' till the hoose,
An' gat him warm'd an' fed,
An' fain was he to streek him doun,
An' rest him in his bed.

Dochter Peggy sat on the kiln,
An', ere she was aware,
Cam' ridin' roun' Pinwinnie wud
Sax black dragoons, an' mair.

"O faither, faither, rin for life!"
She cried, an' forth he sprang;
The black dragoons rode to the door,
An' swords an' bridles rang.

They saw him makin' for the moss—
Wow, but he ran wi' speed;
They fired, an' cut the siller saughs,
That tremil't ower his head.

They durstna ride intil the bog,
That shoogit aneath their feet;
He dern'd him in a black moss hag,
For houkin' oot the peat.

Whan mony a day had come an' gane,
An' cam' nae mair dragoons,
An' John had maistly tint the fear
O' the black an' bluidy loons.

"My bairns are wee, my grun lies lea,
My girnel's toom o' meal,"
Quo' John, "an' I wad yoke the pleugh,
Gif I durst gang a-fiel'."

He gaed a-fiel', he yokit the pleugh—
Waeworth that wearifu' day!
For word has gane to the black dragoons,
In Embro' whaur they lay.

They watch'd a' nicht in Pinwinnie wud,
An' saw John come a-fiel' ;
Twa o' them slippit out on fit,
An' ahint his back did steal.

Stark an' strang they grippit his arms,
An' swith the rest cam' on,
Syne trail'd they oot frae 'tween the stilts
Oor gude an' godly John.

Dochter Peggy stood on the kiln,
An' turn'd her roun' an' roun'—
The sicht she saw gaed thro' her heart
Wi' a deep an' deadly stoun.

An' aye she skreigh'd an' aye she ran,
Wi' feet a' bluidy an' bare ;
They rave her oot her faither's arms,
An' harl'd her by the hair.

Mither an' bairns were sleepin' soun',
An' nocht kenn'd they ava,
Till Peggy stacher'd on the floor,
An' swarfin' doun did fa'.

An', lang ere she cou'd tell her tale,
The faither was aff an' awa ;
An' that dear wife, an' bairnies wee,
He saw nae mair ava.

They lows'd a horse frae oot the pleugh,
An' set him on its back—
Aneath the belly tied his feet,
An' garr'd the sinnins crack.

They carried him to Embro' toun,
An' pat him in the jail,
An' weel he kenn'd that he boud dee
Ere lang, withootin' fail.

An' there they set him to be tried
Before the men o' bluid ;
The holy peace that filled his soul
They little unnerstude.

He said he was at Both'ell brig,
An' there he bare a sword,
An' he wad dae the like again
For Christ, his blessed Lord.

They speer'd at him what was his thocht
O' Sharpe the bishop's death ?
He said, The killer an' the kill'd
The Lord sall judge them baith.

They bade him pray for gude King James,
His sovereign lord an' king ;
He said it was nae place for prayer,
Or ony sic-like thing.

An' sae they pass'd the doom o' death
On John ; an' he maun dee
An' hing afore the aul' Tolbooth,
High on the gallows tree.

An' ither twa stude wi' him there ;
Their sentence was the same ;
Great was their joy to gi'e their lives
For Christ, His blessed name.

An' whan they were brocht oot to dee,
John first laid down his life,
Commendin' weel his soul to God,
An' eke his bairns an' wife.

In saxteen-aughty-three he died—
John Whitelaw was his name—
The Monkland' martyr he was ca'd—
The farm o' Staun his hame.

“BOTHWELL BRIG.”

On hearing an impressive Sermon, delivered (Sabbath, June 10, 1866.)
on the place where the Battle of Bothwell Bridge was fought,
commemorative of that event.

O BONNIE Clyde ! a shimmering gleam
Oot owre thy rippling bosom plays,
Whan frae the bricht blue sky o' June
The sun leuks doun on simmer days.

But ne'er did glancin' sunbeams glint,
An' owre thy dancin' waters play
Mair bricht, than whan to “Bothwell Brig”
We teuk the road ae Sabbath day.

An' ne'er owre “Bothwell banks sae fair,”
Sae aft by Scottish minstrels sung,
Were wafted higher, holier strains,
Till bank an' brae wi' echoes rung.

Auld Scotlan's stout an' stalwart sons,
An' bonnie lasses gathered there,
An' mithers douce, wi' restless bairns,
Auld men an' wives wi' siller hair.

An' e'en grew dim, an' hearts were fu',
As owre the very grun' they trod,
Whaur their forbears for conscience sake,
Had poured their life-bluid on the sod.

My granny's gutcher bare a sword
At Bothwell Brig that dolefu' day,
An' ne'er had left the bluidy fiel'
But for his gude an' gallant grey.

She swam wi' him across the Clyde,
An' bare him to his ain door stane ;
Lang after that he hidin' lay
Till he was hunted oot an' ta'en.

For Christ, His croon an' covenant, he
Laid down his life in Embro' toun,
An' frae the scaffold rose to wear
The victor's palm, the martyr's croun.

Noo, God be praised, sic times are gane ;
Let Scots be Scots, they'll ne'er return ;
Nor king nor priest again ha'e power
Gude men, an' true, to hang an burn.

An' noo frae a' the airts that blaw,
By thoosan's folk cam' thrangin' in,
An' roun' an' roun, they sat them down,
Until the holy wark begin.

They raised the Psalm, it swell'd, it thrill'd,
It mounted to the gates o' heaven,
An' ne'er mair sweet, mair solemn joy,
By singin' o' the Psalms was given.

Wi' pleadin' voice, an' words o' power,
The preacher poured his soul in prayer—
Prayed that the martyrs' covenant God
Wad bless them wi' His presence there.

An' oh ! what witnesses unseen
May us that day ha'e compass'd round,
Wha loved their lives not to the death,
An' noo wi' Christ in glory crown'd.

An' bless'd be God, we noo can sit
Beneath oor vine an' fig tree shade—
May raise the Psalm, an' preach, an' pray,
Nane daurin' to mak' us afraid.

Wha, noo, frae aff his ain hearth-stane,
Will drag the husband an' the faither,
Syne leave him to his wife an' bairns
A bluidy corpse upon the heather ?

Nae dark Dalzell, nae Claver'se stern,
Ride forth wi' sword an' bridle ringin',
Oor sufferin' covenanted sires
To prison an' the scaffold bringin'.

The memories o' her martyred dead
May Scotlan' dearly cherish ever ;
They sowed the seed, we reap the grain—
Their names, their deeds, shall perish never.

RETROSPECT OF SONG.

I've sung of Spring, her buds and flowers,
Of Summer suns and Summer roses ;
Of golden Autumn's dreamy skies,
The wealth her bounteous reign discloses.

I've sung of Winter, stern and drear,
His drifting snows and storm blasts chilling ;
Of horrid war's embattled fields,
And thousands wounded, killed, or killing.

And I have sung, and I have wept,
O'er one sad theme : oh, how I shrink
With horror at the foul contact,
When thou art near me, Belial Drink !

And I have hymned fair Nature's praise
With ardent love and high devotion,
And Garibaldi's Hymn, that swells
Round yon lone islet of the ocean.

The song of Liberty I've sung,
And joined the high triumphant strain,
When she unlocked the dungeon cells,
And broke Italia's galling chain.

And ah ! how gladly I would join
 The song of Peace—the jubilee
 Of concord between sister lands,
 When love, not wrath, bids slaves be free.

Oh, cease, thou horrid trump of War !
 With brazen clangour loudly blaring,
 Arousing all the soul of man
 To deeds of blood and hostile daring.

“ Hang ye the trumpet in the hall ;”
 Let brother clasp the hand of brother,
 And learn the arts of war no more ;
 All strife and civil discord smother.

“ But appetite, I fear, has grown
 By what it feeds on,” blood must flow ;
 And o’er earth’s fairest lands still rolls
 The tide of carnage, spoil, and woe.

May He who rides upon the storm
 Of human passion fierce and strong,
 Curb and subdue the demon steeds
 Of civil war !—O Lord, how long?

RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

III.—1865.

THIS while I’ve been ettlin’ to string a wheen rhymes,
 Being unco sair fash’d at the signs o’ the times—
 The mony dark omens aroun’ an’ abune,
 The upshot o’ whilk will be seen on us sune.

The cholera’s wan’ering roun’ us this while,
 An’ I watna hoo sune it may come to our isle,
 Whan, on Sabbath, instead o’ a ride on the rail,
 We may follow the deid-cart wi’ greetin’ an’ wail.

The pest 'mang oor bestial is spreading like fire,
 The sta's are a' toom noo in mony a byre,
 The hirsels are dwinin' on hillside an' lea,
 An' the grief an' the losses are waesome to dree.

We've lost our gude Premier : I houp he's at rest
 In the Lan' o' the Leal, wi' the gude an' the blest ;
 God bless oor wee Johnnie ! he'll dae what he can
 For our gude—a true Briton, an' leal heartit-man.

We're a' to be chawed up by big Cousin Sam,
 Wha brags he has brocht the dark children o' Ham
 Out the hoose o' their bondage, an' set them a' free ;
 May they use weel the blessin' !—belyve we sall see.

A plague's rife amang us that bears aye the bell :
 It's the plague o' intemperance—what mortal may tell
 How fearfu' the curse an the plague-sairs how foul,
 That poison the body and ruin the soul !

THE MAY FLOWER.

Verses inscribed to a very Dear Friend, who presented me with a beautiful branch of the "May Flower," or Hawthorn Blossom.

MAY, sweet May ! this branch of blossom
 From thy fragrant, beauteous bosom,
 I accept and clasp the treasure
 To my breast with grateful pleasure.

Dear the gift, and dear the giver,
 Whose loving hand is near me ever
 To shield from care—the mother ailing,
 To cheer her heart and spirits failing.

Thanks, sweet May ! thy gift I cherish,
Soon, alas ! too soon to perish ;
Though a thing of beauty, never
Canst thou be a joy for ever.

Thy snowy blossoms freshly blooming,
With their odorous breath perfuming
The chamber small, where still I treasure
Thy floral gift, sweet May ! with pleasure.

I press them to my cheek, inhaling
Sweet nature's incense, still exhaling
From thy verdant lap o'erflowing
With flow'ry blooms, bright hued and glowing.

Branch of May ! the dews of morning
Twinkle on thy leaves, adorning
The pearly blooms that richly cluster
On each spray with sparkling lustre.

Ere from parent tree dissever'd,
Wood-notes rung and bright wings quiver'd
Through the branches—every blossom
Brush'd by some soft feathery bosom.

The songster thrush, the blackbird mellow,
The black-capp'd bullfinch, dear bright fellow,
There build, and brood, and warble clearly ;
They haunt and love the hawthorn dearly.

Now the sun of June uncloses
The fragrant treasures of the roses :
Queenly flower, soft, balmy blushing !
The glen, the grove, with beauty flushing.

On bank and mead, in copse and wildwood,
Wilding flowers, beloved from childhood,
In sweet profusion greet me smiling,
Cares and toils, and tears beguiling.

Memory ever fondly clinging
To the past, before me bringing,
With deepest, sweetest fascination,
Past scenes of love and admiration.

Sweet May, adieu ! oh ! not in sorrow,
Though now a night, that knows no morrow,
Broods on my eyes ; yet I, resigning
My will to heaven, live unrepining.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

AN APPEAL FOR THE CANDIOTES.

“ THE Isles of Greece ! the Isles of Greece ! ”
In blood and bondage. Ah, to know,
To find the land, the hand, the brand
Would lay the turban'd despot low !

I know a land, an ocean isle,
That can, that would, but may not lend
Her name, her power, ye islemen brave,
The fetters from your limbs to rend.

Yet she, to Moslem allies true,
Gave name and power, gave hand and brand,
Gave thousands of her gallant sons
To perish on the Crimean strand.

“ How are the mighty fallen ! ” Now,
Each generous impulse we restrain ;
When British freedom walks abroad,
She drags at foot the clog and chain !

There is a hand that wields a brand,
That hand unsheathed it never, never,
But to descend, with lightning flash,
The bonds of tyranny to sever.

Oh ! might that hand unsheath it now,
And bid it gleam on Ægean waters,
To save for Greece, from Moslem hands,
The fairest of her sea-born daughters.

It may not be. Behind the scenes
Sits old Diplomacy, still weaving
The web of statecraft, made to hide
“The tricks of state” and cool deceiving.

Yet still that hand, that brand are thine,
O Garibaldi ! Ever, ever,
That hand is raised, that brand unsheathed,
The oppressed, the trampled to deliver !

IMPORTANT QUERIES.

WHY this hurrying to and fro,
Why all this strange commotion ?
The good ship Briton rolls and sways
Upon a stormy ocean.
Oh ! where the skilful pilot's hand
To steer her through the breakers ?
Or must she drift till, on the strand,
She lies the prey of wreckers.

Oh ! why this running to and fro :
Is knowledge true increasing ?
When human knowledge leads the van
The true is oft decreasing.

The newer lights, so vaunted now,
The learning of the college,
The lights of science unbaptized—
Lead they to saving knowledge?

Oh! why this running to and fro,
The fiery demon chasing;
The Moloch spirit of the still
With deadly clasp embracing?
Dread spirit, at thy burning shrine
Are we still sacrificing
Our all on earth, our hopes in heaven—
All—all—yet not sufficing?

Ah, mothers! why this sad neglect
Of due maternal training—
Guarding the young from speech profane—
From evil deeds restraining?
Why prove yourselves unfit to use
Your true and high vocation—
To teach and train the young who form
The future generation?

Why ever running to and fro,
Eschewing the reflection
That household cares and children's weal
Demand your close inspection?
'Tis not enough they go to school
And enter through the portals—
The faithful mother caters lore
To suit her young immortals.

Oh! why so oft by vice and sloth
Make home unclean, unholy,
Where children pine in rags and want—
A sight most melancholy;
Where boys and girls grow up untaught,
Uncared for, and untended,
Their future lives a dreary waste
Of sin and misery blended?

Why ever running to and fro
 Are children, shouting, playing,
 Upon the Sabbath?—Mothers, why
 Your sacred trust betraying?
 Have you no thought of guilt incurr'd
 While you are not restraining
 Their childish sports in field and street,
 The holy day profaning?

O working mothers! list my rhymes,
 'Tis you I am addressing—
 The workman's home and hearth are yours
 For either bane or blessing.
 God bless and help you to fulfil
 The duties of your station!
 These duties, well performed, will raise,
 Adorn and bless the nation.

RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

IV.—1865.

JUST noo there are mony wha rin to an' fro,
 An' knowledge increases, abune an' below;
 The yird's like a riddle, pits, tunnels, an' bores,
 Whaur bodies, like mowdies, by hunners an' scores,
 Are houkin', an' holin', an' blastin' the rocks;
 An' droonin's an' burnin's, explosions an' shocks,
 An' a' ither meagries, amang us are rife;
 Oh, mony's the slain in the battle o' life!
 It's Mammon we worship, wi' graspin' an' greed,
 Wi' sailin' an' railin' at telegraph speed,
 Get gowd oot the ironstane, an' siller frae coal,
 An' thoosan's on thoosan's draw oot o' ae hole.
 Wi' oil shale aneath us, an' fire-warks abune,
 I think we'll tak' lowe, an' bleeze up to the mune.

The kintra's contentit an' hale at the heart ;
 That gleg birkie, Gladstone, has weel dune his part ;
 Exchequer's big pouches o' siller are fu',
 An' mony's the taxes that's dune awa' noo ;
 An' labour's weel paid, an' the flour an' the meal
 At a wanworth--an' sae we micht fen unco weel.
 Oor Premier has promised to stan' for reform ;
 The Fins an' the Yankees are brewin' a storm,
 They're swallin' an' frothin' wi' bunkum an' bosh,
 But they daurna come near oor bit islan' sae cosh.
 There's a bee in the bannet o' some o' the cloth,
 The Sabbath's the subject, an' wow but I'm wroth
 To see the blin' leaders lead blin' men awa',
 Till into the ditch they baith stummle an' fa'.
 "The soul is immortal," tak' that for a text,
 "The body is perishin'," tak' for the next ;
 To whilk o' the twa shou'd the Sabbath be given ?
 To the body ?—then what for the soul an' for heaven ?

WILD FLOWERS.

THE fragrant dewy rose,
 The lily pure and pale,
 Each flower the garden shows,
 To charm my spirit fail ;
 Their beauties I admire,
 Their fragrance I inhale—
 Flowers of my fond desire,
 Ye bloom in wood and vale !

I love the tender bloom
 On Nature's blushing face—
 The violet's soft perfume,
 The cowslip's drooping grace

The hyacinth's azure bells,
Primrose in paley gold,
Starring the woody dells,
And gemming mead and wold ;

Laburnum wreaths of gold,
Acacia blossoms white,
Rho'dendron's crimson fold,
All beauteous to the sight ;
The lilac soft and fair,
Green laurel's glossy sheen—
My heart will not compare
With Scotia's shrubs, I ween.

How fair the milk-white thorn,
How rich her fragrant breath
On evening breezes borne !
How sweet the blooming heath—
Old Scotia's emblem dear—
In regal purple dress'd !
Her fragrant bells I wear
With pride upon my breast.

The eglantine that winds
Her slender flowery arms
Round some hoar trunk, and binds
The sense with honey'd charms ;
And sweeter, fairer still,
The flush of wilding roses,
That Nature's own sweet will
In copse and dell discloses.

I love the bonnie broom,
Whose golden tresses play
O'er the mead where daisies bloom,
And maidens come to May !
I love thee, land of mine—
Thy every shrub and flower
I in my heart enshrine,
And with my love endower !

GRANNIE'S TALE.

A BALLAD O' MEMORIE.

THE days o' langsyne, oh ! the days o' langsyne,
Sweet thochts o' the bygane, I never sall tyne ;
Tho' darklin' I sit in my muckle arm chair,
Aul' places, aul' faces, I see them a' there.

O lanely Blackhill ! nae sun-picture can gi'e
Sae faithfu' a likeness as I ha'e o' thee :
It was ta'en whan the sun o' young memorie was bricht,
An' set in my heart in a crystal o' licht.

In the lang winter nichts, whan a bairn, I wad sit
Wi' my taes in the ase at Grannie's wheel-fit,
An' the croon o' her sang, an' the birr o' her wheel,
I ne'er heard the music I likit sae weel.

She sang o' Gil Morice, an' young Gregor's ghost,
Tha twa bonnie babes in the wud that were lost,
An' Bothwell's fair dochter, the young Leddy Jean,
That was droon'd in the Clyde ae weird Hallowe'en.

Sae waesome, sae soft, an' sae sweet was the strain,
That I kenn'd na if maist it was pleasure or pain
That moisten'd my een, an' dirled my heart,
But noo, whan I think on't, they baith had a pairt.

My Grannie believed in nae cantrip or spell ;
'Bout ghaist, witch, or fairy, nae tale wad she tell ;
Sic things by douce bodies, she said, were ne'er seen,
An' they ha'e little gumption that trow them, I ween.

She had heard, she had seen, an' thoct for hersel',
An' sae she had mony true stories to tell ;
But ane she aye tauld wi' the tear in her e'e,
That story I'll min' till the day that I dee.

Said Grannie, "Whan I was a lass in my teens,
Ne'er thinkin' what pinchin' or poverty means,
There leev'd, within cry o' my ain faither's door,
A cottar, his wife, wi' their young bairnies four.

"On a saxpence a day, in times o' dear meal,
Sax bodies, ye ken, coudna fen unco weel,
But the mither the best an' the maist o't wad mak',
Tho' whiles the poor bairnies a mealtith wad lack.

"Aye patient, an hopefu', an cheerfu', the wife
Wad never be beat in the battle o' life ;
But the man he wud murmur, an' say in his min'
That Providence never to him had been kin'.

"An' sae whan the fifth ane, a sweet lassie bairn,
Was laid in his arms, he was sairly forfairn ;
Nae kin' kiss o' welcome he offer'd to gi'e,
Tho' the puir mither watch'd wi' the tear in her e'e.

"The very neist day their aul' laddie, wee Tam,
Wi' the caul an' the weet whan biggin' a dam
Across a bit syke, took a stoppin' o' breath,
On the fourth day was laid in the caul' arms o' death.

"An' syne the neist brither, the cantie wee Rabbie,
The mither's ain pet, aye sae steerin' an' gabbie,
Was droon'd in the burn ; he was waidin' alane
Whaur naebody saw till the life it was gane.

"The neist were twin lassies ; the sma'-pox had gane
Roun' the hale kintra-side, the twasum were ta'en ;
It was muckle they dree'd, but three days atween,
Frae ae bed to ae grave were carried, I ween.

"But oh, the puir mither ! hoo fen'd she the while ?
She was worn oot wi' watchin', wi' sorrow, an' toil ;
For want o' things needfu' her bosom was dry,
An' the wee greetin' wean gat little supply.

“ She lay on the bed that she rose frae nae mair,
The heart-stricken faither leuk’d roun’ in despair;
His bairnies were gane, an’ the mither wad gang,
An’ lie doon beside them before it was lang.

“ He sat by her bed, an’ he sat a’ alane,
Her caul’ haun in his, till the breath it was gane,
Whan Grannie cam’ in : she had aften been there
To help them, an’ tend them, an’ cheer their despair.

“ Frae the dead mither’s side he lifted the wean;
On its face an’ wee haunies the tears fell like rain :
‘ God bless thee an’ spare thee, my mitherless bairn ;
A gude, but sair lesson, thou’st gi’en me to learn.

“ ‘ O Jenny ! ’ he said, ‘ I hae something to say,
That I never ha’e tauld till this sorrowfu’ day ;
O’ the gudeness o’ God a while I had doot—
In this I ha’e sinn’d, an’ my sin’s faund me oot.

“ ‘ Whan I first saw this bairnie the nicht she cam’ hame,
I said in my heart, to my sin an’ my shame,
Whan the cravin’ wee mouthie it open’d to greet,
Anither mouth sent me, but whaur is the meat ?

“ ‘ But, oh ! I am punish’d richt sune an’ richt sair,
My bairns are a’ gane, an’ the mither lies there,
Nane left but this wee cravin’ mouthie to eat,
Oh ! whaur are the mouths noo, for there is the meat ?

“ ‘ Wi’ her e’en fu’ o’ tears, an’ heart fu’ o’ wae,
My grannie stood still till the man had his say ;
She keek’d in the bed wi’ a face like a clout,
Syne ran for some neibours, wha laid the corse oot.

“ A kin’ wifie cam’, an’ said, ‘ Gi’e me the wean,
I’ll think I hae twins, for I’ve ane o’ my ain.’
An’ the mitherless lamb at her bosom was fed,
An’ like her ain bairnie was cared for an’ clad.

“Lang years afterhen, on the gowany sward
 That happit a grave in Cam’nethan kirkyard,
 There sat an aul’ man—he was seen ilka year—
 In that grave lay his wife an’ four bairnies dear.”

LINES

ON THE LONG AND BEAUTIFUL SUMMER OF 1865, IN CONNECTION
 WITH THE CATTLE PLAGUE THEN RAGING.

SUMMER long, and bright, and glowing,
 Flowers in triple plenty blowing,
 Flushed the garden, field and glade,
 Tints of every hue and shade.
 Woods and fields more richly green,
 Waters placid, pure and sheen,
 Singing, sparkling, danced along,
 Musical as merles’ song.
 Ne’er did “incense breathing morn”
 O’er green fields of springing corn,
 Flowery lea, and moorland heath,
 Shed more balmy odorous breath.
 Such pearl-drops ne’er, I ween,
 Gathered were on village green,
 On sweet May, by sportive girls,
 They the purest, fairest pearls,
 ’Sixty-five as thou hast given
 From the dewy morning heaven.
 With the first faint streak of morn,
 When the cock first winds his horn,
 Wakes the music of the woods,
 Rising, swelling into floods
 Of melody! Sweet warbling throats!
 How ye poured your jubilant notes
 Of love and joy, devoid of fear:
 No tuneless Winter chilled your cheer.

In that Summer, long and glowing,
Nature from her lap o'erflowing
Spread around an ample feast
With full hand for bird and beast.
Ah ! what pleasure 'twas to see
Straying o'er the daisied lea,
Or, recumbent on the sward,
"The milky mothers of the herd,"
Udder rich in lacteal wealth,
Full of lusty life and health—
Richest clover, greenest grass,
Cropping quietly.

Now, alas !
Sore plague-smitten, dying, dead,
On the pastures where they fed !
Thousands upon thousands gone—
Deep the loss, and sad the moan
In the dairies and the farms,
Where each days brings fresh alarms :
And the wonder ever grows
Whence the dire distemper flows.
Ah ! not now the milkmaid's song,
As she drives the herd along,
Comes on woodland echoes borne,
At gloamin' grey or dewy morn.
Now she walks with mournful tread
Through each empty stall and shed ;
Meets her ear no welcome low :
All is deathly silence now.
For your suff'rings, sinless things,
Weeps the muse even while she sings :
Guilt not yours brought down the rod
Of a just and righteous God.
To that God we now appeal :
He has wounded, He can heal ;
He alone can grant release
From this dark and fell disease.
From our sinful, suff'ring land,
Lord, remove Thy chast'ning hand !

A LAY OF THE TAMBOUR FRAME.

BENDING with straining eyes
Over the tambour frame,
Never a change in her weary routine—
Slave in all but the name.
Tambour, ever tambour,
Tambour the wreathing lines
Of 'broidered silk, till beauty's robe
In rainbow lustre shines.

There, with colourless cheek ;
There, with her tangling hair ;
Still bending low o'er the rickety frame,
Seek, ye will find her there.
Tambour, ever tambour,
* With fingers cramped and chill ;—
The panes are shattered, and cold the wind
Blows over the eastern hill.

Why quail, my sisters, why,
As ye were abjects vile,
When begging some haughty brother of earth
"To give you leave to toil?"
It is tambour you must,
Naught else you have to do ;
Though paupers' dole be of higher amount
Than pay oft earned by you.

No union strikes for you ;—
Unshielded and alone,
In the battle of life—a battle it is,
Where virtue is oft o'erthrown.
O working men ! Oh, why
Pass ye thus careless by,
Nor give to the working woman's complaint
One word of kind reply ?

Selfish, unfeeling men !

Have ye not had your will ?

High pay, short hours ; yet your cry, like the leech,

Is, Give us, give us still.

She who tambours—tambours

For fifteen hours a day—

Would have shoes on her feet, and dress for church,

Had she a third of your pay.

Sisters, cousins, and aunts

Are they ; yet, if not so,

Say, are they not sisters by human ties,

And sympathy's kindly flow ?

To them how dear the boon

From brother's hand that came !

It would warm the heart and brighten the eyes.

While bending o'er the frame.

Raise ye a fund to aid

In times of deep distress ;

While man helps man, to their sisters in need

Brothers can do no less.

Still the tambourer bends

Wearily o'er the frame.

Patterns oft vary, for fashions will change—

She is ever the same.

BRAVE ANGUS CAMERON,

THE WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE AT RIFLE SHOOTING,
WIMBLEDON, 1866.

“When wine and other liquors were pressed upon him after he was proclaimed victor, he refused to partake of anything save a draught of ginger-beer, he being a strict teetotaler.”

BRAVE Cameron, it needs not the lore of the seer,

In this the bright dawn of thy youthful career,

To tell what the future for thee has in store,

“For coming events cast their shadows before.”

Brave Cameron, 'twas not on the red field of fight,
Where death-shots are pealing and swords gleaming bright,
'Twas where wine-cups were brimmed for the lord of the prize,
The gift of Victoria, the good and the wise.

Brave Cameron, full well was thy courage evinced
In a scene where the bravest have faltered and winced,
When true to thy pledge and thy principles high,
When the wine-cup was proffered thou motioned it by.

Brave Cameron, true Cameron, thy country, I ween,
With pride thy rare skill as a marksman has seen ;
More dearly she greets thee, young, gallant, and true,
Unscathed by an ordeal borne bravely by few.

Brave Cameron, through life be thou ever the same,
Unfailing in practice, unerring in aim,
Unswerving in principle, honour, and truth,
Thy laurels in age be as green as in youth.

THE DESERTED MANSION.

DAMP and drear the lonely halls,
Faint the misty sunlight falls
Through the casement, soil'd and dim,
In the chambers, grey and grim.
On the once fair-pictured wall
Spiders hang, and reptiles crawl ;
Dust lies thick upon the floor,
Through the sounding corridor
Wailing, weird-like echoes swell,
Ringing desolation's knell.

Where the waxen tapers' blaze
Shone upon the jocund maze,
Where, on "light fantastic toe,"
Dancers tripped it to and fro

To soft music's 'trancing strains,
Darkness now and silence reigns.
Wintry rains, with drip and splash,
Beat upon the mouldering sash,
Through each paneless crevice leaking,
On its broken hinges creaking
Rudely, swung by every blast ;
Yet it tells of glories past.
Passing from the drawing-room,
Redolent of soft perfume,
Manly worth and maiden grace,
Through the bright and ample space,
Walked into a world of flowers—
Fair as bloomed in Eden's bowers.
Where the lovely blossoms now ?
Ne'er to wreath the young beauty's brow,
Twine amid her shining hair,
Shall they gather blossoms there.

Many, many years are gone
Since that mansion, drear and lone,
Was the home of love and gladness,
Seldom dimm'd by lowering sadness.
But, alas ! there came a time
When a foul and fearful crime
In that home was perpetrated.
Thus tradition hath it stated :—
Heirs had fail'd. Of all the line
Lived one orphan girl of nine—
Heiress sole of the domain ;
But her guardian would obtain,
If the little maiden died,
What her life to him denied.
In the room that saw her birth,
Placed upon the marble hearth,
Stood one night a poisoned cup—
When he bade, she drank it up.
Ere his matin song the lark
Pour'd, the child lay cold and dark.

On that marble hearth remain
 Since that night the poison stain—
 One dark circle, where was placed
 The deadly cup. Ne'er effaced
 Shall it be by mortal hands :
 Token of the crime it stands.

Now I leave these halls of gloom,
 Leave the horror-haunted room,
 Out to breathe the balmy air,
 Ah, the scene is very fair !
 'Tis the glowing summer-tide,
 See the sparkling waters glide ;
 Gushing, singing as they flow
 Through the lovely glen below.
 Ah ! what wealth of wilding flowers,
 Wealth of blossom'd hawthorn bowers,
 Where a thousand warblers sing
 Till the glen's sweet echoes ring.

But the west begins to burn,
 From the river's bank I turn,
 Musing on my homeward way
 On the teachings of the day.

ELEGIAC VERSES.

Inscribed and Sacred to the Memory of the Rev. Dr. John Campbell,
 of London, who died March 26, 1867.

OH, faithful unto death ! thy work is done ;
 Thy course is finished, and the goal is won ;
 Thy warfare ended, the reward is given—
 A crown of life, the victor's palm in Heaven.

A warrior on the battle-field of life,
 When truth and error met in mortal strife,
 'Twas his to wield with power the Spirit sword,
 And conquer in the battles of the Lord.

From superstition's thrall to free the mind,
The galling chains of slav'ry to unbind,
The Word of God, untrammelled and unbound,
Diffusing free as air the world around.

For this, with zeal that would not swerve or turn,
He strove, "while thoughts that breathe and words
that burn"

Flashed from his pen, and glowed upon the page—
The beacon light of truth from age to age.

The stroke was sudden, and the tidings came
Swift flashing from the south on wings of flame.
A standard-bearer for the truth lies low ;
The Church of Christ hath deeply felt the blow.

His works, his worth, the prestige of his name,
To sorrowing friends most dear, have spread his fame
O'er Europe broad, and many a distant land—
Far ocean isles, on many a coral strand.

A humble friend inscribes this tribute small
To his blest memory. Grateful tear-drops fall
Upon the page. Be still, my heart, and know
He rests with God. His work is done below.

THE OLD CHURCHYARD.

LONE field of graves ! our churchyard old and hoar !
Trench'd deep, and sown by Death with mortal grain ;
Decayed, and dead it lies—not evermore !
All, all shall live, shall rise to life again !

With ling'ring step, in solemn, musing mood,
I pass within the time-worn lichen'd walls ;
A softened awe steals o'er me as I brood
On scenes and forms that memory still recalls.

My dreamy eyes, dim with unconscious tears,
Gaze sadly on a small enclosed space :
A wild-rose brier its tender greenery rears,
And sheds its fragrant blossoms o'er the place.

Within that space my sainted mother sleeps ;
Her grandchild's grandchild slumbers at her feet ;
One grave the mortal relics safely keeps
Of five fair infants—sinless, pure, and sweet.

I stand beside a new-made grave : the grass
Hath not yet greened the dark-brown burial sod—
A wife and mother lies below ! Alas !
With bleeding feet life's thorny path she trode.

Here lies a father. Ah ! the toiling hand,
The warm paternal heart, and thoughtful brain,
Toil, throbs, and think no more. The silent land
Gives back no echo to the world again.

A granite tablet here records the worth,
The virtues of a man, esteemed, beloved ;
Want, death, and sickness ever called him forth,
And vice before him ever stood reprov'd.

And she, a help-meet true for many years,
Beside him lies. Ah ! when she was removed,
Deep was our loss, and mourned with many tears—
A mother she in Israel well approved.

The scorched and mangled victims of the mine,
Full many sleep beneath these lowly mounds ;
And crushed, dismembered forms, slain on the line,
Find space within their dark and narrow bounds.

Now, on a broad and lettered stone I sit,
The gloaming shadows have begun to fall,
Old forms and faces round me seem to flit—
They come, they come at brooding fancy's call.

Ah ! well I know these patriarchal forms—
Our village fathers in the days of yore,
Through humble life, its battles and its storms,
Their part they bravely, uncomplaining, bore.

And dames, in coif and 'kerchief, wrinkled, gray,
Who each the burden, heat, and toils of life,
In poverty along life's flinty way
Still meekly bore as daughter, mother, wife.

Sad spirit eyes ! why gaze ye on me so,
The sole survivor of my young compeers ?
Six joyous girls, we deemed not soon to know
“ Our happy valley ” one long vale of tears.

The dews of evening fall, my dream is o'er ;
The airy phantoms fly, I gaze around,
Nought meets the eye save graves and tombstones hoar,
And silence reigns, unbroken and profound.

These frail mementoes of mediæval times,
That still have place upon the crumbling wall,
The open graves, the mournful funeral chimes,
The griefs, the tears of centuries past recall.

Lone field of graves, farewell ! old churchyard hoar !
I go, but must and will return again !
I come, but may not go as heretofore ;
Till time and death shall die, with thee remain.

NEWSPAPER FINDINGS, 1867.

QUIET an' cozie, but an' ben,
Sittin' at my ain fire-en',
On the twa-leav'd volume porin',
News baith hame an' foreign storin',
Owre them thinkin', wonnerin', grievin',
Hech, sirs ! what a warl' we leeve in !

There's that restless ghaist Reform,
 Like a chronic thunner-storm
 Roun' the sky politic rummlin',
 Gloomin', flashin', ever grummlin'—
 Ever mair the auld, auld story,
 Nocht worth while frae Whig or Tory.

Shaftesbury ! thee oor hearts are thankin'
 Noo, whan slavery's chains are clankin',
 No on niggers in the south,
 But on gangs o' English youth—
 Serfs wha suffer, sin, an' toil,
 On free Englan's happy soil ;
 In their cause, thou lead'st the van,
 Christian ! true, brave Englishman !

Oh ! the horrors, crimes, an' pain,
 That our social system stain !
 Drink's amaist the source o' a'
 The countless ills that life befa' ;
 Murders, suicides, an' death,
 To the saul an' body baith ;
 Frae this burnin' scourge we shrink,
 Britain's shame, accursèd drink !

Say, has England's kirk become
 Mither nurse to Papal Rome ?
 For her nursery she caters
 Fledglin's frae their " Alma Maters."'
 Kirks they get—oh, sad reflection !
 Sune there's Romish genuflexion—
 Altar, can'les, bowin', crossin',
 Papistry wi' little glossin'—
 Nocht but Romanisèd mummery.
 Ah, this ritualistic flummery !
 Renegades—I'd gar them 'lop
 Hame to Rome an' faither Pope.

Lang there's been a great ado—
 Muckle cry, an' little woo'—
 'Bout the Union o' the Free
 Wi' that thrivin' sect U.P.
 Shou'd they join, amalgamation
 Shou'd be written conflagration.

Head, an' heart, an' een are sair,
 Else I micht say muckle mair—
 Speak o' Bismarck's famous needle,
 Tell hoo Nap the Russ can wheedle.
 He likesna Teuton Will ava;
 Nae luve's lost atween the twa.
 Will is auld, maun sune decease,
 Sae it's best to keep the peace—
 Die aggression and ambition
 At the Paris Exhibition.

RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

V.

AGAIN I ha'e ta'en to the clinkin' o' rhymes—
 It's no on the signs, it's the deeds o' the times
 O' whilk I wad speak; about what is gaun on
 Aroun' us, amang us, an' farther beyon'.

Ye renegade churchmen—oh, ill be yer speed!
 Ye've murdered auld Luther, an' stickit the creed;
 Wi' Pusey for leader, ye'r marchin' on Rome,
 Is "the wee bit endoomintie" yours whan ye come

O spirit of Calvin! O shade of John Knox!
 The Kirk is in danger, her faith orthodox;
 In Moses, the God-given commandments an' law,
 There are mony that say are worth naething ava.

Tho' whiles in the dark, this is clear at the least,
Oor rulers are giein' their power to the Beast ;
I red them tak' tent, they may hear by-an'-by,
Frae millions o' men the " No Popery" cry.

Whan famishin' Tories, owre benches an' stools,
Cam' loupin' an' yellin', the Whigamore fools
Left a' in their han's, an' took aff to the hill,
In the " Cave o' Adullam" was buried the bill.

Then Dizzy he stripp'd to the breeks an' the sark
To cleck a new Bill—it was unco warm wark ;
Noo the puir thing is cleckit, an' oot o' the shell,
Belyve we sall see if it picks for itsel'.

O Sov'reign Victoria ! bless'd and belov'd,
On the deck of the Albert thy mission was proved ;
Thy han' grac'd the Sultan wi' garter and star,
And opened for freedom a pathway afar.

We're at peace wi' the warl', an' lang may it be,
In tradin' and fechtin' we're lords o' the sea ;
But herry't wi' taxes, and rackit wi' toil,
By the lords o' the State, the mine, an' the soil.

Oh, heavy the bluid o' the innocent hings
On the skirts o' vile hizzies : my auld heart it wrings
To hear that sae mony puir babies fin' death
At the mither's ain han', as sune's they draw breath.

Self-murder, an' a' kin' o' murders are rife,
Wife-beatin', garottin', and usin' the knife ;
Abuses in unions are proved by the books,
The tin bombs an' bullets o' Broadhead an' Crookes.

The warst o' the ills that beset us, we think,
Is that curse o' the lan', the plague-sore o' drink ;
It poisons the sources an' streams o' oor life,
In youth an' in manhood, in mither an' wife.

We hae muckle that's ill, but mair that is gude ;
Oor place 'mang the nations is weel unnerstude—
Improvement in knowledge, in science, an' art—
The van of progression, oor post, an' oor part.

THE WARNING WAIL.

A MINSTREL old, in feudal hall,
When wassail bowls were brimm'd and flowing,
Responsive to his chieftain's call,
And joyous dame, young, bright, and glowing.

With harp high strung, with voice of song
He came,—bright eyes were on him beaming,
And poured the tuneful tide along,
With eye of fire and white locks streaming.

He sang of love, of war and fame,
At first with harp and voice unfailing ;
But with the closing notes there came
Deep tones of woe and mournful wailing.

I may not wake my harp again,
He said, to glory, love, and gladness ;
Oh, hear ye not each joyous strain
Dies in a wail of funeral sadness ?

Fill up the bowl, hold revel high,
Even till the lark shall bid good-morrow ;
The revel ends not so, they cry,
The closing wail of coming sorrow.

I sang the bridegroom, while his bride
Wore on her brow the orange blossom
He gazed on her with tender pride,
And fondly drew her to his bosom.

And still I sang in glowing strain
Of wedded love too soon to languish ;
Then sank my song in moans of pain,
And died away in tones of anguish.

And I have sung soft cradle songs
Beside my rosy infant sleeping ;
He lived to crush my heart with wrongs,
And drown my song in sobs and weeping.

No more, no more !—Be hushed the song,
The strain that dies in tones of wailing ;
Oh, why the mournful strain prolong
On one sad theme so unavailing ?

The bard who woke with harp and song
High strains of wassail, love, and gladness,
And heard with awe, the chords among,
A wail of more than mortal sadness.

He deemed a spirit's hand had swept
The chords, the sudden doom foretelling
Of his high chieftain, honour'd, wept,
Or her, the love-light of his dwelling.

More deep, more dread the wail of woe,
The spirit-echo of my numbers,
The haunting voice too well I know,
'Tis his—the fiend that never slumbers.

The cradle hymns, the bridal song,
Oft sung in strains soft, true, and tender ;
The demon comes—the strain ere long
But tones of wailing woe can render.

The haunting fiend whose voice of fear
Is in our midst for ever swelling ;
All that is tender, good, and dear,
From thousand hearts and homes expelling.

How sad the wail when life has fled !
Yet words and tones of deeper sorrow
Are wailing o'er the living dead,
Word or wail I need not borrow.

Up to heaven a cry has gone,
Mourning, woe, and lamentation ;
The chains are thine in which we groan,
Dread demon of Intoxication.

We see the flood-gates opened wide,
We see ten thousand victims floating
Upon the foul and turbid tide,
And licensed vultures o'er them gloating.

They wider still the flood-gates throw,
To let the red infernal river
O'er all the land in torrents flow ;
Shut ye the flood-gates, never ! never !

EFFIE—A BALLAD.

SHE was wearin' awa' ! she was wearin' awa' !
Wi' the leaves in October, we thocht she wad fa',
For her cheek was owre red, an' her e'e was owre bricht,
Whaur the saul leukit oot like an angel o' licht.

She dwalt in the muirlan's amang the red bells
O' the sweet hinny heather that blooms on the fells,
Whaur the peesweep an' plover are aye on the wing,
An' the lilt o' the lav'rock's first heard in the Spring.

As black as a crow, an' as saft as the silk,
Were the lang locks that fell on a neck like the milk ;
She was lithesome an' lo'esome as lassie micht be,
An' saft was the love-licht that danc'd in her e'e.

Puir Effie had lov'd ; a' the hopes an' the fears,
The plagues an' the pleasures, the smiles an' the tears
O' love she had kenn'd—she had gane thro' them a'
For fause Jamie Crichton—oh, black be his fa'!

The auldest o' five, whan a lassie o' ten,
She had baith the hoose an' the bairnies to fen';
The mither had gane whan she was but a bairn,
Sae Effie had mony sad lessons to learn.

At hame, had ye seen her amang the young chips,
The sweet law o' kindness was aye on her lips ;
She kamed oot their hair, wash'd their wee hackit feet,
Wi' sae tentie a haun that a bairn wadna greet.

She was to her faither the licht o' his een,
He said she wad be what her mither had been—
A fair an' sweet sample o' true womanhood,
Sae carefu' an' clever, sae bonnie an' guid.

The cot-house it stood on the lip o' the burn,
That wimpled an' jinkit wi' mony a turn
Roun' the fit o' the heather-fring'd gowany brae,
Whaur the ae cow was tether'd, an' bairnies at play.

Sweet Effie was juist in the midst o' her teens
Whan she gat the first inkling o' what wooing means
Frae a chiel in the clachan, wha aften was seen
Stealin' up the burnside to the cot-hoose at e'en.

On a saft simmer gloamin' I saw them mysel'
On the bank o' the burnie, an' well I cou'd tell,
By the hue on her cheek, an' the blink o' her e'e,
That her young love was his, an' wad evermair be.

Belyve to fair Effie cam' woosers galore,
An' mony saft tirlin's at e'en on the door ;
She smiled on them a', but gied welcome to nane—
Her first love an' last was young Jamie's alane.

An' Jamie, wha ne'er was a week frae her side,
Had vowed e'er a towmond to mak' her his bride;
Her troth she had gi'en him wi' blushes an' tears—
It was sweet—oh, how sweet! tho' whiles she had fears;

For a wee burdie sang, as roun' her it flew,
Sweet lassie, tak' tent—he's owre sweet to be true;
He's oot in the e'enin's whan ye dinna ken,
An' they say he's been seen wi' Kate o' the Glen.

But Effie wad lauch, an' wad sae to hersel',
What lees an' what clashes thae bodies maun tell,
For my Jamie has sworn to be true to the death,
An' nocht noo can pairt us as lang's we ha'e breath.

Ae short winter Sabbath, juist as it grew mirk,
The faither cam' hame—he had been at the kirk;
His cheek was sae white, an' his leuk was sae queer,
That Effie glower'd at him in dredour an' fear.

Then he said, "My ain Effie, puir mitherless lass!
Oh, wha wad ha'e thocht this wad e'er come to pass?
Thy Jamie, this day, in the kirk was proclaim'd,
An' Katie MacLean for his bride they ha'e named.

"I was tauld on the road by ane that maun ken,
Her grannie was ance the gudewife o' the Glen,
An' she left to young Katie a hantle o' gear—
It's gear Jamie wants, an' there's naething o't here."

An' what said puir Effie? She stood like a stane,
But faintin', or greetin', or cryin' was nane;
Her sweet lips they quiver'd, the bluid frae her cheek
Flew back to her heart, but nae word cou'd she speak.

The faither sat down, laid her head on his breast:
"On God an' her faither my Effie maun rest,
They ne'er will deceive thee—thy wrangs are richt sair;
Gin Jamie had wed thee they micht ha'e been mair."

Sune Effie gat up, gied her faither some meat,
 Put the bairnies to bed, yet ne'er could she greet—
 Her young heart was stricken—the fountains were dry
 That gush frae the een wi' a tearfu' supply.

That nicht at the reading she joined in the psalm,
 Her cheek it was pale, but her brow it was calm ;
 An' faither he pray'd, as she knelt by his side,
 That God his dear lassie wad comfort an' guide.

The winter gaed by, an' the hale simmer thro'
 She tosh'd up the hoose, fed an' milkit the cow ;
 The cauld warl' had nocht that she cared for ava,
 Her life it was silently meltin' awa'.

Oh ! whaur noo the love-licht that sparkled ere while
 In her bonny black e'e ? Oh ! whaur noo the smile
 That dimpled her cheek ? They were gane ! they were gane !
 Yet she ne'er shed a tear, an' ne'er made a mane.

An sae she was wearin', fast wearin awa' !
 Wi' the leaves in October sweet Effie did fa' !
 Her mournin' was ended, an' blissfu' an' bricht
 The dear lassie dwells wi' the angels o' licht.

ADDRESS AND INVITATION

TO A YOUNG FRIEND WHO HAD GONE OVER TO IRELAND IN THE
 INTERESTS OF HIS POLITICAL PARTY, AT THE PARLIAMENTARY
 ELECTION OF 1864.

To tell you the truth, dear J., I was sorry
 To hear, by your note, that Whig, Roman, and Tory
 Are taxing your patience, your time, and invention,
 Not even the soft haunting voice that you mention
 Has, by its sweet witchery, power to call back,
 And make you rein up your political hack.

The deuce take the Tories ; a fig for the Whigs ;
 A plague on the Romans and Radical prigs,
 Who flounder and splash in the big Irish puddle,
 Like geese in a bog, quack, gabble, and muddle ;
 Oh, botheration ! such bustle and blarney—
 I'd souse the whole herd in the Lakes of Killarney.
 Too long, my dear J., on the shamrock you've trod,
 Bedad they will dub you a son of the sod ;
 Come over, I bid you ; come over the "say,"
 We'll talk the thing out o'er a cup of good "tay."
 Old grannie is waiting, to give you her hand,
 The Rockingham's brimm'd, and the toast on the stand
 Well brown'd and well butter'd ;—the muse is complaining
 That some wild Irish girl your heart is enchaining,
 And vows, if you do not come back before long,
 You'll never more quaff at the fountain of song.
 Now this is an issue for which you'll be sorry,
 So come back—pray do—while the heather's in glory.

THE FATE OF MAXIMILIAN OF MEXICO AND HIS EMPRESS.

"TAKE physic, Pomp !" Look on that noble brow
 Of what avail thy garish splendours now—
 The crown of Empire, worn for three short years,
 Ending in madness, murder, blood, and tears ?

Of stately form and mien, high-soul'd and brave—
 From anarchy, misrule, and strife to save
 He came. Deserted and deceived, he failed—
 And fell, by twofold treachery assailed.

Unhappy Charlotte ! Ah, the "weeping blood
 In woman's heart " wells up into a flood
 Of tender pity, while kind angels shed
 Celestial tears on thy devoted head !

Oh, hapless victim, offered at the shrine
Of false ambition ! more than death was thine,
When blank despair rung hope's expiring knell
Upon thine ear, till reason reeled and fell !

Allured to southern climes—oh, ill-starred pair !—
By hope's deluding meretricious glare—
An *ignis fatuus*, dazzling to betray,
Ye followed, fell, and perished in the way !

PAIRTIN' AN' MEETIN'.

O NANNIE, dear Nannie ! whan ye gaed awa',
I thoct my fu' heart wad hae broken in twa ;
An' sair ye were sabbin', tho' close by yer side
Stood the true lovin' lad wha made ye his bride.

Thro' the green wuds o' Murdiestane, oh ! never mair
Bareheidit, barefitit, wi' win'-touzled hair,
A' pechin', an' blawin', an' lauchin', we'll rin
Till the shadows fa' doun, an' gloamin' sets in.

The corn-craik was chirmin' her lane eerie cry,
Whan aff we gaed skelpin' to ca' hame the kye ;
An' up the green gill, as we drave them alang,
We rous'd a' the echoes wi' daffin' an' sang.

But Nannie, dear lassie, was sune a young wife,
An' listed to fecht the stern battle o' life ;
In the bonny green gill we'll sing never mair—
We pairted, an' wow but oor pairtin' was sair.

The muircock was crawin', the dew on the corn,
The laverock singin' that sweet July morn,
Whan Nannie an' Jamie stapp'd owre the door-stane—
'Twas waesome to see hoo their pairtin' was ta'en.

Auld Johnnie, the faither, wi' pow like the snaw,
Held her haun as he ne'er cou'd ha'e let it awa';
The mither was sabbin' an' claspin' her neck,
An' kiss'd her dear Nannie wi' heart like to break.

Then Jamie, whase true heart was swallin' fu' big,
Said, "Ye maun come wi' us a bit down the rig;
Whan awa', wi' gude health, fu' brawly we'll fen',
An' aft o' oor weelfare we'll gi'e ye to ken."

He pu'd a sweet bab o' the red heather bells:
"For love o' auld Scotlan' we'll share't 'mang oorsel's,
Keep that in remembrance o' them that's awa',
An' this sall gae wi' us whate'er be oor fa'."

The faither richt reverently barein' his head,
His een fu' o' tears, an' his twa hauns ootspread,
Socht the blessin' o' God, the licht o' His face,
To gang wi' his bairns to their far-awa' place.

An' sune the young twasome sailed aff to the West,
An' there, 'mang the Yankees, they teuk up their rest;
By water an' fire they were herrit and spoil'd
O' ilk thing they had, still they hoped an' they toil'd.

Whan the auld folk at hame o' this had heard tell,
It strack on their he'rts wi' a sorrowfu' knell;
The mither sabb'd oot, "I sall never ha'e rest
Till I clasp my dear bairn again to my breast."

Quo' Johnnie, "Gudewife, the neist month I'm fourscore;
We've a hogger weel filled, an' claith in gude store;
Ye ha'e sheets, ye ha'e blankets, an' coverin's braw,
An' oor ae bonny bairn maun noo get them a'."

They sauld aff their stock, an' pack'd up their gear;
Oot owre the Atlantic they boun' them to steer:
On Scotlan' the bodies ha'e leukit their last,
An' safe to the new frae the aul' warl' pass'd.

I spake o' their pairtin'; but words mayna speak
O' their meetin' again—hoo Nannie's pale cheek,
A' dreepin' wi' tears, to the mither's was press'd,
And Johnnie ance mair held his bairn to his breast.

Then in time we heard tell that, far in the West,
The foursome were settled in comfort an' rest;
There the young had a hame, the auld folk a grave,
Owre whilk the dark locust an' red maple wave.

THE MIDNIGHT VIGIL.

MOURNFUL, sighing, sadly weeping,
Sleepless 'midst a household sleeping;
Midnight's lonely vigil keeping,
 Darkling and alone;
From my sore each friend and lover
Stand aloof, I may not cover
The burning wound that all discover—
 Comforters are none.

Rachel for her children wailing
With a woe how unavailing
Aught to soothe—and comfort failing
 To assuage her moans.
The Jewish mother, Ramah's daughter,
When her babes were given to slaughter,
Saw their pure young blood like water
 Pour'd upon the stones.

'Midst her martyred infants kneeling,
High the wail of anguished feeling,
Mother's love, and woe revealing,
 Thrilled upon the air;
Then were seen bright angels bending
O'er the slain—white wings extending
To waft the spirits heavenward tending—
 She has found them there.

But, ah ! the children of my sorrow—
Night is theirs—no hopeful morrow :
Alas ! worn heart, where wilt thou borrow
 Words thy grief to show ?
Oh, my sons, ere sin beguiling
Plunged you into depths defiling
Of intemperance, treacherous smiling—
 Gulf of sin and woe !

Ye were innocent and loving,
Mother's deepest yearnings moving,
Her soft arms and bosom proving
 Shelter still and rest.
Babes of Bethlehem, loved and cherished,
Would my babes like you had perished !
Reft while sinless, spotless, cherished,
 From the mother's breast.

They were spared, were fostered, nourished,
Plants of hope, they bloomed and flourished,
Yet they withered, fell and perished,
 In their summer prime.
Lost, oh lost ! Say not for ever,
One there is who can deliver,
Seek and save the lost—dissever
 Youth from guilt and crime.

WELCOME TO OCTOBER, 1867.

I HAIL and bless thy presence, month most dear
In the round cycle of the rolling year ;
Thy grave, sweet aspect, silent and serene,
Is dearer now than it hath ever been.
When brooding sorrows shroud my soul in gloom,
And round me fall the shadows of the tomb,
Thy mellow radiance, tender and benign,
Softly irradiates this sad heart of mine.

For ah ! my way of life has fallen now
 Into the sere and yellow leaf ; but thou
 Most beauteous in decay, to me dost bring
 A deeper bliss than all the flush of Spring.
 How sweet the sympathetic chord that thrills
 My musing soul, when o'er the purple hills
 I see the mantling mists creep slowly down,
 While from the forest monarch's leafy crown
 The gems are falling, and the shining threads
 Of gossamer thick strung with dewy beads.
 From the blue depths of yon calm sleeping sky,
 Spirit of Peace, thou com'st ; I feel thee nigh :
 Oh, on my soul's dark waters gently move,
 As at creation's birth the brooding dove !
 And I, O gentle Peace, will muse and sing
 In the soft shadow of thy downy wing.
 Spring with her clouds, her sunbursts, and her showers,
 Bright glowing Summer, draped and crowned with flowers,
 Ripe Autumn, rich in fruits and golden sheaves,
 Have pass'd away like swallows from the eaves :
 But thou, October, with thy sober hues,
 Thy russet foliage, and thy drenching dews,
 Thy silent songsters, blanch'd and faded flowers,
 Canst with soft magic charm life's weary hours.

 PICTURES OF MEMORY.

I.

A SMALL thatched cottage, moss-grown, old,
 A low-browed, weather-beaten door,
 Two windows small, that dimly light
 The dusky walls and earthen floor.

From rafters, grimed with smoke and eld,
 Hang bunch'd-up herbs, a triple row,
 Shedding their strongly scented breath
 Through all the dingy room below.

Beside the Southern casement sings,
Within his cage a linnet grey ;
Beneath, upon the window-seat,
A pot with flowering lupines gay.

A matron plies her spinning wheel ;
With dancing feet her little daughter
Trips to her side ; her dark brown eyes
And dimpled cheeks are bright with laughter.

In fairy tales and ballad lore
The little maid had wondrous pleasure ;
The tiny volume in her hand,
The last addition to her treasure.

With grave, kind look the mother gazed,
Into her darling's beaming eyes :—
“ My child such reading may amuse,
But will not make you good and wise.”

“ Oh, you shall hear,” the child replies :
Then warbled clear an old Scotch ditty.
The mother's heart was moved ; her eyes
Were brimming o'er with love and pity.

She smiled, and softly laid her hand
Upon the fair child's shining hair,
Who, like a dancing sunbeam, pass'd
Away into the summer air.

II.

A little, lowly, flowery dell,
A sylvan nook where fays may dwell—
In purple fairy thimbles hiding,
Till the moon in heaven is gliding ;
And the silver runnel, glancing,
'Neath her beams is softly dancing—
Still dancing to its own sweet tune,
Beneath the midnight sky of June.

Opening from the fairy dell,
 How sweet the scene, and soft the spell
 That Nature, in her blandest mood,
 Has spread o'er this blest solitude !
 Cushions, soft, of richest moss,
 Of emerald hue, and velvet gloss,
 And wilding briars, ablush with roses,
 At every turn the path encloses ;
 While, drooping from the mossy trees—
 Pouring rich nectar for the bees
 From every honey-scented cell—
 The eglantine perfumes the dell ;
 In richest purple bloom, a bed
 Of fragrant mountain thyme is spread.
 I pause to drink the odours sweet,
 Crushed out beneath my careless feet.

GRANNIE'S DREAM.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

BESIDE the winter e'ening fire,
 A gleg wee lass o' towmonds ten,
 Sat nestlin' close to Grannie's knee,
 Upon the cozie clean fire-en'.

The mither, croonin' ower a sang,
 Sat spinning in the ingle neuk,
 An' aften on the twasume she
 Wad cast a couthie, kin'ly leuk.

In cowl and bauchles faither sat,
 Aft nodding in his muckle chair ;
 The supper sowens stood on the bink—
 A supper whilk a queen micht share.

Wi' pawkie e'e, the farrant bairn
Keek'd up in Grannie's face, and said,
"O ye maun min' the promise noo
That but yestreen to me ye made.

"I heard ye say maist feck o' dreams
Were nocht but nonsense, yet it seems
That aften warnin's gude and true
Are sent us frae the lan' o' dreams.

"An' noo ye'll tell me, Grannie dear,
Some dreams that ye hae had yersel',
That afterhen ye ne'er forgat,
An' proven true by what befel."

The croonin' sang, the birrin' wheel,
Had stoppit baith; the mither raise
An' brocht some peats to beet the fire,
An' syne sat down to warm her taes.

"Noo tent me, lassie," Grannie said,
"I was a gilpie like thysel',
Whan sic a dream ae nicht I had
That aye it grues my heart to tell.

"I thocht no ane was in the house,
That by the fire alane I sat,
Had in my haun a water jug,
An' at my feet the auld grey cat.

"The beast sprang up wi' glow'rin' e'en,
An' ran to hide the bed beneath,
I leukit down an' there I saw
What I sall min' while I hae breath.

"A muckle haun, nocht but a haun,
Was lyin' on the floor outspread;
A haun as big as ony ten,
The colour o't a bluidy red.

“ I had nae fear, but lichtly lauch'd,
An' at the haun I flang the jug ;
O never till the 'crack o' doom'
Will fa' sic soun' on mortal lug.

“ A soun', mair loud than thunner far,
Rang through the air, aroun', abroad ;
An' whan it ceas'd, an awfu' voice
Bade me prepare to meet my God.

“ The wee short hour ayont the twal,
Frae oot the clock that moment rung ;
I wauken't wi' a fearfu' skreigh,
An' fast to mither's neck I clung.

“ I tauld to her my dream. She said,,
' Noo frae thy dream this lesson learn,
Ne'er to despise the haun o' God,
Or cast contempt on it, my bairn.

“ ‘ An' if thou come to woman's years,
An' aye through life hast meekly trod
In wisdom's ways, thou'lt be prepared
Whan soun's the ca' to meet thy God.' ”

“ It's threescore years sinsyne, yet aft
Comes to my min' that dream sae clear ;
The haun I see, the soun', the voice,
The awsume words I seem to hear.

“ Whan in the howe o' nicht I hear
The clock ring oot her single knell,
' Prepare to meet thy God ' it seems
To say—how soon we canna tell.

“ An' noo, my bairn, my dream is tauld,
I houp that it may bring thee gude ;
That dream a blessin' was to me,
Though at the first ill unnerstude.”

“O Grannie,” said the frichtit bairn—
 Her cheek was white, her dark broun e’e
 Was fu’ o’ tears—“I’ll ne’er forget
 The dream ye tauld this nicht to me.”

MEDLEY OF THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS ON THE ITALIAN CRISIS.

“HAD I a thousand mouths, a thousand tongues,
 A thousand throats inspired with brazen lungs,”
 I’d rouse with thunder tones the slumbering world,
 Till Pope, and priest, and Papacy be hurl’d
 Down from their gilded thrones. The exulting earth
 Would hail with loud acclaim the glorious birth
 Of truth celestial, freedom, light, and love,
 Goodwill to man, and peace with heaven above.

Seek ye for liberty?—shall she be found
 Where soul, and heart, and conscience all are bound?
 Where sinful man before a sinner kneels,
 To him his thoughts, his very heart reveals,
 What he has done, is doing; seeks to find
 Full absolution? Blind, oh bound and blind!

“Woman, what think’st thou of thy husband now?”
 Said one who bore on his Satanic brow
 The stain of martyr’s blood. Replied the wife,
 “I ever thought much of him when in life,
 But ne’er so much as now, when on the heath,
 Bathed in his martyr blood, he lies in death.”

Dark ruler of the Gaul, so sayest thou,
 “What thinks Italia of her hero now?”
 The captive rebel, he who dared to cope
 With Gallic legions, sent by France to prop
 Old John, the Jesuits’ frail crumbling throne;
 Just going, going, going—must be gone.

She loves him more than in his noon of life,
 When daring tyranny to mortal strife,
 "He came, he saw, he conquered," freely gave
 The kingdoms he had won—Oh, true and brave!
 To him he gave them who now stands aloof—
 Of kingly gratitude a pregnant proof.

And we too love him with a love so deep
 It bleeds, it burns, but cannot stoop to weep
 For him, for him who lies in captive thrall,
 Oh, bitter draught, the wormwood and the gall,
 When drained at the behest of such as thou,
 With freedom's life-blood on thy branded brow!

God save thee, Garibaldi! for the hour
 That soon will strike the knell of Papal power
 And Gallic intervention; and a home
 For truth and liberty be found in Rome.

TO MITHERS.

HEAR me, mithers, O mithers!
 Wives o' puir workin' men,
 Wha toil baith late an' early—
 Little to spare or spen';
 Weel ken I, my titties,
 Hoo ye maun haud an' hain,
 Tentily warein' the gear
 That feeds an' cleeds your ain.

Sair the gudeman is needin'
 New claes to fend the cauld—
 New shoon that may turn the weet
 That's seepin' through the auld.
 Bairnies are roun' ye hingin',
 Milk an' meal they maun hae,
 Frocks an' knickers forbye—
 A' maun come off the pay.

The bairnies maun get schulin',
An' though the fees be sma',
Mony wees mak' a muckle ;
Hoo sall ye compass a' ?
Nocht but a stout-heart, mither,
Can climb sae stey a brae ;
Dinna weary in weel-doin'—
Whaur there's a will there's a way.

Dinna stan' lang at the door,
For gossips will come oot,
Tellin' an' speerin' the news,
Ca'in the clashes aboot.
Bide maist on your ain fire-en',
The bairnies roun' your knee,
Learnin' the fear o' Gude :
Be what a mither shou'd be.

Kaim weel the towzie wee heids,
Wash the wee faces an' feet :
Makin' an' mendin' their duds,
Try to gar baith ends meet.
Mind ye to tosh up the hoose
Before the gudeman comes in ;
Set down his meals wi' a smile—
Ne'er wi' flytin' an' din.

Mithers, I've something to say :
Sairly it grieves me to think
Monie among ye are gaun
Clean to the deil wi' drink ;
Keepin' the hoose like a midden,
Bairnies hunger't an' wan,
Fleein' wi' rags, barkin't wi' dirt :
Wae for the workin' man !

There's nae sic plague on the yirth,
There's nae sic curse in life,
Like the curse that blichts the hame
That hauds a drucken wife.

FREEDOM FOR ITALY—1867.

“HE is the freeman whom the Truth makes free ;
All else are slaves,” I cry aloud to thee,
O Garibaldi ! in the fateful hour.
Think not 'tis in mere human might or power,
Not even the might of such an arm as thine,
To compass freedom, lasting, true, divine —
Not the keen edge of thy all-conquering sword
Can cut the Gordian double-knotted cord
That ignorance and superstition winds
With deadening strain round captive human minds.
Slaves of the Papacy ! when will ye know
That, to be free, yourselves must strike the blow ?
Your souls are shackled, and your hearts benumbed,
And even majestic Reason has succumbed,
And, stumbling in the gloom of Papal night,
Moves blindfold, still eschewing truth and light.
Awake ! ye sleepers in the dust ! Awake !
For truth, for freedom, for your country's sake !
Awake from your enchanted sleep ! Arise !
Shake off the accursed spell ; unclothe your eyes.
The Word of Life, the Sun of Truth has risen ;
To read, to hear insures not now a prison.
No more Madais in dungeon cells immured
By priests intolerant. Ye are secured
From wrongs like these. To every hearth and home
The Word of God may safely, freely come ;
And he who runs may read, if read he can,
How God gives freedom to enslavèd man.
True patriots ! say if ye have ever found
That men were free where truth was gagg'd and bound ?
Sacred and social liberty must be
Conjoined ere Italy be truly free.
Small glory yours in conflict with the Pope ;
'Tis with the Papacy that ye must cope,
And not with flesh and blood ; a sterner war,
More dark, more dread, more difficult by far,

The conquest of the erring, human soul,
 Subdued, subjected long to its control.
 The two-edged sword, the Word of God, to wield,
 Be yours in combat on this battle-field;
 Diffuse the truth, give all the power to read;
 "They whom the truth makes free are free indeed."

Great chieftain! hero of a hundred fights!
 What is the fame that most thy soul delights?
 Italian union, liberty, and Rome
 Her capital in all time yet to come?
 God grant thy heart's desire, thy wish fulfil,
 Perhaps not now, but when and how He will!

GRANNIE'S CRACK ABOUT THE FAMINE IN AULD SCOTLAN' IN 1739-40.

"OH, saw ye e'er sic witless bairns,
 Sic wasterie o' blessin's gi'en?
 Oh, had they dree'd what we ha'e dree'd.
 Oh, had they seen what we ha'e seen!

"See hoo they break the gude ait-cake,
 An' spit the moolins oot their mou';
 They're lucky fu', an' lucky het,
 An' lucky near the mill, I trow."

Sae spak' my gutcher, roun' his chair
 His ain gran' bairns were makin' fun,
 Aft tedding frae their careless hauns
 Their bits o' pieces on the grun'.

"Gude bless the bairns," my grannie said,
 Syne, turnin' frae her spinning wheel,
 She drew her creepie near the fire—
 "I ken, gudeman, ye lo'e them weel.

“Sair was the dool that we hae dree’d,
An’ sair the sights that we hae seen,
But we hae been preserved through a’—
Praise to His blessed name be gi’en !

“That waefu’ year I’ll ne’er forget,
Ay, though it’s unco lang sinsyne ;
That year ye’ll min’ fu’ weel yersel’,
The seventeen hunner thretty-nine.

“The craps had fail’d for towmonds twa ;
The meal was dear, an’ next to nane
For love or siller cou’d ye get,
Tho’ owre braid Scotlan’ ye had gane.

“Auld Scotlan’ owre her thistle grat—
Noo that her mutchkin stoup was dry—
For meal pocks toom, an’ aumries bare,
An’ starvin’ bairnies’ waefu’ cry.

“The frost lay a’ that winter thro’ ;
The yird was hard as ony stane ;
An’ famine to the cottars cam’,
An’ crined them down to skin an’ bane.

“My faither’s girnel wasna toom ;
We aye had something to the fore ;
But oh ! the starvin’ wives an’ bairns
That aften wannert roun’ the door !

“The milky syn’ings o’ the kirn,
The scartin’s o’ the parritch pat,
The bairns wad lick frae ’tween the stanes,
As they upon their groufs lay flat.

“An’ turnip taps, an’ green kail blades,
Were gather’d up an’ carried hame—
Whan boil’d the mithers were richt glad,
Wi’ sic like things to fill their wame.

“The spring was dreigh, an’ bitter cauld,
The trees were lang ere they were clad,
The wonner was hoo puir folk leeve’t,
An’ hoo their bairns were warm’d an’ fed.

“Ae day I wanner’t to the wud,
An’ gather’t sticks the fire to beet ;
An’ there an unco sicht I saw,
That made me baith to glow’r an’ greet.

“I’se warran there were hauf-a-score
O’ hunger-stricken wives an’ weans,
Thrang pu’in frae the bare dyke side
Young nettles, spite o’ stingin’ pains.

“An’ branches o’ the beech wi’ leaves
But haufins spread they strippit bare,
I saw them eat the leaves wi’ greed,
An’ gi’e them to their weanies there.

“An’ aft, whan neither bite nor sowp
The parents could their bairnies gi’e,
They wad contrive some slee bit ploy
To stap their cravin’s for a wee.

“My faither’s neebor, Robin Steel—
His wife an’ him ye’ll min’, gudeman ?—
Ae nicht their bairns were greetin’ sair,
Till Robin thocht him o’ a plan.

“A wecht he fill’d wi’ dry peat ase
Amang the whilk some pease he mix’d—
In that the bairns wad graip and wale,
Till sleep their weary e’en had fix’d.

“The cottar faither, weak wi’ want,
Wad stacher to the farmer’s ha’,
A scone or twa the wife wad gie,
If she had ocht to spare ava.

“Then tears ran down his pykit cheeks,
An’ he wad thank her wi’ his een,
But ne’er a bit o’t crossed his craig
Till it was dealt at hame, I ween.

“ Oh, mony a bairn fell frae the breast,
An’ lay upon the mither’s knee
Like some wee wallow’t lily flouir,
Till death wad kin’ly close its e’e.

“ An’ mony a puir auld man an’ wife
That winter dee’t wi’ want an’ cauld,
They couldna beg, an’ sae their need
To neebours puir was never tauld.

“ Oor Scottish poor had aye some pride—
An honest, decent pride, I ween ;
Sair want an’ sufferin’ they thol’t
Ere they wad let their need be seen.

“ That randy quean, Job’s graceless wife,
Wha bade him curse his God and dee—
Auld Scotlan’ wad hae cuff’d her lugs
Had she been here advice to gie.

“ Yet there was mony a stricken heart,
Whase faith an’ hope were like to fail ;
But aye some word in season cam’
To mak’ the wounded speerit hale.

“ An’ ye nicht hear, baith e’en an’ morn.
In mony a hame, the voice o’ prayer,
Though ne’er a peat to beet the fire,
Or bread to fill the mou’ was there.

“ Ae day, I slipp’d my parritch cog
A’neath my jupe, an’ ran wi’ speed
To Robin Steel’s, for sair I fear’d
That they had naither meal nor bread.

“The mithter took it in her haun’
 And liftit up to Heaven her e’e,
 An’ thankit God for what was gi’en
 Ere she wad let the bairnies pree.

“That mithter—ay, and mony mair
 That thro’ the fiery trials pass’d—
 Like silver seven times purified,
 Cam’ oot the furnace pure at last.

“An’ noo, gudeman, I’ll haud my tongue,
 I needna noo say muckle mair ;
 But pray that Scotlan’ ne’er again
 May see sic times—sae sad an’ sair.”

THE DYING OLD YEAR, 1867.

“AVAUNT, away ! dread shapes of hate and fear
 That hover round me,” moan’d the dying Year :
 “Dark treason, superstition, and misrule !
 Man, ’neath your sway, is victim, dupe, or tool.
 I know ye, whence ye are : back, demons, fly
 To native darkness : leave me peace to die.
 What sounds appalling stun my dying ear—
 Explosive, crashing, cries of pain and fear !
 Rebellion, murder, flout the face of day,
 And stalk abroad in long and grim array.
 Ye men in power, must ye be men of straw ?
 Arise, assert the majesty of law !
 Stern justice, rule, and order—these maintain :
 Ye bear the sword, then bear it not in vain.
 Protect good men and true : the lawless curb :
 Must traitors ever thus your peace disturb ?
 I die. Yet hear my words before I go :
 Arrest the traitorous current in its flow ;

Roll back the Papal tide that comes, is come,
Has spread, is spreading o'er your island home."

He ceased awhile and feebly gasp'd for breath :
Then faintly muttered, " Hark, the voice of death—
He comes, he comes, in league with demon war,
The thunder of his wheels I hear from far !
My eyes are dark—oh, see you not the cloud
That veils broad Europe's sky as with a shroud ?
Gallic warriors guard Rome's sovereign priest,
And vultures on Italia's heroes feast ;
On red Mentana fell her youthful braves,
And Freedom weeps upon their bloody graves.

" My hours are numbered ; midnight rings my knell ;
Friends of my youth, eternally farewell !
My young successor on the threshold stands—
Oh, greet him well, with open hearts and hands ;
May brighter auguries and happier times
Be his ! Ring out the happy New Year chimes.
I go," he murmur'd low, " I faint, I die,"
Then passed away, with one low, moaning sigh.

BE HOPEFUL.

I.

THE LARK.

MORNING is doffing her mantle of grey ;
Up from the sod to the portals of day
The blithe lark is soaring—carolling free,
Musical spirit o'erflowing with glee.

Storm clouds may darken the fair brow of spring,
Hush the sweet songster and ruffle his wing :
When the bright sunshine comes after the rain,
The lark is soaring and singing again.

Buoyantly, brightly, in life's sunny morn,
Child of the Muses, we saw thee upborne,
Spreading thy pinions the white clouds among,
Pouring thy thrilling and rapturous song.

Thy song may be hushed, thy plumage be soiled,
Struck from the summit to which thou hast toiled :
Be hopeful, thy pinions may bear thee again
On high, and thy song be poured not in vain.

II.

THE ROSE.

Blushing and glowing, the rose in full bloom,
Jewell'd with dewdrops and rich in perfume ;
Fairest of blossoms, a gem and a joy,
Her charms never pall, her sweets never cloy.

Remembrance may fade in sorrow and strife,
The darkness, the storms, the winter of life ;
Summer returning will bring in her train
The rose in her bloom and fragrance again.

See the sweet rosebud her petals unfold !
The gems on her breast of value untold ;
The dewdrop, the ruby, the lustrous pearl,
Meet emblems of thee, pure, innocent girl.

The trail of the snake is over thy name,
Dimm'd are thy gems, and sullied thy fame :
Virtue will triumph, detraction will die,
The rose and the gem smile up to the sky.

III.

THE STREAM.

A bright stream may shrink in summer's hot fire,
Flowers on her margin may droop and expire ;
Her channel be dry, her soft gushing tone,
The voice of the stream be silent and gone.

Lost nymph of the stream, we find thee again ;
Clouds from their treasures have pour'd out the rain ;
Thy channel is full, thou glidest along,
Flowers on thy margin and mirth in thy song.

Brightly and swiftly, with laughter and song,
The life-stream of youth runs sparkling along ;
Oft on the margin, enamelled with flowers,
Youth in wild pleasure is wasting the hours.

Fierce fires of passion are scorching his veins,
The bright stream hath shrunk 'neath horrors and pains ;
God speaks in thunder—the rain-torrent pours—
The life-stream again runs fresh 'mong the flowers.

IV.

THE RESUME.

Be hopeful, sweet singer ; man may not raise
To lays that thou pourest high pæans of praise :
The nightingale's song will ever delight,
Though sung in the gloom and silence of night.

Beautiful maiden, may never envy
Blanch thy sweet roses and dim thy bright eye :
Purity, innocence, God is thy guide,
Angels shall guard and watch by thy side.

Bright stream, we bless thee ; we trace thee afar
Down the green valley ; Hope's beautiful star
Gleams on thy bosom ; may never again
Wild fires of passion thy life-current drain.

Be hopeful, hope ever ; hope never dies ;
In midst of our sorrows hope ever lies :
The hot brow of anguish, cooled by the balm
Dropp'd from her pinions, is trustful and calm.

A BALLAD,

FOUNDED ON A REAL INCIDENT WHICH OCCURRED IN HIGH LIFE
MANY YEARS AGO.

WITHIN a princely chamber sat
A lady, not alone ;
Her queenly brow, so white and high,
No shadow lay upon.

Her slender fingers lightly press'd
The jewel, bright and rare,
That on her heaving bosom gleam'd—
Her lord had placed it there.

“ There let it rest, my peerless one,”
Her noble husband said ;
“ And take the lustrous pearls I bring,
Thy raven hair to braid.

“ Come, I will lead thee to a scene
In my ancestral halls,
Where genius, art, and beauty shine
Upon the pictured walls.

“ There many a form of grace and love
The painter's hand hath thrown
Upon the canvas—form like thine
His art hath never shown.”

The palace gallery was rich
In paintings rare and old ;
With sculptured marbles ranged between
Of value all untold.

And all along that gallery fair.
They wandered side by side—
She gazing on the paintings rare,
He on his beauteous bride.

Oft through the garden walks they strayed,
Amid the flush of flowers ;
Or sat with clasped hands beneath
The lovely Eden bowers.

And when she rode, or walked, she found
Him ever by her side ;
On "angel wings" that happy year
The moments seem'd to glide.

"I go, my love, but with thy leave,
To try my racer's speed
Upon the course—a noble Earl
And I have so agreed."

"Then go, my love," she smiling said,
"Thy will is ever mine ;
From friends and pleasures I would not
Thee ever thus confine."

He rode afar into the west ;
And when he came again,
"I fear," he said, "my own beloved,
My stay hath caused thee pain."

She smiled ; he took her in his arms,
And pressed her to his breast ;
"How could I go, how could I stay
Of love like thine possess'd ?"

O serpent ! hid among the leaves
Of love's most fragrant flower,
Thou now has left thy trail within
Thy lady's stainless bower.

And oft she saw him go and come ;
But though she inly pined,
Suspicion of his broken vows
Ne'er touched her generous mind.

She in her princely chamber sat ;
But now she sat alone ;
Her queenly brow, so white and pure,
A shadow lay upon.

“Go thou, my maid,” she said, “and bring
The pot of soft perfume
With which I wont to dress my hair,
'Tis in his lordship's room.”

The maiden went, an open note
Within the drawer lay—
She saw, she knew the name below,
A lady light and gay.

She gave it to her lady's hand ;
“And oh ! forgive,” she said,
“If I am wrong—alas ! I fear
Thou foully art betrayed.”

And when she read the fatal note,
Her cheek grew cold and pale ;
Yet, noble heart and lofty soul,
Would neither yield nor quail.

Full proof the cruel missive gave
Of what had passed between
The guilty pair ; and named a place
Where they might meet unseen.

She from her finger tore the ring,
The jewel from her breast,
The pearls from her hair, and firm
Her foot upon them press'd.

Then picked the shining fragments up,
And cast them on the flame :
“I ne'er shall look on him again,
Or bear his hated name.

“Go, maiden, tell my servant true
To take my carriage round
Behind the wood—by dawn of day
I will not here be found.”

Then down the marble stairs she stole ;
The night was still and dark ;
And leaning on her maiden’s arm,
They sped across the park.

They found the carriage, stepp’d within,
And swiftly drove away ;
The lordly towers were far behind
At dawning of the day.

Four nights and days they posted on,
And only stopp’d to bait
And rest the horses—longer time
The lady would not wait.

“To England—to my father’s halls :
Thank God, no blood of thine,
Thou recreant false, shall mingle with
My father’s spotless line.”

Surprise and wonder, scorn and ire,
Flushed on the father’s face
At what he heard ; he clasped his child
In loving, long embrace.

“Go to thy mother’s room ; for she
Will take thee to her heart,
And from her loving arms no more
Her darling will depart.”

But what of him, that lord so false ?
Next day, at twilight hour,
He came, and soon went up to see
His lady in her bower.

He softly knock'd and gently call'd,
But answer there was none ;
He ask'd her page if that he knew
His lady forth had gone.

" I know not, O my lord," he said—
" She was not seen to-day,
And none within the palace saw
My lady go away."

Again he softly knock'd and call'd,
But still no answer came ;
All night he watched beside the door,
Still calling on her name.

Then they unlock'd the chamber door,
And in he wildly rushed ;
The rooms, the bed, were empty—all
In deadly silence hush'd.

He search'd the chamber o'er and found,
Upon the window seat,
A note that made his bold eye quail,
And guilty bosom beat.

His lady's hand the note inscrib'd ;
But when he looked within,
He only found the fatal note,
That told his shame and sin.

What need we say ?—he saw, he felt,
The guilty secret love
The note revealed, had scared to flight
His pure and faithful dove.

The beauteous star, whose light benign
His palace halls illum'd,
Will shine no more upon a name
By truth and honour doom'd.

The holy bands that bound their hands,
Stern law came in to sever;
The star that shone on life's young dream,
For him is set for ever.

THE FEAST OF THE "MUTCHES."

Verses Commemorative of the Annual Supper given to the Poor Old Women, in the City Hall, Glasgow, on January 3, 1868, when nearly Two Thousand were present, all wearing White "Mutches."

I'M a lamiter, Girzie, or I wad hae been
At the feast o' the mutches hauden yestreen
In the big City Ha'—the notion was gran':
Thanks to the gude bodies wha thocht o' the plan.

A thoosan' white mutches!—what think ye o' that
Nae haffitless bannet, nae bloomer or hat,
Was worn by the grannies that nicht in the ha',
Juist snod pipet mutches as white as the snaw.

We've a' heard tell o' "Rab Rorison's bannet.
It wasna' the bannet, the heid that was in it"—
In that lay its value; the same thing, I trow,
Is said o' the mutches we speak about noo.

That heid is as white as the mutch that it wears,
An' aft it's been like to a fountain o' tears,
Aye gushin' and tricklin' doun frae the een—
A puir lanely bodie, wi' few to befrien'.

An' see, there's anither, that aye in the strife,
The dolour an' din in the battle o' life,
Though burnin' an' gowpin wi' sorrow an' pain,
An' bow'd to the yirth, wad rise hopefu' again.

There's ane wi' a face that ne'er glunches nor girns,
Though she wins her bit bread by fillin' o' pirns ;
She never was wed, keepit clear o' the men,
A canny auld maiden o' threescore an' ten.

An' there's a puir heid that's been cutit and clour'd,
But Heaven an' hersel' kens what she endured
Lang years frae a drucken ill-deedie gudeman :
He's yirded, an' sae are the sorrows o' Nan.

An' that is a mither, wha gaed to the bad—
The curse o' her hame, baith to lassie and lad ;
For she drank an' she pawned, but, thanks be to Gude!
Was drawn juist in time oot the black burnin' flood.

Aneath the white mutches there's mony a broo,
Wan, wallow't, an' runklet, an' dowie yenoo ;
Was ance like the lily, an' gowden an' sheen,
The lovelocks that shaded the bonnie blue een.

There's mony a heid that was black as the crow,
Or broun as the berry, noo white as the snaw,
The speerit inside, that's the gist o' the matter—
The heid's the ootside o' the cup an' the platter.

God bless ye, aul' grannies ! I wish ye a' weel,
Ye're wearin' awa' to the Lan' o' the Leal ;
May ye in the Lan' o' the Leal an' the true
Meet the aul' blin' grannie that sings to ye noo !

Kind shepherds wha watch wi' benevolent care
Owre the puir o' the flock—wha stint na nor spare
In labours o' love—ye are blest in your deed ;
We honour, an' thank ye, an' bid ye God speed.

We bless ye, kind gentles, an' leddies sae fair,
That oot o' yer plenty hae something to spare
For white-heided grannies. O may it be given
To gentles an' grannies to meet yet in Heaven !

EPITHALAMIUM.

Composed and Written on the Marriage of James Addie, Esq., Viewpark, Bothwell, with Julia Wakefield, Eastwoodpark, Renfrew; and Inscribed to the Newly-married Pair.

HARK! the festal cannons boom :
Banish brooding, care, and gloom ;
Happy looks and smiles assume
 On this auspicious day :
Ringing cheers give welcome high,
Pealing guns give loud reply,
Streaming flags salute the sky,
 And on the breezes play.

Cease hot labour for a while ;
Frolic round each flaming pile ;
On each bronzed cheek a smile
 Of pleased emotion glows :
Circling round the tow'ring flames,
Loud each jubilant cheer proclaims
Love and honour to the names
 The nuptial bands enclose !

Hail and welcome, happy pair!
Manly form and lady fair :
Bright the home dear hands prepare ;
 Come, gentle lady, come.
To the verdant banks of Clyde,
Hand in hand, and side by side,
The bridegroom leads his gentle bride—
 The angel of his home.

Home ! sweet home, the gentle sway
Of sweet woman leads the way
To love and peace. Be yours, for aye,
 A happy blissful home.

Welcome as the flowers in May,
 Lady, such is thine to-day ;
 Welcome, pure and bright as they,
 With May's sweet blossoms come.

Loving welcomes, true and kind,
 Lady, it is thine to find,
 In the new-found ties that bind
 In bonds of kindred love.
 Lady, take the gift I bring—
 Violet wreaths, the birth of spring,
 Simple as the strain I sing,
 In hope thou wilt approve.

L I N E S

Addressed to Mr. James Muir, Summerlee Ironworks, on the death of
 his two daughters, who died within a few months of each other.

FAIR garden of my life, my children's home,
 With what full-hearted joy I used to come,
 And there within the dear enclosure meet
 My beauteous blossoms—there with fondness greet
 My tender olive plants when ranged around
 The board, with love and peace and blessing crowned.
 O ye fair blossoms of my life and love,
 I deemed not the dark cloud that lowered above
 The garden of my life would burst in storm
 First on thy fair young head and graceful form,
 My new-blown rose, just opening to the day,
 While yet the dew on thy green branches lay,
 Struck by the fever simoom's scorching breath—
 Laid withered, prostrate, in the dust of death.
 Yet I, while weeping o'er thy buried dust,
 Have, in the faith of an immortal trust,
 A hope to meet thee in that blissful home,
 Where sorrow, death, and tears shall never come.

Alas! not long my vision of delight
Had vanished, when again the deadly blight
Fell on my garden. I had nourished there
A budding lily—fragrant, sweet, and fair—
Its snowy petals sparkling with the dew
Of life's young morn. Near to my heart it grew;
But, ah! the spoiler came and tore
From my fond heart, that bleeds for evermore,
My tender lily, drooping in the storm
That bowed to death her fair and fragile form.

I mourn my vanished flowers, my garden's pride;
Pleasant in life, death did not long divide
The sister blossoms, blighted in their bloom,
Now in the dark recesses of the tomb
Laid side by side, in calm and dreamless sleep.
My God, thy will be done! Yet, while I weep,
I fain would wipe the tears that often flow
Down thy pale cheeks, dear partner of my woe—
The tender mother—she who reared with care
Her budding flow'rets into blossoms fair.
They faded on her bosom—passed the bourne
From whence to us they never will return;
But we to them in God's good time will come—
Where blossoms never die—"to Heaven our Home."

THE GOD OF THE SEASONS.

O God of the Seasons! we bring
To Thee our thankoff'rings of praise;
We soar with the lark; as we sing,
The skies shall re-echo our lays,
To us fruitful seasons Thou giv'st,
Thou giv'st the bright sunshine and rain,
And food to each creature that lives,
To satisfy, nourish, sustain.

Spring comes like a beautiful child—
Shy, timid, afraid to come forth ;
Oft smiling, oft sullen and wild,
In gales from the east and the north.
The full swelling buds she expands,
She opens the infantine blooms ;
She calls—at the touch of her hand
They rise from their dark wintry tombs !

The Summer, in mantle of flowers,
Rose-crowned, with the grace of a queen ;
Sweet choristers sing in her bowers,
With music of streamlets between.
The Sun, in his chariot of fire,
Speeds o'er the blue pathway above ;
His fervours all nature inspire
With harmony, beauty, and love.

Grave Autumn, with motherly care,
Spreads out with a bountiful hand
For her children enough and to spare
From the full-ripen'd fruits of the land.
The sere leaves are dropping—the flowers
Are faded. How soothing the balm
She sheds o'er the fields and the bowers !
How sweet, yet how solemn the calm !

Stern Winter ! wild warfare to wage,
His legions leads out of the north ;
His storm trumpet sounds to engage,
As howling and fierce they go forth.
Fair Nature, cold frozen and dead,
At the feet of her foe is lying ;
A snowdrift to cover her head,
And her darlings around her dying !

O God of the Seasons ! to Thee
Ascribe we all blessing and love ;
Each change of the seasons we see
Thy wisdom and goodness still prove.

Unchanging in purpose and power,
Unchanging in truth and in grace ;
Oh, grant us when change is no more,
To dwell in the light of Thy face.

GRANNIE MIRK.

A STIRLING GRANNIE.

A CLEVER young dominie—noo in a kirk—
Was keepin' a schule near to auld Grannie Mirk—
A couthie auld grannie as e'er ye micht fin',
She wadna be idle, though feckly gane blin'.

Her heid was weel stockit wi' gude common-sense—
In ilk thing she did there was kindness an' mense ;
To clashes an' clavers she wadna gae heed,
But ne'er was she hainin' to bodies in need.

Whan bairnies to schule wad come dreepin' wi' rain,
She dried the wat duds o' ilk puir drookit wean ;
At her weel-beetit fire and cozie fire-en'
She gather'd the bairns like an auld clockin'-hen.

An' aft at twal'-oors, to auld grannie's fireside,
The dominie cam' for a weeock to bide ;
A crumpie ait farle, wi' butter weel spread,
She gied him, an' wow but the chappie was glad.

Oor grannie was juist a real auld-warl' wife,
An' butter'd her cakes wi' an auld-fashion'd knife,
An' that was nae ither but grannie's ain thoom ;
But the chiel bein' yaup, ne'er thocht o' the coom.

Noo the schule it is skail'd, an' grannie's gane hame,
 An' the dominie's eekit D.D. to his name;
 An' lang may he bruck a' the honours he's won,
 The goal be as bricht as the race he has run.

A HAMILTON GRANNIE.

As she lay on her bed, frail, dowie, an' dune,
 The neebors a' thocht that her en' wad be sune;
 That mornin' a gent had cum in frae the toun
 To speir for her weelfare, an' sat himsel' down.

"Hoo's a' wi' ye, grannie? an' whan did ye hear
 Frae Davie, yer son? it's o' him I wad speir,
 Wha has travell'd sae far through forest an' flood,
 Wi' his life in his haun, for the hale warl's gude.

"Thou art blest amang mithers; nae leddy or queen
 Has gi'en sic a son to the kintra, I ween;
 He's an honour to Scotlan', an' lang afterhen
 He's laid in the mools, he'll be blest amang men."

Auld grannie lay still, sae contentit to hear
 The praise o' her son sae duteous an' dear;
 She leuk'd in his face, and said—"Bide ye a wee,
 I've something o' Davie's will please ye to see."

"Gae, Jeanie, my dochter," then grannie began,
 "Bring Davie's hauf-croon, it's the first that he wan;
 A studel bit callan he brocht it to me—
 'That's the erles o' mair, my mither,' quo' he.

"An' mony lang years after he gied me this,
 My Davie cam' back, his auld mither to bless,
 Frae far-awa' lan's, whaur the black bodies bide,
 An' fo'k gied him welcome wi' pleasure an' pride.

“They honour’d an’ prais’d him, an’ gowpens o’ gowd
 They gather’d for him, an’ right freely bestow’d;
 Then swith to his ain mither’s dwallin’ he’s gaun
 Wi’ the twa-thousan’ cheque they laid in his haun.

“He stood at my knee, an’ he there laid it doon—
 ‘Oh, dinna ye min’ o’ yer Davie’s hauf-croon!
 The first that he wrocht for? noo, see what is there;
 I tauld ye that it was the erles o’ mair.’

“Noo, tak’ the bit siller intil yer ain haun,
 It’s precious to me, ye may weel unnerstaun;
 It’s no a’ the siller in kintra an’ toun
 Wad tempt me to pairt wi’ my Davie’s hauf-croon.”
mrs

Noo grannie sleeps soun’ in the caul’ bed o’ death;
 On dear Davie’s bosom she drew her last breath.
 Again he’s on travel; may God be his guide;
 Bless a’ his sair labours, protect an’ provide!

AULD MITHER SCOTLAN'.

A LAY OF THE DORIC.

NA, na, I wunna pairt wi’ that,
 I downa gi’e it up;
 O’ Scotlan’s hamely mither tongue
 I canna quat the grup.
 It’s ’bedded in my very heart,
 Ye needna rive an’ rug;
 It’s in my e’en an’ on my tongue,
 An’ singin’ in my lug.

Oh, leeze me on the Scottish lass,
 Fresh frae her muirlan’ hame,
 Wi’ gowden or wi’ coal-black hair,
 Row’d up wi’ bucklin came;

Or wavin' roun her snawy broo,
 Sae bonnie, braid, an' brent,
 Gaun barefit wi' her kiltit coat,
 Blythe singin' ower the bent !

I heard her sing "Auld Robin Gray,"
 An' "Yarrow's Dowie Den"—
 O' Flodden, an' oor forest flouris
 Cut doon by Englishmen ;
 My saul was fir'd, my heart was fu',
 The tear was in my e'e :
 Let ither lan's hae ither sangs,
 Auld Scotlan's sangs for me.

What words mair tender, kin' an' true,
 Can wooer ha'e to say,
 Whan doun the burn at gloamin' fa',
 He meets his bonnie May ?
 Or words mair sweet, mair saft an' dear,
 Can lassie ha'e to speak,
 Whan love is dancin' in her e'e
 An' glowin' on her cheek !

For, oh, the meltin' Doric lay,
 In cot or clachan sung,
 The words that drap like hinny dew
 Frae mither Scotlan's tongue,
 Ha'e power to thrill the youthfu' heart
 An' fire the patriot's min' ;
 To saften grief in ilka form
 It comes to human kin'.

I saw a waefu' mither kneel
 On weary, tremblin' knee,
 Beside the cradle, where she laid
 Her bairnie doon to dee.
 An' aye she kissed the cauld white cheek,
 An' aye she made her mane,
 "My ain wee lamb, my ain sweet doo,
 Frae me for ever gane !"

The faither strakit back her hair,
 An' dichtit saft her e'en,
 "Wee Willie's gane, thy marrow's here,
 Thy life-lang, lovin' frien'."
 She leant her on his faithfu' breast,
 An' sabbed "Wilt thou forgi'e
 My sinfu' grief for bairnie lost,
 Whan I ha'e God an' thee.

"My mither, tho' the snaws o' eld
 Are on my pow an' thine,
 My heart is leal to thee as in
 The days o' auld langsyne.
 Thy hamely worth, thy couthie speech,
 Are dear—hoo dear to me!
 An' neist to God, my John, an' bairns,
 Thy place sall ever be."

L I N E S

COMPOSED AT THE REQUEST OF A VERY DEAR FRIEND, WHO WAS
 SUFFERING FROM HEAVY GRIEF AND ANXIETY OF MIND.*

O EARTH ! abode of grief and sin,
 Whose miseries with life begin,
 And follow us till lodged within
 The grave.

Oppress'd with woe, consumed by care,
 Thy pleasures I did never share ;
 Now all my earthly wishes are
 A grave.

Oft have I view'd with longing eyes
 Yon hallow'd spot where tombstones rise,
 And bless'd the place which thus supplies
 A grave.

* This piece was composed when the Authoress was about 17 years of age.

Pleasant to me is death's dark gloom !
Ye peaceful tenants of the tomb,
I long with you to make my home
The grave.

I know corruption and the worm,
The cold, decaying ghastly form,
Are thine—but then, no strife, no storm,
Calm grave !

Oh ! I am weary, I would rest
Within thy cold and silent breast,
Nor rise till called to join the blest,
O grave !

Farewell, vain world, not worth a tear ;
Jesus alone my soul holds dear ;
Possessed of Him I cannot fear
The grave.

BE PITIFUL.

BE pitiful, be pitiful,
Pity the weak and worn ;
Pity the outcast vile,
Ever so lost and lorn.
Pity the poor who groan beneath
Poverty's heavy load—
Treading with bleeding feet
Life's dark and thorny road.

We pity the heathen abroad—
Woe for heathen at home ;
Cry of perishing souls
Into our ears has come.

Brothers' blood to frowning heaven
Is crying from the ground—
Ignorance, vice, and crime
Still increase and abound.

Be pitiful, be pitiful
To children born in crime ;
Spawn of the slums, poor waifs,
Cast on the stream of time.
These little bodies, shrivell'd, vile,
Downtrodden in the mire,
Hold each a priceless gem,
A spark of living fire.

Like Him who came to seek and save
The lost, we would rescue ;
Seek the lost gem, and light
The dying spark anew ;
From the deep pit and miry clay
Where they embedded lie—
Reach down, and lift them up
Ere they shall sink and die.

Pitiful, oh, how pitiful,
To see our thousands sink ;
Oh lost, how lost, o'erwhelmed
In foaming floods of drink !
The life-boat launch, and ply the oars
With strong and tireless hand ;
Rescue, if not the whole,
Bring all you may to land.

We gaze through tears on ghastly forms
Cast by the stormy waves
On life's dark shores, immured
In timeless, nameless graves.

O pitying Heaven, look down,
And bid the waves be still !
We toil too oft in vain,
Though working with a will.

I asked a learned sheriff, whence
Our crimes and evils flow—
Their causes and effects
You in your place must know.
“I’ve found,” he said, “the direful cause
Of such effects, and think,
Exceptions being few,
The cause is ever Drink.”

THE ANGEL’S TREASURE.*

THERE stude a wee house on a lanely muirside,
Whaur mony lang years a puir widow did bide—
A decent, douce bodie, ne’er kenn’d to complain,
Or mak’ a puir mouth to a neebor or frien’.

Her four bits o’ hairns could dae naething ava,
An’ sae their puir leevin’ was scanty an’ sma’;
Their cleedin’ was bare, an’ nae shoon on their feet,
An’ whiles the puir things hadna muckle to eat.

In simmer an’ hairst she wad toil in the fiel’;
Content if her bairnies had bread an’ a biel’;
In winter aye spinnin’, sae eident an’ thrang,
An’ to cheer them at times wad lilt a bit sang.

Ae winter, puir bodie ! in straits she had been,
An’ was plying her wheel on a Saturday e’en;
Her hasp maun be spun, an’ sauld to get meat,
Or on Monday the bairns wad hae naething to eat.

* The writer’s aged mother had this story from an old woman who knew the widow referred to.

Sair bent on the spinnin', she heard nae the chime
O' the wag-at-the wa' whan ringin' the time,
At twa in the mornin'—oh, horror an' wae!
To think she had broken the blest Sabbath-day!

Alane she sat mournin' her sinfu' mishap,
There cam' on the winnock a gentle tap-tap,
An' a gentle voice said, "Puir carcase o' clay!
Oh, why hast thou broken the Lord's blessed day?

"But dinna be frichten'd; come oot, follow me,
I'll lead you to something that's gi'en unto thee;"
An' she thocht, "That saft voice can come frae nae ill—
It speaks for the Sabbath, sae follow I will."

She open'd the door, an' saw down by the dyke
A something, but kenn'd nae weel what it was like;
She follow'd the shape, an' had nae fear ava,
Till close at the side o' an aul' ruin'd wa'—

Wi' ivy an' brambles, maist hidden frae sicht,
Were the crum'lin' stanes, but she saw by the licht
O' the mune that a stane was drawn oot o' the wa'—
Her heart gied a loup at the neist thing she saw.

There fell oot a pig fu' o' siller an' gowd;
"Tak' it up," said the shape, "on thee it's bestow'd;
That treasure was hidden, lang ages agane,
In that moulderin' wa', an' noo it's thine ain.

"Thy trust was in God an' thine ain willin' arm;
Still trust in His gudeness, He'll shield thee frae harm
The stay o' the widow an' orphan is He;
Fareweel, I nae langer may tarry wi' thee."

She liftit her een, but the shape it was gane;
She hearken'd, but hearin' or voice there was nane;
She leuk'd to the sky, wi' a tear in her e'e,
"Gude Lord! has Thy angel been watchin' owre me?

“For this Thou has gi'en me, Thy name I will praise ;
My bairns will get schulin', be fed, an' get claes ;
An', as lang as I leeve, fu' brawly we'll fen'.
Wha trusts Thee in need, sall be blest in the en'.”

TO WILLIAM CRAIG,

ON THE DEATH OF AN ONLY SON, WHO LOST HIS LIFE BY A
RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

'TWAS drear November ; by the turbid tide
That foaming chafes the wintry banks of Clyde,
I saw a careworn man with mournful air ;
And thus he spoke his woe while straying there—
“My son, my son, I thought not thus to part ;
Stay of my life and treasure of my heart.
A goodly tree he grew up by my side ;
And I beheld, with all a parent's pride,
The verdant boughs, beneath whose grateful shade
I hoped to find repose when strength would fade.
And she, the tender mother too, would share
His filial love and ever duteous care.
But ah ! the anguish we were doomed to feel
When he from 'neath the steam car's gory wheel
Was drawn with crushed and mangled limbs to lie,
Far from his home, to suffer and to die.”
He died, but not alone—there daily moved
Around his couch the parents so beloved ;
Calm and resigned he yielded up his breath,
And passed in faith and hope the gates of death.
And ye, O mourning pair, by grief oppressed ;
Bereaved of him your youngest, dearest, best,
Look up to God ! He comforts all who mourn ;
Your son has passed the bourne whence none return.
But saved by grace, and called by God to come,
To meet, and dwell with Him in “Heaven our home.

ADDRESS TO MRS. WM. ANDERSON *

ON THE EARLY DEATH OF HER ONLY SON.

"WE weep with those who weep : " I sympathise
With thee, O mother ! with the mournful eyes
That speak, with sad, mute eloquence, a grief
That hath no tears—how oft the blest relief
Of woes less poignant. Ah ! that grief of thine,
Craves for a higher sympathy than mine.
" Ask, and thou shalt receive ; seek, thou shalt find "
Balm for thy wounded heart, peace for thy mind,
In Him, the Man of Sorrows, who hath borne
Our griefs and sorrows ; comforts those who mourn
HE giveth peace ; His peace He giveth *thee*
And though thy cherished plant, a fair young tree
Rich with the buds of promise, was laid low
Ere yet he blossomed in the sunny glow
Of life's bright summer, 'twas no cruel hand
That cut, with sudden stroke, the filial band,
Unloosed " the silver cord," and bore on high
Thy tender plant to gardens of the sky.
And thou, when laid aside this " mortal coil,"
Art, too, transplanted to celestial soil,
With the dear partner of thy heart and life,
Who shared thy sorrow, watched with thee the strife
Of sinking nature with her mortal foe,
Till she succumbed beneath thy deadly blow,
Relentless death ! and with one long, low sigh,
The conflict ended.—Mother ! thou wert nigh :
The silent anguish, deep, yet tearless woe
That pierced thy swelling heart, thy God did know,
When the bright angel, watching o'er thy boy,
Bore from the couch of death to realms of joy
The young immortal.—He, the loved, revered—
The father, too, was nigh ; in faith prepared,

* Wife of Rev. Dr. Wm. Anderson, Glasgow.

His Isaac, child of promise, to resign,
Saying, "Thy will be done, O God, not mine!"
Blest parents, ye who bow beneath the rod,
Resign'd, submissive to the will of God;
For yet a little while, and ye shall see
Beneath the shade of Life's immortal Tree,
The cherished plant ye reared on earth with care—
Rich in full blossom'd glory, green and fair;
Then ye, blest *trio*, death's dark valley trod,
Shall blossom in the paradise of God.

SUMMER IS WANING.

SUMMER is waning, the roses are dead;
Lilies, sweet violets, and hyacinths fled;
Her fragrant blossoms the hawthorn has shed;
Faded the cowslip; and low on her bed
 The daisy is drooping and pale.
The sorrel's soft blossoms of pearly gloss
Hide in her cushion of green velvet moss;
Bloomless the eglantine droops from the trees,
Her honeyèd breathings perfume not the breeze
 That murmurs and sighs through the vale.

Warblers are silent: the song of the thrush
Is hailing no more, from tree and from bush,
The soft summer dawn with roseate blush
Kindling the east with a crimsoning flush,
 Brightened with streamers of gold.
Grasshoppers chirrup no more in the grass;
We hear not the humming of bees as they pass,
Nectar to drain from the sweet heather bells,
Storing their treasures in soft waxen cells,
 For winter, dark, cheerless, and cold.

Man ! when the rose of thy summer is dead,
 When youth, with its flowers and pleasures are fled,
 Blossoms that charm'd with their fragrance, all shed ;
 Time and decay shedding snow on thy head,
 And thy brow grows wrinkled and pale ;
 Then when the roses and flowers of thy youth
 Shall die, may blossoms of virtue and truth,
 Deathless in beauty, and rich in perfume,
 Cheer thee in life, and shed over thy tomb
 Sweet memories never to fail !

AN APPEAL FOR THOMAS ELLIOT.

THE SHOEMAKER POET.

“ POOR Tom’s a-cold ! ” Upon his shrinking head
 The pelting storm beats pitiless ! On bed
 Of languishing, disease, and cureless pain
 He lies, surrounded by the haggard train
 Of want—the victim of the thousand ills
 With which cold poverty the life-blood chills.
 Alas, poor Tom ! must thy last look on earth
 Fall on a squalid room and cheerless hearth,
 Pale pining children, and a weeping wife,
 With scanty sustenance for needs of life ?
 “ Take physic, Pomp ! ”—good med’cine will be found
 In that small room, with misery brooding round.
 Time was when Tom invoked the Doric muse,
 And she to hear his suit would not refuse,
 And as he “ bit the birse,” and plied the awl,
 The voice of song rung through the cobbler’s stall :
 And, while with sounding strokes he beat the leather,
 His heart was with the muse “ amang the heather.”

I mourn for thee, my brother ! Could thy weal
 By me be compassed, I were quick to heal

Thy maladies, thy drooping spirits cheer,
In aiding those by thee beloved and dear !
Of gold and silver I, possessing none,
Give what I have ; and here I ask alone
Of you who have—Is it not on record
Who giveth to the poor lends to the Lord ?
A safe investment this ? You freely may
Lend to the Lord—He surely will repay.

ADDRESS TO COL. D. C. R. CARRICK-BUCHANAN,
OF DRUMPELLIER,

On his presenting, as a Free Gift to the Working Men of Coatbridge, a Park, ornamented and enclosed, to be used by them as a place of recreation and pleasure.—Sept. 17, 1866.

HAIL ! noble mind, that formed the liberal plan :
Hail ! generous heart, that on the working man,
With kindly courtesy, this day bestowed
A valued boon ; while thousand bosoms glow'd
With grateful feeling. May thy high intent
And noble purpose to its full extent
Be blest and gratified. Thy willing aid
Both past and present, be it ever paid
With honour, by the class whom thy design
Is to improve—to elevate—refine.
May high success attend thy every plan
To raise the *status* of the working man.

And she, the gentle partner of thy life,
A gracious lady and a tender wife,
Whose loving charities so oft assuage
The pains of want, disease, and helpless age :
Who bids her teacher sway with gentle rule
The youthful pupils in the “ Lady’s School,”

All sacred truth upon their hearts to bind,
And "pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind."
For this—for all—may ye, O honoured pair,
Heaven's richest, choicest blessings ever share!

TO WILLIAM LOGAN,

ON THE DEATH OF HIS AGED MOTHER.

MOURN not, my Christian friend :—thy late removed,
Thy sainted mother, cherished and beloved,
In Jesus fell asleep.—Oh, sorrow not
As those who have no hope ! Be ne'er forgot
The hand Divine, that to thy filial love,
Consigned the sacred trust.—God will approve
The watchful care, the tender, pious zeal,
The ceaseless ministrations to her weal
With which thou sought'st her helpless age to guard,
And pour into thy bosom rich reward.
Yet oft thine eye will glance, thine ear will strain
As if to see the form revered again ;
As if once more the feeble voice to hear ;
A mother's voice for ever true and dear.
The couch is empty, and the voice is gone ;
Thou standest by her vacant chair alone :
Yet not alone, thy mother's God and thine
Sets in this cloud of tears the bow divine—
The rainbow of His promise, fair and free ;
According to thy day thy strength shall be.
And she, the partner of thy life and heart,
She who in all thy sorrows bears a part—
And he, thy tender plant, thy duteous boy,
May both with thee through lengthened years enjoy
The tranquil bliss of calm domestic love,
And blest re-union in the home above !

AUTUMN WINDS.

THE Autumn gales are blowing,
And wrecks bestrew the shore ;
The angry ocean rages
With loud and wild uproar.
Furious billows leeward
The doomèd vessels bore ;
Their prey the foaming breakers
To fragments madly tore.

The Autumn winds are singing
The death-song of the leaves ;
Shrill piping, as they winnow
The shocks of golden sheaves.
Soft singing to the reaper,
Who loves to hear the song,
And bares his dewy forehead,
As they singing skim along.

The Autumn breeze is hushing
To sleep the fading flowers ;
Breathing on the falling leaves
And through the rifled bowers ;
Murmuring through the woodlands,
And sighing in the pines ;
Light rippling on the streamlet
In broken, wavy lines.

On a couch of fallen leaves—
The golden and the brown—
While the breezes fan my brow,
There I would lay me down.
Alone with God and nature,
'Midst emblems of decay ;
'Neath the calm Autumnal sky
I'd breathe my life away.

SKETCHES OF VILLAGE CHARACTER IN DAYS "O' LANGSYNE."

I've aften been thinkin', whan sittin' alane,
Blin', dowie, an' cowerin' upon the hearth stane,
On places an' faces I ken'd o' langsyne;
Lang, lang oot o' e'e sicht, but ne'er oot o' min'.

Sae clear they are written on memory's page,
That nouthar the failin's nor frailties o' age
Can score oot the writin', or dicht it awa';
My heart is aye young, tho' my heid's like the snaw.

It's towmonds three-score since my couthie auld man
An' mysel' were made ane, an' we settl't a plan
That aye we ha'e follow't, an' ne'er sall forget,
To be warkrife, an' honest, an' haud oot o' debt.

An' aft I teuk notes, as I jogit alang
The rough road o' life that a' wark bodies gang,
O' what was gaun on, what was said an' was dune;
An' some o' thae jottin's ye'll hear aboot sune.

Frae the village I've leev'd in maist feck o' my life,
A glaikit wee lassie, a maid, an' a wife;
Some sketches, tho' hamely, yet truthfu' I'll draw
O' the times an' the bodies lang vanish't awa'.

I.

An' sae I'll begin wi' the Rev'rend John Bouir;
By ilk ane that ken'd him belov'd to this hour:
It's years forty-five since he gaed to his rest;
His mem'ry is blessed, he rests wi' the blest.

Oor ain parish minister—forty years lang—
In wark for his Maister aye eident an' thrang ;
A workman still richtly dividin' the truth,
As their needs wad require, to age an' to youth.

It wad dune yer heart gude to see him come thro'
The thrang to the poopit, wi' grace on his broo—
A herald o' mercy, commission'd by God
To point us to heaven, an' guide on the road.

An' aye thro' the parish ilk year he wad gang
In due visitation, nor thocht the road lang,
Whan gaun to examine, exhort, an' reprove,
Or sit by the sick like an angel o' love.

Wi' bairns in his marriage he never was blest ;
A young orphan laddie he teuk to his breast,
An' foster'd, an' bred up, wi' faitherly care—
Grew up to his sorrow, a grief an' a snare.

His auntie, the mistress, aft stude him in stead,
An' ne'er said that black was the e'e in his heid ;
The minister sairly was troubled in mind,
An' weel it was ken'd hoo he griev'd an' repined.

The end it cam' sune, an' that endin' was ill :
The lad was in something contrair'd in his will :
He ran into his room, an' loudly he swore
That his life he wad tak'—an' lockit the door.

The minister tremil't, an' shook like a leaf,
An' ran to the door fu' o' terror an' grief :
Oh ! horror ! he saw, creepin' oot 'neath the door,
The red bluid, an' faintin' he fell on the floor !

They liftit him up in a sorrowfu' plicht ;
An' the wretch he cried oot, " I've gi'en him a fricht ;
I think he'll ne'er try to contrair me again : "—
In his arm, wi' a knife, he had open'd a vein.

The gude man cam' roun', but whan gangin' aboot,
His stap it was feeble, his face like a clout ;
An' ne'er in the poopit again he was seen—
In less than a towmond his grave it was green.

We never ha'e had, we may ne'er ha'e again,
A minister like him—I say it wi' pain ;
Noo gude Mister Bouir's wi' the weary at rest,
An' the wicked nae mair his peace will molest.

II.

There was Willie, the weaver, laigh in degree ;
An' puir as a man in his station maun be ;
Aye thin i' the body, an' bruckle in health—
His hame it held naething that savour'd o' wealth.

For there his ae dochter sat at the tambour ;
An' there the auld pirn wheel gaed birrin' like stour :
An' there on his loom the gude weaver wad croon,
As it rattl't awa', some holy saum tune.

Yet in that laigh dwallin' the speerit o' grace,
An' sweet human kindness was seen on ilk face ;
An' sympathy true, o' the kindest an' best,
They had aye for the puir, the sick an' distress'd.

An elder in office lang time he had been,
An' weel he fulfill'd a' it's duties, I ween ;
An' mony that socht him, aneath his ain roof,
Gat council an' comfort, advice an' reproof.

Whaur'er there was sickness or death in a house,
They sent for gude Willie, the pious an' douce ;
For aye he was ready, by nicht or by day,
To succour the sick, wi' the deein' to pray.

Whan neebors fell oot, an' wad bicker an' flyte ;
An' women were fashous wi' clashes an' spite ;
To rede up their quarrels he mony times gaed,
In meekness an' wisdom peace aften he made.

An' Nannie, his wife—a true helpmeet was she,
Weel fitted gude counsel an' comfort to gie ;
Weel skill'd in the ailments o' women an' weans,
To soothe them in sickness, an' saften their pains.

A mither in Israel sae truly was she
That het tears doun trickled frae mony an e'e
Amang us that sorrowfu' day she was ta'en ;
Sae skilfu', sae haunie, an' helpfu' was nane.

The elder he ne'er was the same man again ;
Fu' sairly he miss'd her, wha aye wad sustain
An' cheer him in duty, whate'er micht betide ;
But sune cam' the time whan he lay by her side.

Ye've leuked on this picture, noo, leuk ye on that—
I've leuk'd on it aft till I sabbed an' grat—
It's years sixty-four since I open'd my een
On that picture, aye darker the langer it's seen.

Near five hunner bodies dwalt in oor wee toun
An' five public-houses were 'mang us set doon ;
Frae them cam' to us the warst ills that befell ;
What cam' to the publican here I maun tell.

III.

There was Lang Willie Gairner, an' Luckie, his wife
An' Jean, the ae dochter, the pride o' their life ;
They're the first on my leet in the publican line ;
They lang hae been yirded, an' lang oot o' min'.

Whan first they began, they were fast makin' gear—
Had maist o' the custom, an' maist o' the steer;
Whan dances or srees were gat up in the toun,
It was to Lang Willie's the youngsters gaed down.

Whan big penny weddin's were held in the hoose,
Oh! then Luckie Gairner grew cantie an' crouse;
She dish'd up the kail wi' the tatties an' beef;
An' 'mang toddy brewers she aye was the chief.

Then the chiels wad begin to thump wi' their heels
On the floor—cryin' oot, "Mak' room for the reels;"
An' they heez'd the blin' fiddler up to his stance—
"Play up," was the cry, as they boun' to the dance.

Sae fast an' sae dinsome the dancin' gaed on;
The fiddle wad scream, an' the floor it wad groan,
Wi' jumpin' an' thumpin' o' merry gaun feet—
Then hey for the toddy their whistles to weet!

The sun an' the lav'rock were baith in the lift
Ere they thocht it was time their quarters to shift;
Then Luckie was ca'd an' the lawin was settl't,
Tho' aften the siller was mair than they ettl't.

Noo, Luckie, some time had been layin' her lugs
In whisky, an' drank it in tumblers an' jugs;
An' sae ye may ken her life was sune sped—
Ae mornin' they found her cauld deid in her bed.

Syne Willie grew donnert wi' sorrow an' drink;
In poortith an' pain to the grave he did sink;
An' Jean, the ae dochter, had gane a grey-gate,
An' naebody cared to speer after her fate.

IV.

The neist that I ha'e on the publican's leet
Ne'er dream'd in a beuk wi' the public to meet
Tho' keepin' a public, his wits he had tint
At thocht o' himsel' an' his public in print.

A bardie wee bodie was Sandie M'Craw,
Wi' his stowsie gudewife, weel dinkit an' braw ;
Their public was stockit wi' a' kin's o' drink—
They turn'd a gude penny, as weel ye may think.

Their hoose was aye countit the best in the line ;
The tod-huntin' gentry aft cam' there to dine :
Wi' eatin' an' drinkin' they rais't sic a splore,
The hale hoose was ringin' wi' riot an' roar.

The weavin' was brisk, an' the prices were high ;
Whan wabs they were oot, an' the weavers were dry,
They slocken'd their drouth wi' a stoupie or twa—
An' the stoups were aft fill'd by Sandie M'Craw.

The brothers Masonic, an' farmers sae gash,
An' a' that had pouches weel plenish't wi' cash,
Cam' swarmin' an' bummin' like bees to a byke ;
An' neebors were fash'd wi' the bizzin' an' fyke.

But through a' the habble, the steer, an' stramash,
Frien' Sandie was gath'rin' an' bankin' the cash ;
The sale o' the whisky was aye growin' mair—
An' that's the maist feck o' the publican's care !

Wi' fire in your bosom, you're sure to be burn'd ;
The fire it was beetit, the tide it was turn'd—
For Sandie had ta'en to the drinkin' himsel' ;
An' what was the ootcome o' that I maun tell :—

Ae mornin' the word ran like fire through the toun,
His gawsie gudewife in a fit had faun down ;
Whan they liftit her up, an' on to the bed,
The breath it was gane, an' the speerit had fled.

Noo Sandie, wha aye through his hale wedded life
Had stude in some fear o' his managin' wife,
Gaed a' to the bad ; an' he swill'd an' he drank,
Till sune in the grave o' the drunkard he sank.

V.

We come to the third on our leet, Johnnie Gibb,
Wi' his wife, snuffie Jean, sae bardie an' glib ;
They keepit a public some years in oor toun,
Till their heels gaed up, an' the public gaed down.

Whan Jock an' his wife were dementit wi' drink,
They wad quarrel an' strike, an'—what wad ye think ?
Wi' shoofu's o' fire on the loan they wad chase
Ilk ither, unheeding the shame an' disgrace.

They had four bits o' bairns ; the ill-tentit things
Were fu' o' the ills that sic parentage brings ;
They wad fill their wee juggies wi' whisky an' swill,
An' stoiter aboot till they fell an' lay still.

Twa dochters were married—waesucks for the men !
Wi' drink they began, an' in drink they did en' ;
An' Jock, their ae brither, a vogie young chiel,
Wi' drink was owrecome an' left deid on the fiel'.

VI.

It's threescore o' towmonds, an' maybe it's mair,
Since first I set een on an auld-fashion'd pair,
Wha keepit a public lang years in oor toun ;
They teuk to the drinkin' an' drank themsel's down.

The man he was ill, but the wife she was waur,
On her wizen'd-like face was mony a scar,
For they focht like twa cocks, an' aft she was seen
Gaun stoiten aboot wi' a pair o' black een.

Whan the barrels were toom the sign was taen down ;
The wife gaed deleerit an' frichtet the toun ;
An' never was heard sic a din and deray
As rang through the publican's dwallin' that day.

The crystal an' crockery she dang a' to smash ;
The jars an' the bottles gaed down wi' a crash ;
An' the stoups, big an' wee, she ran through the fire,
An' brak' a' the lozens afore she wad tire.

Whan she coud dae nae mair she fell an' lay still ;
An' the man, hoo he swore her bluid he wad spill ;
But the neebors cam' in frae murder to fend ;
I've tauld hoo they leev'd, ye may guess at their end.

VII.

An' there was Tam Wilson, and Mysie his wife—
Wi' heids growin' grey, on the dounhill o' life ;
They're the fifth an' the last that staun on my leet ;
An' wow but I'm tir'd till the count is complete.

The feck o' Tam's whisky cam' thro' the wee stell ;
But Mysie was aye sae auld farrant an' snell,
She cheatit the gauger, and laughed in his face ;
Her drink it was countit the best in the place.

The couple had ne'er ony bairns o' their ain ;
An' that was a blessing—wi' sorrow an' pain
I think o' the lessons the public-house bairn
Is aften sae able and willin' to learn.

They had a bit grun', an' they keepit a coo,
An' it wasna lang time till a' was gane thro':
For Mysie aft liftit her haun' to her mouth,
An' nocht but the whisky wad slocken Tam's drouth.

They gaed fast down the hill, their custom fell aff ;
Their hoose it was haunted by a' the riff-raff,
Wha watch'd weel the time whan Mysie was fou ;
An' mony a lawin' her haun' never drew.

Syne Tam took his deid-ill, an' whan he was gane,
Auld Mysie was left in the hoose a' her lane,
But sune she gaed after—ae grave hauds them baith :
My leet noo is endit, and sae I'll tak' breath.

Like Bunyan's first pilgrim, maist chokin' for breath,
Thro' the noisome valley an' shadow o' death,
I seem to ha'e gane, in the coorse o' my leet ;
The flames aften scaith'd me an' blister'd my feet.

The bairn that is burn'd will ha'e dread o' the fire ;
An' oh ! gin I had my ain will and desire,
There's a fire I wad droon an' quench evermair—
A fire that has burn'd me richt aften an' sair.

That fire is the spirit that rins frae the stell ;
An' what it consumes there's nae mortal can tell :
Like the fire that's ne'er quench'd, the worm that ne'er dies,
There's weepin' an' wailin' whare'er it may rise.

Let naeboddy think that I coudna sae mair,
Whan rivin' the rags aff oor muckle plague-sair,
That eats like a cancer, an' poisons oor blood,
Mak's rags o' oor cleedin', an' preys on oor food.

Oh, mony a lazy an' drucken young loon
'Mang weavers, wha aye were the bulk o' oor toun,
Teuk the shillin', an' march'd wi' the sodgers awa'—
To fecht wi' auld Bony whaur mony did fa'.

The war it was endit, the weavin' grew scant,
The puir weaver bodies were aften in want,
Sae sma' were their winnin's, wi' bairns an' a wife.
It pinched them richt sairly to haud in their life.

Coud wives in the present see what I ha'e seen.
They wad get a lesson richt needfu', I ween ;
Nocht ken they o' hainin' the meat an' the siller,
In strong tea an' toddy ne'er droonin' the miller.

A drap parritch an' milk, wi' tatties an' saut--
Wi' that the puir weaver ne'er faund muckle faut,
A coarse cutty coat, wi' a short-goon an' brat,
Was a' the wife's cleedin', an' thankfu' for that.

As the weavin' grew waur, the shops they wad toom,
An' the weavers in scores gaed aff frae the loom
To seek ither wark; they were tired in the strife
O' strugglin' an' starvin' the hale o' their life.

An' noo ye may gang thro' the length o' oor toun,
The loom ye'll ne'er hear, in a name or a soun';
The men o' the furnace, the forge, an' the mine,
Tak' the place o' the weavers in days o' langsyne.

Amang a' the changes oor toun has gane thro',
There's nae change in ae thing, that's drinkin', I trow;
We drink, but oor drouth is ne'er slocken'd; I think,
The higher the wages the deeper we drink.

Wi' woe an' wi' wailin' I send up a cry,
That enters the ears o' the Holy an' High:
Oh, save my ain Scotlan', oh, stem the dark flood,
That droons her an' a' that is holy an' gude!

Sacred Pieces.

TRUST IN GOD.

JEREMIAH xvii. 5-8.

THUS God hath said : Unblessed is he
Who makes an arm of flesh his trust ;
Whose heart departs from God shall see
His blossom'd hopes go up like dust.

Like heath in desert—scorch'd and bare,
'Neath eastern summer's burning noon—
That bears no bud, no blossoms fair,
Bestows no sweetly fragrant boon.

When clouds drop fatness to the sky
It holds no tiny, purple cup ;
Though dews upon its branches lie,
It drinks no living juices up.

A parch'd, a herbless, treeless wild,
A land of salt and rifted stone,
Where man hath never dwelt and toiled,
There shall he dwell alone, alone.

But blest is he—how great his gain !—
Who trusts in God ! When storms assail
Him, everlasting arms sustain—
His founts of mercy never fail.

Like stately tree whose branches wave
Their wealth of foliage o'er the stream,
That spreads its roots where waters lave,
Nor fears the fervid solar beam.

Its quivering leaves, so darkly green,
 Shall fan the glowing brow of noon ;
 Or, dropp'd with dewy brilliants sheen,
 Shall glisten 'neath the cloudless moon.

Who trusts in God, no weeping fears,
 No wasting cares his soul disarm ;
 When killing droughts bring famined years,
 He trusts in God, and smiles at harm.

His teeming boughs, with mellow fruit,
 In rich and ruddy beauty glow ;
 And why ? the living, spreading root
 Is planted where the waters flow.

THE DEATH OF STEPHEN.

Acts vi. 7.

O POWER invincible of faith and love,
 Like angel rising to his home above,
 Thy heaven-lit features beam, calm, earnest grace,
 Firm truth, and holy zeal illume thy face !
 'Neath your stern gaze he quails not, men of doom :
 From Israel's history back he rolls the gloom
 Of ages, draws in characters of flame
 Her lineage, bondage, liberty, and shame.
 Methinks I see thee with thine eyes upturned —
 Those eyes where all the saint and martyr burned—
 To Him most high, whose temple is all space,
 Nor human minds can bound His dwelling-place—
 To Him who fills by right th' eternal throne,
 And for His footstool claims the earth alone—
 Creator, God, by whose all-forming hand—
 All things were made in ocean, air, and land.

Thus Stephen spake :—

“O ye uncircumcised in ears and heart !
 Who tread your fathers' footsteps, act their part ;

A stiff, unbending, blind, rebellious race,
 Who grieve the Spirit, and resist His grace !
 Which of the prophets have ye not withstood ?
 Have ye not prison'd, tortur'd, shed their blood,
 Who showed the coming of that holiest One—
 Messiah, Jesus, God's eternal Son ?
 Of whom betrayers, murderers ye have been !
 O bloody race of hands and hearts unclean !
 From God Himself the law to you was given
 By hands of angels, ministers from heaven—
 How have ye kept it ? Page inspired proclaim
 True record of your folly, guilt, and shame !”

As lion crouching in the traveller's path
 Lashes his tawny sides in savage wrath—
 Watches with glaring eyes his victim near,
 Then springs with foaming jaws his prey to tear—
 They gnash their teeth ; they rush upon him, wild
 With vengeful hate—he, heavenward gazing, smiled.
 Full of the Holy Ghost, to him 'twas given
 To see unfold the pearly gates of heaven—
 Behold the glory of the highest One,
 And see on His right hand th' incarnate Son !
 With furious cries they stop their ears ; they run
 With one accord upon him. Now begun
 The work of death ; for lo ! they drag, they cast
 Him forth the city gates ; and thick and fast
 They ply the murderous missiles. Bruised to death,
 But calling still on God with fainting breath—
 “ Receive my spirit, Jesus, Lord,” he sighed ;
 Then kneeling down, aloud to God he cried—
 “ Lord, lay not to their charge this sin ; forgive,
 Even for His sake who died that they might live.”
 O words ! O scene ! might “ make even angels weep !”
 He said, then calm in Jesus fell asleep.

But who is he around whose feet are piled
 The murderers' garments ? he hath not defil'd
 His hands with martyr's blood ; yet mark his eye,
 Where flash the fires of genius, even his high
 And intellectual brow, on which enshrined

Sit learning, eloquence, and powerful mind,
Give token all this murderous deed received
His full consent. He hath not yet believed,
Jesus of Nazareth, in Thy name ; but mad
With persecuting zeal he seeks to add
A thousand martyrs, breathing slaughter still ;
Makes havoc of the Church, the prisons fill ;
The Christians scatter, who, dispersed abroad,
Proclaim in every place the Word of God.

But soon, O Saul ! from yon refulgent skies
A blinding glory shall eclipse thine eyes,
And bathe in living light thy new-born soul ;
And thou shalt run the race, and gain the goal
Of Christian martyr, preaching first the faith
Which once thou persecutedst to the death.
Thy name, thy nature, and thy mission changed,
Thus, martyr'd Stephen, thus wert thou avenged.

ICHABOD.

1 SAM. iv. 12-22.

A PANTING messenger of woe and dread,
His garments torn, and dust upon his head,
His wounded feet with blood and travel stained,
From Israel's camp hath Shiloh's city gained.
With throbbing, bursting heart, and blood-shot eye ;
With reeling step, and clench'd hands tossed on high ;
With sobbing, gasping breath, he told his tale—
When loud to heaven arose the shrieking wail
Of thousand voices ; anguish, and despair,
And sense of God-bereavement mingled there !
An aged priest sits watching by the road,
His sad heart trembling for the ark of God—
He starts ! he calls !—for on his listening ear
Rise sounds and cries of more than mortal fear ;
His eyes are dim, and on his reverend head

Well nigh a century's hoary snows are shed.
 He comes in haste, that messenger of fear—
 "My awful tidings, priest and father, hear!
 From Israel's army I have fled to-day—"
 "What is there done, my son? speak quickly, say!"
 He trembling said, with voice of faltering dread,
 "Before the foe hath Israel's armies fled—
 Great was the slaughter there. How shall I tell
 Thee, weeping sire, thy priestly children fell?
 By heathen hands they died, and woe! oh woe!
 The ark of God is taken." Fatal blow!
 It smote upon his heart; he backward fell.
 'Twas not the death of sons he loved too well.
 Nor kindred's blood, nor Israel's thousands slain;
 "The ark of God is taken," scorched his brain—
 That flash electric. Thus the judge and priest
 Of Israel died, nor yet the tidings ceased
 Their work of doom. Thou daughter, mother, wife,
 Who in thy bosom bore a two-fold life,
 In Nature's hour of anguish most extreme,
 Thou bow'dst thy fainting head; such tidings seem
 Too monstrous for belief. The failing tide
 Of life is fast receding; to her side
 The weeping females press, and "Fear not thou;
 A son is born." The shadow on her brow,
 The seal of death grew darker, answer none,
 Nor token of regard she gave. Her son,
 In dying accents, she Ichabod named
 This tribute Israel's parted glories claimed.
 Even in that hour, bereft of mortal stay,
 Her husband, father, given to death a prey,
 A mightier woe which mocked at human grief—
 A woe to which even God denied relief,
 Hath cleft her heart, and this the cureless woe,
 "The ark of God is taken." Let me go
 To God Himself; I would not longer stay;
 I'll seek Him in the heaven of heavens. Away
 Her soaring spirit mounts the heavenward road;
 She lost the ark, but found the living God.

A FAITHFUL MOTHER'S LOVE.

DEAR child ! a faithful mother's love
For thee will toil, and watch, and pray ;
An angel hovering still above
Thy couch by night, thy steps by day.

Oh, think how oft thy lips have pressed
Her breast ! how oft thine arms have clung
Around her neck, while to her heart
She clasped thee close, and sweetly sung !

When fever's burning flush suffused
Thy cheek, and heaved thy panting chest,
Thou rest or refuge all refused
Save mother's arms and mother's breast.

And she would sit with tangled hair
With haggard cheeks and heavy eyes,
Tend all thy wants with loving care,
And soothe thy pains and hush thy cries.

And she would whisper in thy ear,
And press upon thy infant mind
The name, the love of Jesus dear,
And God, thy Father, good and kind.

The pouting lip, the pert reply,
The sullen brow, the stubborn will,
Will dim with tears thy mother's eye,
And her fond heart with anguish fill.

The smiling lip, the ready yes,
The sunny brow of cheerful love ;
What balm for mother's heart like this ?
What dearer blessing can she prove ?

Is she a widow ? doubly dear

Be she to thee ; when griefs assail,
Kiss thou away each mournful tear,
That wanders down her cheek so pale.

A faithful God, the first, the best—

The next a faithful mother's love ;
Thou shalt, dear child, of these possessed,
Be safe on earth and blest above.

THE GARDEN OF GOD.

IN a vineyard where grape-laden boughs
To the trellised wall heavily cling,
Where the voice of the turtle is heard,
And the song-bird ne'er ceases to sing.
The dark purple clusters I pressed,
And drank of the soul-cheering wine,
To the voice of the turtle replied,
And the song on my lips was Divine.

In a garden of spices I walked,
Inhaling the sacred perfume,
'Mongst beds of white lilies I strayed,
And roses perennial in bloom.
In the apple trees' shadow I sat,
How great was my love and delight,
How pleasant the fruit to my taste,
How mellow and golden to sight.

On a mount of green olives I stood,
Where oft my Beloved had been,
And poured out His spirit to God
By all but the angels unseen.
What holy communings and high
Were there between Father and Son,
As the words ever came from His lips—
My Father, thy will shall be done.

Gethsemane, garden of woe,
 'Twas low on thy blood-sprinkled sod
 My Beloved in His agony lay,
 And prayed to His Father, His God.
 Of darkness the hour and the power
 Had come, He was sold and betrayed ;
 They bound Him and led Him away
 Through the green olives' deepening shade.

Come now to Golgotha, oh come !
 No vineyard, no garden in bloom,
 'Tis only "the place of a skull"
 Where criminals suffer their doom.
 The fruits that have grown on the tree
 That stood in that garden of death,
 Have life and salvation bestowed
 On perishing millions beneath.

Would'st know of the vineyard of wine,
 The garden of spice and perfume,
 The mount where the green olives grow,
 The garden of woe and of doom.
 A Christian thou and not know !
 Thou oft must have travelled the road,
 And looked at the place where they stand—
 The Bible, the garden of God.

THE FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.

GALATIANS v. 22, 23.

SPIRIT DIVINE ! Eternal, holy Dove !
 These sacred fruits are thine,—peace, joy, and love,
 Even *peace* with heaven, and peace on earth ; a *joy*
 Earth cannot give, nor, leagued with hell, destroy.
Love ! 'tis the love Thy presence sheds abroad
 In hearts renew'd, the love supreme of God ;
Long-suffering, when assailed by wrong or scorn ;
Calm gentleness, though tried and spirit-worn ;

True *goodness*, flowing from its source Divine ;
 And *faith*, that whispers, Saviour, Thou art mine !
 Mild tranquil *meekness*, with her lowly grace ;
 And *temperance*, ruling measure, mood, and place,
 In words, in deeds, in meats, in drinks, in all
 In every phase of life her warning call
 Observ'd, obey'd ; 'gainst such no law is found,
 With heaven-born graces richly robed and crown'd.
 Spirit of God ! o'er the dark waters move,
 That 'whelm our souls, where light, nor life, nor love,
 Stir the dull chaos : come with life and power,
 Creating light, and beauty, fruit, and flower !

SHEW US THY GLORY.

“ And he said, I beseech thee, Shew me thy glory.”—EXODUS xxxiii. 18.

SHEW us Thy glory, Lord ;
 From Sinai's mount of flame,
 With trumpet thunder-toned,
 The fiery law proclaim.
 Arraign the sinner's soul
 For judgment and for doom ;
 Let conscience say Amen,
 Nor speech nor plea presume.

Shew us Thy glory, Lord,
 In Christ the Saviour's face.
 By Moses came the law,
 By Jesus truth and grace ;
 The law He hath fulfilled
 For who on Him believe ;
 He bore the curse that we
 The blessing might receive.

Shew us Thy glory, Lord !
 Oh, send us from above
 The Comforter Divine,
 The co-eternal Dove !

He only can apply,
He only can reveal
The Saviour's blood and name,
And every promise seal.

Shew us Thy glory, Lord,
That in our lives may shine,
Reflected from Thy face,
The character Divine.
Renewed and reconciled,
We, Abba, Father, pray
For grace, till glory shine
In heaven's eternal day.

Shew us Thy glory, Lord !
With rays of love illumine
The gloomy vale of death—
The passage to the tomb.
Unfold the gates of bliss :
We come, we come to Thee,
Thy love for ever sing,
Thy glory ever see.

THE SERVANT OF THE LORD.

2 TIMOTHY ii. 24-26.

SERVANT OF GOD ! thy soul's pure spring of life
Disturb, defile not, with unholy strife ;
Gentle to all, as it becomes thee well ;
For what wert thou, ere dews of mercy fell
Upon thy lifeless soul ? From gracious heaven
To thee were life, and power, and pardon given ;
" Freely thou hast received," oh, " freely give."
Be ever apt to teach ; why should'st thou live
Alone aloof, when vice and ignorance stalk
Abroad with blushless cheek, crossing thy walk

With frequent horrors? Teach, and pray, and strive,
 And work with heaven in saving souls alive;
 Patient with men, and patient 'neath the rod,
 For He who chastens is thy Father, God.
 Meekly instruct; God will thy work approve,
 And haters of the truth shall learn to love
 And own her sway, while bright through contrite tears,
 Hope, smiling, points to heaven's eternal years.
 How high the honour! How supreme the joy!
 How great the gain! How blessed to destroy
 The snares of Satan, teach the slaves of sin
 To break their chains, and life and freedom win;
 Thy slaves no more, dread author of all ill!
 No more thy captives, taken at thy will.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

MALACHI iii. 16, 17.

YEA, they who fear the Lord will often speak
 To kindred souls their heavenward thoughts, and seek
 That balm of heaven, a sympathy Divine
 With hearts which golden cords of love entwine
 In sweet communion. Yea, their tears and sighs,
 Their prayers and praises, pierce the upper skies.
 JEHOVAH, listening, hears. At His command
 In heaven's bright records fair inscribed they stand,
 Whose thoughts with reverent love and filial fear,
 Dwell on His name and feel Him ever near.
 O blest assurance! hear the words Divine,—
 "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, they shall be mine;
 For ever mine: fair jewels, to adorn
 My sovereign's crown when dawns the eternal morn!
 As sons beloved who served me shall they share
 My watchful love, my own peculiar care."
 Father in heaven, how far beyond, above
 An earthly father's Thy paternal love.

"WORDS OF COMFORT."

VERSES SUGGESTED BY THE PERUSAL OF A BOOK ENTITLED "WORDS OF COMFORT," EDITED BY WILLIAM LOGAN, GLASGOW.

"WORDS OF COMFORT," they are come,
Rich in many a tender token,
Weeping love and mothers' woe,
Deeply felt and fitly spoken.

"Words of Comfort," ah ! to whom
Do they come? Our Heavenly Father
Comforts all who mourn, bereaved
Of the flowers His hand doth gather.

"Words of Comfort," rich the balm
From each precious page distilling,
Softly on the mourner's heart—
With sweet peace and comfort filling.

"Words of Comfort," on the wings
Of the morning they are flying,
To the utmost ends of earth,
Still their bless'd vocation plying.

"Words of Comfort," they have come,
To the Mission mother, kneeling
By her infant's timeless grave,
Comfort, hope, and heaven revealing.

"Words of Comfort," thus they speak—
"Mother, cease to soil with weeping
That pure cheek so cold and pale ;
Baby is not dead but sleeping !"

"Words of Comfort," mother, dear,
Come to thee, assurance bringing
That the babe thou mourn'st as lost
Now before the throne is singing.

"Words of Comfort," bouquet rare!
 Gemm'd with many an Eden blossom,
 Culled with care and placed with love
 On the mourner's aching bosom.

"GOD IS DEPARTED FROM ME, AND
 ANSWERETH ME NO MORE."

1 SAMUEL xxviii. 8-20.

A KING has sought at midnight hour
 The sorceress in her cell,
 And bids invoke the Prophet's shade,
 His coming doom to tell.
 He bows before the spectral form,
 He speaks in anguish sore—
 "God is departed from me,
 And answereth me no more."

Dark words—how pregnant with despair
 How fraught with hopeless woe!
 Stern spake the spirit-seer—"What hope
 When God He is thy foe?
 And wherefore seek to know thy doom,
 For this thou knew'st before?
 'God is departed from thee,
 And answereth thee no more!'

"The word which God hath spoke by me
 He hath confirmed and done—
 He rends the kingdom from thy hand;
 His own anointed one,
 Even David he shall fill thy throne;
 Thy reign, thy life is o'er—
 'God is departed from thee,
 And answereth thee no more!'

“Since thou obeyd'st not God, nor didst
His high behest fulfil,
He gives thy host, thy sons, thy life,
Up to the enemies' will.
Thy soul, ere midnight glooms again,
Shall wing th' eternal shore.
'God is departed from thee,
And answereth thee no more.'”

He faints, he falls, on earth he lies,
That stately, peerless form,
Which oft had tower'd in Israel's van
And ruled in battle's storm.
O kingly oak ! the thunder fires
Have scathed thine inmost core.
“God is departed from thee,
And answereth thee no more.”

Who runs may read this awful truth,
In lines of lightning traced,
The spoken, written Word of God,
Though trampled, scorn'd, defaced
By men of sin and pride, the earth
Shall burn, the heavens decay,
Ere Word of God, to man reveal'd,
Shall fail or pass away.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MY MOTHER.

MY MOTHER! O my Mother! when thy spirit heavenward fled,
And thy aged form, in death's embrace, lay on thy lonely bed;
No hand to raise thy head, and wipe the death drops from
thy brow,
Or o'er thee breathe a weeping prayer—alone with Death
wert thou.

Yet not alone ! for in thy ear, and on thy glazing eye,
Were angel whispers breathed, and dawned the Sun of
Glory's sky ;
And when thy daughter stood and gazed upon thy tranquil
face,
It seemed to her thy features wore a calm, celestial grace.

Thy ardent prayers, thy tender cares, thy deep and patient love
How dearly prized—how sorely missed since thou wert
called above !

For I, a mother, bend beneath a mother's heavy cares,
And still I ask of Heaven to reap the fruit of Mother's prayers.

When trials crowd, and sorrows press, and fears my bosom
chill,

My Mother, then I seem to hear thy loving accents still ;
And still it seems as if to thee my sorrows I must tell—
Oh joy, we soon shall meet ! till then, my Mother, fare thee
well !

OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.

MATTHEW vii. 9, 10.

AN eager youthful voice I hear
Asking for bread a father dear ;
For he had strayed into the wild,
And wandered far, the thoughtless child,
Till hunger gnawing in his breast
Had sent him home with this request.
And will his father give instead
A stone to him that asks for bread ?
If for a fish a venom'd snake
Will he persuade his child to take ?
Ah, no ! the father will arise
With love and pity in his eyes,
And fill the suppliant hand outspread
With bounteous store of finest bread.

And will not God, our God, much more
 Give from His love's unbounded store
 All needful things—the Spirit's grace
 Our souls to bless, instruct, solace.
 Oh ! let His children haste to prove
 Their Heavenly Father's yearning love ;
 And to His throne of grace repair,
 And ask in earnest, pleading prayer,
 That to their needy souls be given
 The bread of life sent down from heaven ;
 That living bread His grace supplies,
 And whoso eats of never dies.
 O Father, give Thy children bread,
 Our souls are waiting to be fed ;
 From Thee we would not longer roam,
 Our Father, Thou, and "heaven our home."
 Thy love we crave, Thy Word believe ;
 We ask, we hope we will receive.

VERSES

ON THE RECOVERY OF MISS ANNIE M. G. FROM A SEVERE ILLNESS.

A MAIDEN in the arms of death
 Unconscious lay ; her failing breath
 Came fitful, faint, and low :
 The damps of death her brow bedew
 Her lips and cheeks of ashy hue—
 Her pulses sunk and slow.

What prayers for power, what tears were shed
 By friends and parents o'er the bed
 Where she, their loved one, lay ?
 O God ! to Thee we now resign
 Thy precious gift—for she is Thine,
 And may no longer stay.

Crept o'er her eyes a dim eclipse,
 Yet life still hovered on her lips,
 And still they watch and pray ;
 When Jesus—present, though unseen—
 Death and the Maiden pass'd between,
 And motioned him away.

“Maiden, I say to thee, arise !”
 He spoke, and light came to her eyes,
 And life resumed its sway.
 “Not yet,” she said, “I enter Heaven ;
 Me, to your prayers, God has given
 With you awhile to stay.”

With tears of joy and looks of love
 Around the bed the parents move,
 And gaze into her eyes ;
 For life renewed, and hope restored,
 They praise, adore, and bless the Lord :
 Their thanks to Heaven arise.

And now the Maiden lives to prove,
 By works of faith and deeds of love,
 Her love to Him who gave
 Himself for her ; while in the bloom
 Of youth for her dispell'd the gloom,
 And closed the opening grave.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON SEEING THE VERY LARGE SABBATH SCHOOL PROCESSION
 OF 3rd JULY, 1862, PASSING BY.

WERE thousand angels, sinless, bright,
 With folded wings, and robes of light,
 With flowing locks, and glorious eyes,
 To walk our streets—with what surprise

And awe-struck wonder we would gaze,
And ask each other in amaze,
Why to our sinful earth was given
To bear the denizens of heaven !

No angel band to-day, I ween,
Upon our village street was seen ;
But thousand spirits, young and fresh,
Wrapt in the veil of mortal flesh.
That veil on earth the Saviour wore ;
In heaven He wears it evermore ;
He took not angel nature on—
Your nature, dear ones, yours alone.

I gaze on thousand childish forms ;
The veil they wear is food for worms ;
If saved from sin, the spirit springs,
When drops the veil, on brighter wings,
In whiter robes than angel wears,
Washed in the Saviour's blood and tears.

Dear children, 'twas with moistened eye
I saw you pass my window by ;
I marked your gambols on the grass,
And, sighing, said, " Alas ! alas !
What tongue may tell, what heart can know,
The heirs of bliss, the heirs of woe,
That mingle in the joyous throng,
That wake the woods with dance and song !"
To us the gracious words were given,
" Of such the kingdom is of heaven."
Yet none who live and die in sin
That kingdom e'er shall enter in.
Then love your teachers ; love your school ;
Be subject to your parents' rule ;
Be grateful for the loving care
That gave you all these joys to share.
Be love's sweet law your rule alone,
Like Him who took your nature on.

Temperance Pieces.



LYRICS OF DRINK.

I.

“Whatever step I take, and into whatever direction I may strike, the drink-demon starts up before me and blocks my way.”—M. HILL.

I TURNED me to the house of prayer,
Nor thought to meet the demon there—
But as I musing onward trod,
I met him staggering on the road,
In semblance of some beastly creatures,
With blood-shot eyes and bloated features,
Who revel held the live-long night,
Till now the Sabbath sun shone bright.

I stood beside an open grave ;
The demon here no power can have.
The coffin lowered, the grave filled up,
The mourners crave a friendly cup
Their griefs to soothe and spirits cheer.
Oh ! draw the veil and drop the tear
O'er scenes on which the demon smiles,
When they have fallen by his wiles.

I turned me to the police cells—
The demon's voice there ever swells
Through every passage, cell, and chink,
And echo ever answers “Drink !”
A corpse is borne in at the door—
He died in drink ; and on the floor,
Dead drunk, some ghastly wretches lie,
Unfit to live, but, ah ! to die.

I turned to where the parish dole
 Is monthly dealt—too oft the sole
 Resource of widow'd age and want—
 Yet on this pittance, stinted, scant,
 I've known upon this piteous dole
 The demon levy tax and toll ;
 By him from Want's lean fingers torn,
 Though shivering, starving, and forlorn !

Turn ye to furnace, forge, and mine ;
 Turn to canal and railway line,
 Where wheels revolve and hammers clink,
 And, lo ! up starts the demon Drink.
 The joiner's bench, the mason's shed,
 The place of dough and smoking bread,
 The tailor's board, the Crispin's stool—
 All, all proclaim the demon's rule !

LYRICS OF DRINK.

II.

Pour ye a wail of the wildest
 E'er wrung from a worn heart and mind !
 Tears and entreaties the mildest
 Are blown like the chaff on the wind !
 Speak through a trumpet of thunder,
 The drunkard is deaf to the call ;
 Words of deep sorrow and wonder,
 Unheeded, uncared for, may fall !

Woe for the heart-stricken mother,
 Sinking in terror and shame
 From scenes that she vainly would smother—
 The curse of her house and her name !
 Woe to the grey, stooping father—
 The blossoms of love and of trust,
 He hoped of his children to gather,
 Are withered and gone up like dust !

Woe for the drunkard—all feelings
 Of manhood and duty are gone !
 List to his horrid revealings,
 When reason lies drowned on her throne !
 Horrors, deep, direful, are rushing
 Through the dark 'wildered cells of his brain ;
 Despair fiercely rending and crushing
 Each nerve and each hot throbbing vein !

Woe to the fiend-haunted dwelling
 Where the demon of drink hath abode !
 No psalm, even or morning, is swelling,
 But curses of man and of God !
 His heaven and his hell are in drinking ;
 'Tis bliss when his raging desires
 He is glutting ; his hell is in thinking,
 Sublimed in Eternity's fires !

THE THREE GOLDEN BALLS.

DEADLIER balls than North or South
 Throw from cannon's blazing mouth,
 Everywhere appal my sight—
 Three in number—golden, bright.
 " All that glitters is not gold."
 " Ah ! I could a tale unfold "
 Of misery, waste, and want, and sin ;
 We pass the balls and enter in.
 The counter-board seems to my eyes
 An altar reared for sacrifice.
 My heart would fail, my tongue would falter,
 To tell how on this horrid altar
 Are offered all that life requires
 To feed the ever-burning fires

Of drink, which would, for want of fuel,
At times burn out, did not the cruel
And greedy priest, who serves the altar,
The offerings clutch, and lie, and palter,
And cheat the victim of the dole
With which he means to drown his soul
In hell's hot fountains gushing near—
“Spirits and Ales,” dark words of fear ;
And so the groaning shelves are laden
With spoils of man, wife, child, and maiden.
The priest, who worships only self,
Gloats o'er the offerings and the pelf.
With heart that mourns, and eye that weeps,
I see him store the frowsy heaps
With hand of iron, and heart of stone,
Brow of brass, and feeling none.
Vampire-like, the blood he drains
From the drunkard's burning veins.
The whisky-shop absorbs his cash,
The pawn-shop swallows down the trash
Of household gear and wretched clothing.
Ah ! my soul is sick to loathing
Of the sights, and sounds, and crimes,
Of these murder-tainted times,
When a bath of blood has charms,*
And power to set a world in arms ;
And the bather may be bolder
If a forty-ticket holder.
Here's a man of good connection—
Hang him, give him for dissection.
What makes your wrath so high to mount ?
That old man keeps a bank account.
Some journals have inspired a furor
In many minds 'gainst judge and juror.
Would huntsmen cease to lash and growl,
“The many-headed monster's howl
Would die,” and common sense again
Resume the sceptre and the rein.

* Murder of Jessie M'Pherson.

TEMPERANCE WARFARE.

"SOUND TO THE ONSET, THE ONSET, THE ONSET!"

AROUSE ye ! arouse ye ! the foe is at large,
Again and again we must come to the charge.
Oh ! hotly pursue, and fearless attack—
The blood of his victims is red on his track.

Our wives are dishonoured, our children are slain
By thousands—we labour, but often in vain,
For the plundering foe still devours the proceeds,
Till nothing is left us but sorrows and needs.

We must take his strongholds, put his garrisons down,
And pull down his ensigns in village and town ;
But this is the victory, most glorious of all,
Exile him for ever from homestead and hall.

Ye matrons and maidens of Britain, to you
I would speak, as a sister, most faithful and true
To all your best interests. I beg you to hear,
By all you hold sacred, by all you hold dear.

'Tis found—oh, alas ! it should ever be so—
That many amongst us are leagued with the foe,
Give harbour, and homage, and serve him as slaves,
Till bleeding and stumbling they crawl to their graves.

And oft with the dear names of mother and wife,
Entrusted by Heaven with the mind and the life
Of your children, a household, to care for and serve,
You pamper the foe while they shiver and starve.

Dear sisters, I would, but I cannot, conceal
The guilt and the folly you often reveal—
Intemperance, and many a fatal neglect,
That ever the progress of mankind must check.

For who but a mother her dear little girl
Will lovingly teach her the ruin and peril
Of wanton exposure, the dark deeds of shame,
That blot the fair scutcheon of Scotia's fame?

The many small fripperies—worthless for use—
Your girls delight in, are but an abuse
Of time, and a sorry perversion of taste,
While the needful and useful are running to waste.

Precious the ruby, and pure is the pearl—
More precious and pure is an innocent girl;
And earth holds no gem of such value and beauty
As a Christian mother devoted to duty.

THE DEMON DRINK!

“I do well to be angry, even unto death.”—JONAH iv. 9.

“I DO well to be angry, even unto death,”
To denounce, to decry with unfaltering breath,
To lift up my voice, cry aloud, and not spare,
A fiend—yea, a legion are with us, beware!

Beware the foul demon, avoid his vile haunts,
For soul-crushing horrors, woes, miseries and wants
Still follow his steps and attend in his train,
And his path is bestrewn with the bones of his slain!

His wings are outspread, like a dark thunder cloud
O'er thee, my lov'd Scotland; the pall and the shroud,
And the grave of thy glory thine own hands prepare,
While harbouring and serving the demon, beware!

Where are thy Sabbaths? Say how are they spent?
Dost use them as channels whence passion finds vent,
In drinking, blaspheming, in orgies obscene,
In the fields, in the woods, in the filthy shebeen.

Where are thy children? At play on the street;
Romping and shouting the varlets I meet;
Ah, my soul it is sad, and my heart it is pained,
For children neglected and Sabbaths profaned!

Where are thy mothers? where are thy wives?
Do they make it the aim and the end of their lives
To be sober and virtuous, not gadding abroad,
But training their children for life and for God!

I do well to be angry; 'tis horror to think
Of mothers possessed by the demon of drink,
Who lay on His altar their all upon earth,
The treasures of childhood, the home, and the hearth.

'Tis sad, on the eve of the Sabbath to hear
The shout of the drunkard—his maudlin cheer,
As out from the shebeen he staggers along,
With oaths and obscenity larding his song!

But sadder to see, and sadder to hear,
A mother—that name should be sacred and dear—
A drunkard, a libel on true womankind;
How chuckles the demon such votaries to find!

"I do well to be angry, even unto death;"
A mother, a drunkard, her poisonous breath
Sweeps over her hearth like the deadly simoom,
Leaving want, woe, and shame, desolation and gloom.

NEEBOUR JOHNNIE'S COMPLAINT.

My aul' neebour Johnnie had lang been awa',
Twa towmonds an' mair I kent naething ava
O' what he was daein', or whaur he had been,
Till he juist pappit in to our dwallin' yestreen.

An' couthie an' kin' was oor meetin' I troo,
But the wrunkles were thick an' mair deep on his broo,
An' his heart it grew grit, an' his lip it would quiver,
An' he lookit as donsie an' dowie as ever.

Noo, Johnnie, quo' I, is't the wearifu' drink?
Is that neer-dae weel callan o' yours on the brink
O' drucken destruction? has sorrow an' shame
Sitten down on yer heart, yer house, an' yer name?

Weel, Nelly, my woman, it's e'en as ye say,
Like a ghaist I gae wan'erin' aboot a' the day,
At nicht, tho' sair wearit, my sleep I aft tine,
He is lost! oh, he's lost! an' I mourn an' repine.

An' aye ower my heart a dark feydom is hingin',
In my lug there's a soun' o' dule ever ringin'
For him wha ne'er sleeps till he's droon't his last groat,
An' wha's back is ne'er happit wi' jacket or coat.

To see him reel oot o' some publican's den
Wi' a face like the lum, an' his hair a' on en',
Gaun stoitin' an' sweerin' the hie road alang,
Hoo burnin' the shame, an' hoo bitter the pang.

But that's no the warst o't: he ance had a min'
That was mensefu' an' truthfu', an' honest an' kin',
But it's drink, oh, it's drink—a' gudeness is gane,
An' his heart is as caul' an' hard as a stane.

My malison on them, baith heavy an' deep,
Wha laid the first bow o' gude barley asteeep,
An' wrocht it an' brocht it thro' worm an' thro' stell,
Till oot cam' a deil that the warl' canna quell.

Noo come ye wi' me an' leuk in at thae doors
Whaur barrels an' bottles are bing't up by scores,
It's there whaur the deil o' the stell ever lies,
An' we'll ne'er pit him oot till we stop the supplies.

THE VICTIM OF DRINK.

THE EARLY LOST.

THE early lost I mourn,
Ah, not the early dead ;
The early lost return.
Young hope's fair blossom shed.
Gone up like dust.
Oh, deeper than the wail
That sounds above the dead
It is, when hope must fail,
And love is chill'd and dead ;
No hope, no trust.
O curse most dread and dire,
O thing most black and foul ;
Slakeless thirst and quenchless fire
That scorcheth heart and soul !
I can but weep.
O most insidious foe,
That, vampire-like, doth cling,
Draining the blood ; yet lo,
Soft fanning with its wing
The victim's sleep !
O sad and anxious mind
Dost think all goodness gone
And nought but ill behind,
That thus thou makest moan ?
Oh, calmly think.
Calm, saidst thou ? I am calm—
The calm of deep despair ;
Say, know'st thou of a balm
To heal (the cure is rare),
That plague-sore drink ?
The words, the sounds I hear,
The sights that pass me by,
They smite and wound my ear,
And blast my wakeful eye
By night and day.

Thine are these horrors, drink !
 My country's curse and shame ;
 From them my soul would shrink,
 And 'gainst thy power and name
 For ever pray.

LINES ADDRESSED TO
 MRS. H. B. STOWE

ON THE OCCASION OF HER VISIT TO GLASGOW, APRIL 13, 1853.

LADY, to thee, to fortune, and to fame,
 I all unknown, would yet aspiring claim
 A right to love thee, and admire from far
 Thy pure and tender light. Benignant star,
 Bright in Columbian heavens we see thee rise,
 Herald of freedom's dawn in Southern skies.
 Far on the dim horizon she appears
 Struggling through blood, red clouds bedewed with tears
 The dews of anguish, wrung from hearts and eyes—
 Crush'd, blasted, sever'd from all human ties.
 Dark exhalations rise her form to shroud,
 And wrathful demons glare from every cloud.
 In vain shall Slavery's vile Draconian code
 Of lawless laws, that flout the laws of God—
 Her blood-hounds, scourges, chains—exclude the day.
 No ; things of darkness, hence ! avaunt ! away !

Day breaks. Aside the murky vapours roll'd,
 Mid roseate draperies, rich with orient gold,
 Appears the goddess, shouts the applauding world,
 The striped and starry flag she holds unfurl'd.
 From the proud blazonry wipes out the name—
 The curse of slavery and the brand of shame.

Lady, my land breeds not nor barter slaves,
 But she has ruined homes and drunkards' graves.
 Here mad Intemperance clanks her Bedlam chain,
 And plies her scourge of snakes, shame, ruin, pain—

The fangs of fell remorse, and fierce despair,
Sink in the victim's heart and quiver there.

O gifted lady ! from mine island strand
I gaze far sea-ward, wave the beckoning hand.
Thou comest—O welcome guest ?—and worthless, I
Shall meet thee—not on earth ; our goal's the sky.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

O JEANIE, my woman ! whar is't ye are gaun,
Wi' a bairn on yer arm an' ane in yer haun ?
There's snaw on the grun, an' nae shune on yer feet,
An' ye speak na a word, but juist murther an' greet.

Yer ae drogget coat is baith scrimpy an' worn,
An' yer aul' leloc tounsh is baith dirty an' torn ;
An' roun' yer lean haffits, ance sonsy an' fair,
Hings tautit an' tousie yer bonny broun hair.

Yer wee shilpit weanie's a pityfu' prufe
That yer bosom's as dry an' as queem as my lufe ;
For the bairn wi' the beard sooks ye sairest alace,
For he draws the red bluid frae yer hert an' yer face.

Waesucks for ye, Jeanie ! I kent ye fu' weel
Whan a lass ; ye war couthie, an' cantie, an' leal :
Wi' cheeks like the roses, yer bonnie blue e'e,
Aye glancin' an' dancin' wi' daffin' an' glee,

They tauld ye that Davie was keen o' the drink,
That siller ne'er baid in his pouches a blink ;
An' a' he got claut o' he waret on the dram,
An' ae pay ne'er sert till anither ane cam.

But ye wadna be warnt, sae yer weird ye maun dree,
Tho' aften ye raither wad lie doun an' dee
For o' puir drucken Davie ye've nae houp ava,
Sae, yer greetin', an' toilin', an' fechtin' awa.

BURNIN' DRINK.

I TELL a tale o' burnin' love,
 A love they seldom tine
 Wha ance ha'e nursed it in their hearts :
 It's no a love divine ;
 It's no a tale o' human love,
 Whaur ane may lo'e anither ;
 It's no a mither's for a bairn,
 A sister's for her brither :

Nae love o' science or o' art,
 Or nature's bonny face ;
 It's no a love o' warl's gear,
 Nor a love o' power an' place ;
 It's no a love o' ocht that's gude,
 Or ocht that's fine or fair ;
 It's no a love o' priest or kirk—
 It's unco seldom there.

This burnin' love dries up the sap
 O' mony a plant an' flower
 O' human growth ; the levin fires
 Ha'e nae sic deadly power.
 It drains the life-bluid frae the he'rt
 O' mony a wretched wife,
 An' robs the waefu' parent's mind
 O' ilka joy in life.

It strips the bairnie o' its duds
 An' robs it o' its bread,
 An' taks, though it should dee wi' cauld,
 The blanket aff the bed ;
 " It sets the mouth against the heavens"
 Wi' cursin' an' blaspheming,
 Sic mixture o' the fiend and brute
 There's little hope o' tamin'.

Nae thocht for body or for saul,
 Nae care for name or fame—
 This burnin' love consumes them a',
 And glories in its shame.
 Oh ! frae this base an' burnin' love
 Let man an' woman shrink :
 This deadly an' degradin' thing—
 The burnin' love o' drink.

The burnin' love o' burnin' drink
 Sune burnin' ruin brings,
 An' burnin' plagues on every han'
 Aroun' the lan' it flings.
 Oh ! ye wha thole this burnin' love,
 I rede ye o' the fate
 That bides ye : tear it frae your heart
 Wi' bitter, burnin' hate.

THE MOURNING MOTHER.

WHAT woe is thine, pale mother ?—say
 What grief devours thy heart ? For aye
 Thy looks averted shun the day,
 And midnight sees thee watch and pray
 With sighing, quivering breath.
 The hand of wedded love to clasp—
 To feel true friendship's fervent grasp
 Is thine. Why, then, with sob and gasp
 Still heaves thy heart, as sting of asp
 Had struck the pang of death.

“ Oh, lost ! lost ! lost !—the loved, the young
 On dark perdition's torrent flung—
 With maddened brain and hearts unstrung
 O'er deepest gulf of ruin swung,
 And I—I cannot save !

O minstrel King! thy soul-wrung cry
 Draws from my heart a deep reply—
 My sons, my sons! each burdened sigh
 My sons, my sons! breathes to the sky—
 My God, thy help I crave!

“My gentle boys—obedient, fond—
 How oft around my knees ye conned
 The Book which taught all names beyond
 His name to bless whose blood atoned
 For guilt of fallen man!
 How blessed the time when work and play
 Alternate shared the hours of day!
 Till pillowed cheek to cheek ye lay,
 And mother o’er you stooped to pray,
 As only mother can.”

But, ah! on clouds of grief and shame,
 To this dear home a demon came—
 The undying worm, the quenchless flame
 Are thine, Intemperance; at the name
 The lesser fiends rejoice.
 Well hath the dark-souled poet said—
 “More sad than wail above the dead
 Are words by living sorrow fed:”
 Such breathe o’er lost inebriate’s head
 From mourning mother’s voice.

The song, the dance, the wanton’s love,
 May fail the young desires to move;
 But fiercer ordeal they must prove,
 Launched on the world, who rise above
 The tempter’s proffered cup.
 They fell, for guileless youth what hope?
 Urged, bantered, drawn, nay, forced to cope
 With senior mates in yard or shop:
 Workmen, these human offerings stop
 To Moloch offered up.

THE CONTRAST.

SEE yonder wretched little girl,
Braving cold, and want, and peril,
Wandering through the frozen street,
Seeking her she fears to meet ;
Matted locks hang round her ears,
From her wild eyes rain the tears ;
In her arms a squalid child,
Wrapt in rags all torn and soil'd,
Clinging to her shivering breast—
Young bird cast from rifled nest.
Now the mother's form she sees,
Drooping head and tottering knees.
Babbling tongue and idiot stare,
Ah ! too well her state declare.
“Mother ! mother ! father's come ;
Haste ! oh haste ! he waits at home !”
Ay ! he waits for her returning,
Wrath and hate within him burning.
Oh ! that home, how desolate !
Bare the walls, and cold the grate ;
Empty cupboard, naked bed,
Health and peace and comfort fled !
Hark, those sounds ! your ears they tingle !
Blows and shrieks and curses mingle—
Words of passion, fierce and wild.
Weeping girl and screaming child,
While the shades of evening close,
Cowering, sobbing, seek repose ;
Couched on straw, the group, forlorn,
Wait the miseries of the morn.
God ! I pray, with heart high swelling,
Mercy on the drunkard's dwelling.

See that playful, laughing girl,
Lips of rose, and teeth of pearl,
Brow unwrinkled by a frown.

Waving locks of golden brown,
Shading soft her azure eyes,
Dimpled cheeks, whose hue outvies
Rosebud wild, I hear her singing—
O'er the mead her wild flight winging—
Weaving 'neath the willow bushes
Coronets of fragrant rushes.
Mother at the cottage door—
Gazing the fair landscape o'er—
Sees on homeward path advancing,
Her wee daughter skipping, dancing,
Fill'd her lap, and hands, and bosom
With flowery blooms and hawthorn blossom.
Look within ; how clean and neat !
The fire is bright, the tea is set ;
The father lifts his eyes to heaven,
And asks on all its bounties given,
God's blessing. Now the blooms and roses
Are laid aside ; the evening closes
The blinds are drawn—fast closed the door—
And now, upon the cottage floor,
That lovely, lowly group are kneeling
In fervent prayer, to Heaven appealing ;
And while their hymn of praise is swelling,
We'll pray, "God bless the temperance dwelling."

THE PLAGUE OF OUR ISLE.

It is said, it is sung, it is written, and read,
It sounds in the ear, and it swims in the head,
It booms in the air, it is borne o'er the sea—
"There's a good time coming," but when shall it be ?

Shall it be when Intemperance, enthroned on the waves
Of a dark sea of ruin, is scooping the graves
Of thousands, while redly the dark current rolls
With the blood of her victims—the slaughter of souls ?

A canker is found in the bud, flower, and fruit
Of human progression—a worm at the root
Of social improvement—a fiery simoom
That sweeps o'er the masses to burn and consume.

'Tis found on the heaven-hallow'd day of repose—
Blest haven of rest from our toils and our woes !—
That voice of the drunkard, the oath, curse, and brawl,
Are sounds of such frequency, they cease to appal.

We see the grey father, the youth in his prime,
Throw soul, sense, and feeling, health, substance, and time,
In the cup of the drunkard—the mother and wife
Hugs the snake in her bosom that 'venoms her life.

We see the gaunt infant, so feeble and pale,
Crave nature's sweet fluid from fountains that fail ;
Or run with hot poison, distill'd from the breast
Of the mother—O monstrous !—a drunkard, a pest !

We've seen, with her bright hair all clotted with blood,
Lie cold on the hearth—where at morning she stood
The wife of a summer—a babe on her breast—
The husband a drunkard—let death tell the rest.

And darker and deeper the horrors that shroud
The brain of the drunkard ; what dark phantoms crowd
"The cells of his fancy," his couch of despair
Is empty—the suicide slumbers not there ?

O why do we seek, do we hope to bestow
"The colours of heaven on the dwellings of woe ?"
'Tis temperance must level the strongholds of crime—
'Tis temperance must herald the "coming good time."

Then turn ye ! oh, turn ye ! for why will ye die ?
Ye shrink from the plague when its advent is nigh—
The Indian pestilence, the plague of old Nile—
Less deadly by far than the Plague of our Isle !

DARK HOURS.

THE DRUNKARD'S MOTHER.

DARK hours of tearless sleepless grief,
Of woe, denied the soft relief
Of tears, to soothe the burning smart
That throbs and festers in my heart.
Oft has this grief my soul o'erspread,
Like funeral pall above the dead,
Ah, me ! beneath the coffin-lid
Of murdered hopes for ever hid,
My promised joys of love and trust
With them lie mouldering in the dust.

Ah ! not in sentimental strain
Of love-sick maid and sighing swain
I sing, who, crossed in hapless love,
The tender anguish deeply prove—
Nor that fierce grief when loss of fame,
Of wealth, of power, the baffled aim
Of worldly schemes, sends to the heart
Keen disappointment's venom'd dart.

Is such thy grief? you ask.—Ah, no !
A darker, deeper, deadlier, woe
Is mine. Within its poisonous folds
My writhing heart a serpent holds ;
I vainly struggle in the toils,
More closely wind the crushing coils.
No hand but His, to whom is given
All power in earth, all power in heaven,
The hideous reptile can unwind,
My crushed and broken heart upbind.

Lord, speak with power, I Thee implore,
As when, by lone Gennesaret's shore,
As God, Thou gave the high command,
That legion fiends might not withstand.
Oh, speak the words of power again,
All power, all words but Thine are vain ;

This demoniac, fiercely driven,
 Assaulting man, defying heaven,
 'Twere joy ineffable, complete,
 To see him sitting at Thy feet,
 Renewed in heart, in mind restored,
 Oh, speak the word ; oh, save him, Lord ?

ADDRESS AND WELCOME TO J. B. GOUGH,
 ON THE OCCASION OF HIS DELIVERING AN ORATION IN GARTSHERRIE
 CHURCH.

WELCOME ! oh, welcome ! in thy course of fame—
 Through rolling clouds of smoke and lurid flame,
 Belched from a hundred murky piles—at last
 Thou com'st, and scared Intemperance stands aghast.
 To charm the adder deaf, we lack the power—
 Thy potent aid we crave, in this the hour
 And power of darkness. Wisely thou can'st charm—
 Unstop the serpent's ear, his sting disarm ;
 Cry, cry aloud, and spare not ; lift on high
 Thy voice of power, till quailing demons fly
 Their wonted haunts ; extinguish thou and quell,
 With waves of eloquence, the fires of hell—
 Those fires that scorch the tongue and fire the brain ;
 That feed Death's engines, linked to Ruin's train,
 Dragging the inebriate, lost, through horrors dire,
 Till 'neath the grinding wheels the wretch expire !
 To red Crimea's corse-encumbered dells,
 Where war with sickness, death, and carnage dwells,
 All eyes are turned ; all ears to hear are strained
 Of fierce assault, and 'leaguered fortress gained—
 But higher, holier, stern, though bloodless war,
 'Gainst foe more terrible than Russia's Czar,
 Thou hast proclaimed—God shield thee in the fight !—
 His forts and towers of strength, raze, raze them quite !
 Accept the deepest, dearest thanks of those
 Who, sharing not the sin, yet share the woes

And shame incurred by lost degraded ones—
Intemperate fathers, mothers, husbands, sons !
“ Who winneth souls is wise ”—in God’s own might
Go on ; thy path shall like the morning light
Wax brighter, till the noon of perfect day
Shall blind, and scorch, and scare the fiend away !

ON THE ANTICIPATED RETURN OF
J. B. GOUGH TO BRITAIN.

ERE ancient Thebes began on high to raise
Her crest of towers ; ere rose the wondrous maze
Of column’d temples, palaces, and halls,
Of pillar’d porticoes, and pond’rous walls,
Far o’er the waste old Amphion’s magic lyre
Rung forth wild music to his touch of fire—
Then heaved the rocks, and danced the stones along,
Moved by the mighty spell of glorious song.
High swelled the strain, swift rolled the stony flood,
Till Thebes, upreared, in gorgeous beauty stood.

No fabled lyrist—Gough, in thee we find
Thy tuneful eloquence, thy wealth of mind,
Thy words of power, and melody of tone,
Can move the will and draw the heart of stone,
Can startle, thrill, inspire, and arm the soul
With power to abjure for aye the madd’ning bowl.
So, from the fearful pit and miry clay,
Where cold, insensate inebriates lay,
They shake, they move, they come, and tower and wall,
Palace and temple, dome and pillared hall,
In order rise beneath thy skilful hand,
Wise master-builder, moral structures grand,
On temperance based, amidst the desert smile,
The beauty, strength, and safety of our isle.
Again return. Ah ! many a change has passed
Since from our island shores thou parted last—

Ten thousand welcomes wait on thy return.
Then come "with thoughts that breathe and words that
burn"—

Entreat, appeal, and warn—thrill brain and heart ;
While bosoms heave and tears spontaneous start.
The sense, the feeling, and the ear enchain,
And earth, yea, heaven, shall prove thy words not vain.

THE ENEMY IN THE GATE.

TO BRITANNIA.

NAY, all this availeth thee nothing—
Thy prestige, thy power, and estate,
Thy glory, honour, and riches ;
An enemy sits in the gate.
Thy place 'mong the nations is highest ;
Britannia, thou sitt'st as a Queen :
Unequall'd in commerce—in warfare
Unrival'd thy conquests have been.

The seed of the Word ever sowing,
Thou toilest still early and late ;
Yet all this availeth thee nothing,
Thy enemy sits in the gate.
Thy charities great and abundant
Relief to the needy dispense ;
To open the portals of knowledge,
Unsparing of time and expense.

Yet all this availeth thee nothing—
Thy commerce, thy conquests and state,
Thy charities, teachings, and sowings,
Thy enemy sits in the gate.
For in thee for ever abideth
A demon, most potent and fell,
The land is bestrewn with his victims,
His slain, who their numbers may tell ?

The cup of deep anguish he brimmeth,
For parents bemoaning the fate
Of sons in the clutch of the demon,
Who sits evermore in the gate.
The wife often steepeth her pillow
With tears, as she listens by night
The voice and the tread of the demon,
Whose breath sheddeth cursing and blight.

He filleth the jail and the workhouse
With numbers astounding and great ;
He feedeth the hulks and the gibbet,
And still he sits fast in the gate.
On children, pale, ragged, and famished,
He blows with his pestilent breath,
They wither, and wander in darkness,
And pine in the shadows of death.

We struggle to vanquish the demon,
To banish him furth of the State,
To save from perdition its victims,
But still he sits fast in the gate.
So all this availeth us nothing,
While revenue coffers he fills
With gold, from his fiery Alembics,
Distillery coppers and stills.

Avaunt thee ! dread demon, avaunt thee !
Too long we have courted our fate,
Drunk deep of thy cup of enchantment,
And, perishing, fell in the gate.
Britannia, who lately delivered
The captives of dark Theodore,
Has captives by thousands in bondage,
The captives of Drink, on her shore.

Social and Moral Essays.

THE USES AND PLEASURES OF POETRY FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.

I HAVE often thought and felt it to be matter of deep regret that working-men and women, in consequence of their social position, and the want of means and leisure, are to a great extent debarred from the attainment of the elegant tastes and refined perceptions acquired by those on whom the gifts of fortune, and a desire of improving and adorning their minds, have conferred the high advantages of a liberal and finished education. Still, the working-man who is a good English reader, and possessed of an intellectual cast of mind, seasoned with a dash of fancy and feeling—although he may never have offered up his personal devotions at the shrine of the Muses, nor ever essayed to “build the lofty rhyme,” thanks to the facilities afforded by cheap literature! may yet indulge a taste for the sublime and beautiful, and be quite as capable of appreciating the treasures contained in the rich and varied stores of the higher walks of the best poets, as if he had ascended through all the gradations of learning from the parish school to the finale of a classical education in the patrician halls of Oxford or Cambridge. The workman may never be able to “tread the classic shores of Italy;” he may never feast his eyes on the glorious monuments of antiquity which surround the eternal city; he may never roam the sunny land of Greece,

“Land of the Muses and of mighty men;”

nor glide with oar and sail over the gorgeous waters of the Golden Horn; nor wander over

“Syria’s land of roses”

and feel

“The light wings of zephyr, oppressed with perfume,”

fanning his cheek amid the roses of Sharon in the Holy Land.

No ; the workman, as such, will probably never see, except in dreams, these lands of song and story, nor gaze upon the glowing scenes where all that is grand and beautiful in nature and art combine to trance the soul in admiration ; but still he can, when the toils of the day are ended, retire to his home, and having performed his ablutions, and solaced himself with

“ The cup which cheers but not inebriates,”

he then,

“ When worldly crowds retire to revel or to rest,”

can

“ Trim his little fire,”

or light his frugal taper ; and while holding communion with the spirits of the mighty masters of song in their immortal pages, may feel every noble principle of his mind strengthened, every emotion of his heart warmed and purified, and every feeling refined and elevated. Does his heart beat and his pulse throb with sorrow and indignation at the wrongs and sufferings of the Magyars

“ When leagued oppression poured to Northern wars
Her whisker'd pandours and her fierce hussars ? ”

Then will he feel the full force of the sentiment expressed by the bard when he exclaimed—

Oh ! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Hungaria fell, unwept, without a crime ! ”

Or, does all the soul of man stir within him and leap out to those men who feel for, speak for, write for, nay, who spend and are spent for the cause of

“ Yonder poor o'er-laboured wights,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who beg a brother of the earth
To give them leave to toil ? ”

Yes, to those large-hearted men who are striving to heal the sores of the beggar Lazarus, and teaching him how to obtain a nobler meal than the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table ; and will not his heart respond in

“ Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,”

to the fervid rhymes launched by the muse of Elliott at those who, like Dives, “ are clothed in purple and fine linen,

and fare sumptuously every day," and yet see unmoved their poor brother laid down to perish at their gates? And when his faith is assailed, his ears pained by the cavillings of the Deist, or the sneers of the Infidel amongst the associates of his labour, let him turn to the sublime thoughts of Young, the poet of the night, where awful truths, arrayed in solemn and majestic garb, shall uncurl the lip of the scoffer and silence the cavils of the sceptic; or with Cowper he will deplore

"The quenchless thirst of ruinous inebriety,
The stale debauch forth issuing from the styas
Which law has licensed.

While ten thousand casks,
For ever dribbling forth their base contents,
Touched by the Midas finger of the State,
Bleed gold for Ministers to sport withal."

And will not he at times rise on the wings of fancy and hover enraptured over the bright world of scenic creations produced by the magic pencil of him, the great poet, painter, and worshipper of nature, glorious Shakspeare? And when he hails the return of the thrice-blessed and thrice-welcome day of sacred rest—that true well in the desert, in whose cool and sparkling waters the working-man, weary and panting from the dusty ways of life, will slake his parching thirst, and lave his flushed and throbbing temples; and then,

"If summer be the tide, and sweet the hour,"

let him wander forth to the green woodlands, or recline on the fragrant meadow, with the Bard of Paradise for his companion, and soon the Miltonic Muse shall waft him aloft on her ethereal pinions to the sanctuary of God, there to listen with rapt adoration to the eternal councils of peace between the Father and Son on the future salvation of man; or his heart may be attuned to the melodies of heaven, and in spirit he can join in the ecstatic and jubilant anthems of cherubim and seraphim, celebrating the triumphs of the Eternal Son, when by His omnipotent right hand, armed with winged and scorching lightnings, He drove forth the apostate angels, blasted and howling—

"Down from the crystal battlements of heaven
With sheer descent"—

to the burning gulf below ; or the scene is changed, and, lo ! before his visioned eye passes the sublime panorama of the Creation. He stands in the presence of the Deity ; he sees the mystic Dove brooding over the chaos of dark and troubled waters which cover the void and formless earth ; he hears the Almighty fiat, " Let there be light," and he sees the conflicting and struggling elements separated, arranged, and organised by the word of His power into all the forms of order, utility, and beauty, so as to be most conducive to the glory of the Divine Architect and the use and accommodation of man. And now the Divine Urania will introduce him into the presence of the first human pair, fresh from the hand of God—glorious in beauty, and sinless in soul. He may roam through the groves of Paradise, and join with them in their morning and evening orisons—he may recline with them in the bowers of Eden on a couch of amaranth, and, while holding converse with angels, partake of the ambrosial fruits culled by the hand of the mother of all living. But this is, indeed, an inexhaustible subject, and one to which my limited powers can by no means render justice ; yet it is truly consoling for working-men and women to know—ay, and to feel—that on them, amidst all the toils, privations, and hardships incidental to their position in life, the gifts of God, of Nature, and of the Muses are as impartially and profusely bestowed as on that portion of the community whose highest distinctions are too often found to consist only in the accidents of birth and fortune.

" Sweet are the uses of adversity,"

sings the poet ; and " sweet are the uses of poetry," says the working-man of cultivated intellect and refined feeling—for to him there exists not a situation so irksome, a care so crushing, a trial so painful, a privation so severe, a suffering so intense, but he has felt in them all, that, next to the consolations of religion, those of Divine poesy are most potent in power to

" Minister to a mind diseased,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the charged bosom of that perilous stuff
That weighs upon the heart."

And amidst blasted hopes and wasted aspirations he may imbibe the very spirit of courage, patience, and resignation, by appropriating the sublime sentiments expressed by Campbell in those beautiful lines :—

“ Be hushed, my dark spirit, for wisdom condemns
 When the faint and the feeble deplore ;
 Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
 A thousand wild waves on the shore.
 Through the perils of chance and the scowl of disdain
 May thy front be unaltered, thy courage elate !
 Yea, even the name I have worshipped in vain
 Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again —
 To bear is to conquer our fate ! ”

SOCIAL SCIENCE ESSAY ON SELF-EDUCATION.

ON the all-important subjects of self-education and culture of the mind and heart, I must say that I have found my long-cherished opinion on these deeply-interesting topics fully borne out by actual experience and close observation. The opinion which has been maturing during a long period of my life is this :—If a man is a tolerable English reader, and can write a plain hand, and is justly impressed with a sense of the necessity and importance of being possessed of a cultivated and educated mind, with a view of turning such attainments to the best advantage in his future career, and if he has a due appreciation of the incalculable benefits conferred on himself and others, in a mental, moral, and physical sense, by his success, then undoubtedly he may and can, by the steady exercise of a well-regulated will, unflinching perseverance and patience, fully attain this most desirable object, no matter how scanty his means or short his intervals of leisure. Let the will to do, and the desire to have, be maintained in force, and there is no difficulty he will not overcome—no obstacle he will not surmount ; for in this case, perhaps more than in any other, is the trite but true saying verified, “ Where there is a will there is a way.” Such a man must be possessed of an inquiring turn of mind, with a taste for reading ; and if he goes with a will in the right

direction, he will assuredly find the way to educate himself without the tuition of masters and the learning of schools. He will find an easy and cheap way to such books as "Cas-sell's Popular Educator," and many other works put forth and devoted by that patriotic and liberal publisher, to the use and improvement of the working-classes, all of which are most efficient helps for those who seriously engage in the arduous but profitable work of self-education; and there is no corner in Britain in which he may reside, however secluded, but he may procure them with "Chambers' Educational Course," "Information for the People," and many others equally suited for his purpose. I do not speak of these two great and enterprising publishers as if they stood alone, although they undoubtedly stand at the head of those benefactors of their kind who are earnestly engaged in the great and good work of furnishing, through the press and the lecture-room, abundant means of enlightenment and improvement to their fellow-men of the working-classes. There is no department of useful and practical knowledge, whether social, scientific, or mechanical, in which the self-educator may not become a proficient, so far as greatly to advance his interests in life, and raise him to a position and estimation in society to which ignorance, fostered by indolence and neglect, can never hope to attain. The periodical literature of the day supplies another source from which the man so laudably employed may draw great and varied advantages, and much useful information, if he is careful in reading to make a judicious and discriminating selection.

But although it is very desirable to have the mind enlightened and elevated by that historical and general knowledge of men and things, which is acquired by a course of suitable reading, yet a working-man, whose time and means are so scant and precious, need not labour to fill his mind, like the pages of an encyclopædia, with notices of everything known in literature, science, nature, and art. He should have a master idea to work out—a position to attain—a purpose to accomplish. His mental labours and acquirements should all tend to advance himself, and those dependent on him, in the social scale; and, in the next degree, to benefit those of

his class who have neither aspired to nor exerted themselves to obtain the rich reward of those who, by a well-directed and steady course of self-education, have attained the desired distinction.

Education of the mind, and culture of the heart, may be said to be one in a certain sense, yet they are not indivisible. A man, with the aid of the many suitable helps to self-education, which lie ready to his hand in every direction, and to be had at almost nominal cost, may, if he is an earnest and interested student, attain to a respectable proficiency in arithmetic, engineering, drawing, mensuration, and, if circumstances of a local nature be in his favour, he may gain such an insight into mineralogy, and the practical and working departments of mechanical science, so largely developed in many localities, that he will be unfortunate indeed if he cannot improve his position both in his family and in society. We are still supposing that the man is steadily progressing in self-teaching, and daily becoming more and more master of the main objects of his laudable ambition; that he has successfully resisted all hasty impulses to diverge from the upward and onward path which leads to the goal of his hopes and aspirations; that he has not yielded to the seductions of fancy and feeling, or the captivations of sensual pleasures and pursuits; for when a man is his own master in the work of education, he will frequently need to tighten and hold with a firm hand the reins of self-control—for, alas! under the many trials, wants, necessities, and fatigues inseparable from the every-day life of the mechanic, labourer, and artisan, he is sometimes ready to faint by the way, and to say with the Preacher, "What profit hath a man of all his labour which he hath under the sun?" Take courage, my poor brother; "Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season thou shalt reap if thou faint not." Thou shalt reap in the approval of conscience, and a feeling of self-respect, and in the conscious dignity of true and virtuous manhood; thou shalt reap it in the spontaneous tribute of esteem and deference to thy knowledge and judgment awarded to thee by thy own class, and in the notice and approval of the good amongst the great of the land; and

perhaps thou shalt reap, in some suitable appointment or employment, the reward of seeing those near and dear to thee raised above poverty, and surrounded with comforts they had never known but for the earnest application, perseverance, and patience exercised by thee in thy self-imposed task of self-education. We must not judge of Mechanics' and other Institutions, to which suitable libraries are attached, and weekly lectures delivered by able exponents of every phase of moral and social science—men earnest and indefatigable in their efforts to clear the path and accelerate the progress of human improvement—we say of such institutions, in many instances, we should not judge of the tree by its fruits; for, however good the tree and plentiful and salutary the fruit, it cannot profit those for whose benefit the trees were planted, if they do not attend duly at the season and gather it in such quantities, and use it with such an appetite as will afford good and sufficient nourishment to the mind if properly digested.

The working-man who takes a season-ticket for a mechanics' institute because his mates of the field, the foundry, and the workshop have done so, or from some other equally worthless motive, while he has no relish for the fruits of the tree of knowledge—and feeling not the mental wants and weakness of ignorance, will not take the trouble of gathering and using them, choosing rather to vegetate in ignorance and insignificance, and having laid in no store of suitable food for his mind—lives in a state of mental starvation, and dies of spiritual inanition. We believe on conviction that there is a power in the machinery and wealth of material in the rightly-constituted and conducted mechanics' institute, that, if rightly used and properly applied by those whom it is intended to benefit, leaves the working-man without excuse who will not avail himself of the inestimable advantages they hold forth to him who would rise from ignorance and poverty to knowledge and comfort, perhaps affluence. Societies for mutual improvement when wrought out as the title implies, are very helpful to the man who has entered on a course of self-tuition, for "as iron sharpeneth iron, so doth a man the countenance of his friend," so from the con-

trarieties and collisions of opinion on rightly chosen subjects, there may be elicited, in the process of searching and animated discussions, much sound knowledge and useful information—history, and the sciences in their most popular forms, statistics, sanitary and social reforms—these and many other topics will, by the light thrown on them by the mass of argument and evidence adduced by each of the parties engaged in their discussion, tend greatly to enlarge and brighten the man's own ideas and increase his stock of knowledge on these and similar subjects, while it enables him to profit by the knowledge and abilities of others. I have already said that a man must possess an inquiring turn of mind and taste for reading—qualities of the mind which are indispensable to the success of the self-educator—yet if these qualities be not exercised for the purpose, and devoted to the pursuit of useful knowledge, they will, especially if the man has literary tendencies, entice him from the upward and laborious path of diligence and duty, and imperceptibly lead him down the green and flowery slopes of the engaging novel, thrilling romance, or pointless tale-reading ; and worse still, if he has imbibed a taste for theatrical entertainments, which, even if they were not of a nature to corrupt the heart and defile the imagination, yet they cannot fail to drain the pocket, consume the leisure, and alienate the mind from all pursuits which do not minister to his vitiated tastes and habits. Card-playing is another ruinous source of misdirected application, mis-spent time, and pecuniary embarrassments. I have known several youths and young men, who appeared to have fairly started on the path of improvement and mental culture, by yielding to the solicitations of shopmates and acquaintances to take a hand at cards to divert the tedium of a winter evening, have given way to the seductions of play, till, under its baleful influence, the mind has become so occupied and absorbed by its fascinations, that the book, the pen, the pencil, and the institute were first partly, and then altogether thrown aside ; and when the toils of the day were over, the man could scarcely spare time to despatch a hasty meal and perform his partial ablutions till he was with his associates, seated by the winter hearth, at the rickety stool or table, by

the light of the miner's or artisan's lamp, or even by the murky light of a coal fire; and in this position I have seen—and almost maddened at the sight—parties of boys and young men, some of them of quick parts and capable of great improvement, attending with such an all-absorbing interest to the play, that it was difficult to get them dispersed and got to bed before midnight, to rise in the morning short of some hours of needful rest; while the stakes lost and won, the defeats and triumphs of the previous night, formed almost the whole subject of their thoughts and conversation; and to increase the evil, the stakes generally consisted of a measure, small or great, of spirituous liquors or strong ales, in drinking which they commonly adjourned to the public-house, or, worse still, sent for and consumed in the private dwellings of those who allowed card-playing on the domestic hearth, with its concomitants—the hasty oath and profane interjection, born of that anxious and irritable state of feeling common to gamblers, whether of high or low estate. I have often seen lolling on the meadow or cottage green, with the summer sun shining above them, groups of young men playing at cards, and in the summer evenings till the dew was on the grass and the sun set. Alas! I have too good cause to say, when this infatuating game is indulged in, that there are many who have felt and yielded to the excitement of card-playing, who will, if they do not beat a sudden and hasty retreat, soon lose all inclination and power they ever had or exercised, either in the way of self-education or self-respect.

There are many things good in themselves when used for the purposes of recreation and relaxation from mental toil and severe study—such as music, vocal and instrumental, culture of flowers, breeding of birds, etc., all sources of innocent amusement, affording at times a salutary relief to the mind harassed and fatigued in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. But here the self-educator must stand guard over himself, and not devote too much time to these pleasing pursuits, which, however harmless when kept within the bounds of moderate indulgence, yet exercise an enervating and undue influence upon the student's mind when in-

dulged in to excess. The hackneyed excuse offered by the great mass of working-men when incited or urged to the acquisition of knowledge by self-teaching, by those really interested in their progress, is, speaking individually, this :— I have something else to think of than to sit poring over books, depriving myself of the little rest or pleasure I can possibly obtain. I toil hard every day for a small remuneration, and I suppose I have a right to employ my spare moments in rest or diversion as I choose. Or, sometimes it is this :—I was taken from school and set to work so early, that I have almost forgotten the little learning I acquired there, and I have neither time nor inclination to go to school at home with myself for teacher. Now, all these excuses, and many more, are but plausible subterfuges put forth by those who, having no will for self-teaching, consequently do not seek, do not find, the way.

We have already attempted to show that the working-man who has the will and desire to educate himself, if true to his purpose, will find the way by diligently using the means in his power. What these means are I have already stated. And now, having essayed to give the precept in this important matter, I shall proceed to give the example, in a few instances which have come under my own observation, of self-taught men who have raised themselves from poverty and obscurity to position and esteem, usefulness and comfort; and of the thousand instances on record of such men, even he who runs may read, and, I hope, profit by the perusal. I have also, I trust, made it apparent that the working-man who has only the will to indulge in worthless and wicked pursuits and pleasures, can always find the way, the means, and the place to practise them, although wanting the will he cannot find the way to the higher, nobler, more necessary and profitable work of self-education.

The examples I would give are mostly of working-class men who have risen from the rank and file of society to the higher grades on the staff of life—owing their rise, not to the exercise of great natural or acquired abilities, but to fortuitous circumstances and local advantages, with shrewdness to see and promptitude to take that “ tide in the affairs of

men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." On this tide I have seen floated out from the plough, the factory, the loom, and the forge, men who now count their gains by thousands and millions. But it is not of such I would speak. It is of the artisan, the labourer, and the mechanic, none of them men of genius, but steady, intelligent, and diligent gleaners of knowledge from every field of information to which they had access. I have heard several sermons delivered by a clergyman who was born and reared of very poor parents, and bred to the humble occupation of a tailor. Being of a serious turn of mind, and having read many theological works, he felt an ardent desire to qualify himself for preaching the gospel. He rose early and sat late at his trade, eating the bread of carefulness, and maintaining himself on his own savings, with all incidental expenses incurred during each successive session of college. Occasionally some kind but unknown friends would send him a present of farm produce, or lay down fuel at his door during the night. At length, through toil and privation, he gained the summit of his desires, being called to a charge in which, when I last heard of him, he was labouring with great acceptance.

I shall here give another instance of similar devotedness and strenuous exertion, crowned by the attainment of the wished-for, prayed-for, toiled-for distinction; and he, when he began to study for the Christian ministry, had just finished his term of apprenticeship to a country cooper, and was entirely self-dependent. He died lately; but his memory is embalmed in the love and regrets of his people, and his praise is in all the churches. I could, but it would be tedious to speak of several instances of the same kind—men who entered upon the sacred profession through the same strait gate, and travelled to the goal of their aspirations by the same narrow, steep, and thorny way, in the strength of high and sacred motives—a steady will and unwavering purpose.

I turn to others whose gifts and aims rank not so high, yet who, by turning those gifts and aims to the best advantage, by their cultivation and development, have had these

aims accomplished, by the improvement of their minds, and by raising their position and prospects in life.

In this and other localities I have known, and still know, many who, although born and reared as working-men, are now employed as accountants and clerks, high in trust and estimation with their employers; competent managers of large works; and self-taught draughtsmen, capable of drawing out plans, with all their details, for houses and other buildings; and in no instance did these men receive any education but what they might acquire during three or four years' attendance at the district or parish school—such acquirements generally being ability to spell and read, English grammar, writing, and some small practice in arithmetic; but being sons of parents of the poorer class of working-men, who stood greatly in need of assistance from their elder children, they were taken from school at the age of nine or ten years, and put to some employment, or apprenticed to a trade, and then for two or three months each winter, when the daily tasks were completed, they attended evening classes for an hour or two; and I have often seen such, when others were sporting and romping about during the summer meal-hour, sitting by themselves busily engaged on a piece of drawing-paper, or with slate and pencil working out some difficult sum, and when time was up hastening away to resume their employment.

In giving these examples, my design is to show that a working-man, possessing certain qualities of mind, with a strong desire and determined will to exercise them, so as to enable him to enter on a profession, or qualify him for some office, will in most cases succeed in attaining his object. But it does not follow that the greater body of his class can or will rise in their sphere to the same elevation. But it is in the power of every man, however low his status in life, if he has received the first rudiments of education, to cultivate his mind and enlarge his ideas and usefulness by earnest and successful culture of the heart, its feelings and affections, and by rightly learning and acting, to become not only an intelligent and worthy member of society, but a true Christian in faith, principle, and practice; ever keeping this solemn truth

in view, and acting upon it, that the soul of man is immortal, and that all his learning and labours should be conducted, so that, while adorning and improving his position in this world, they may fit and prepare him for the next, and that he may do so, let him read, study, believe, and revere the Bible. The cold contemplative truths of science may convince and inform the mind, and their demonstrative and practical development may confer on the man who has made them the subject of serious, enlightened, and careful investigation, both honour and emolument—he may be learned in the histories, languages, and customs of by-past ages and nations, and conversant with those of his own, with a readiness and ability in adapting himself to every circumstance favourable to his temporal interest and advantage—he may have acquired all this, and be endowed with whatever constitutes a cultivated and educated mind, and yet be miserably deficient in that culture of the heart and affections which gives to such acquirements their greatest charm and value.

An inspired writer has said, “Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.” How needful the exhortation! How strong, how true, and evident the reason given in this Divine sentence for zealous culture of the heart! All the issues of life—all that makes life precious, desirable, and lovely—love to God, our Father, and to our brother man; all the sweet charities and tender sympathies of our nature have their root in the heart; filial, parental, and wedded love—all are bred in and issue from the heart, and are cherished by the affections. How diligently, then, should we culture the soil that breeds and produces such flowers and fruit, but which left to itself, wild and uncultivated, what will, what can we expect to see grow up, but briars and thorns, perhaps noxious and poisonous weeds?—proving that even the man possessing all the mental acquirements and endowments of mind so often described, will, by neglecting the culture of the heart, find, to his irreparable loss and sorrow, that out of the heart are the issues of death, as surely as are the issues of life; and consequently, be esteemed and spoken of, as selfish, heartless,

and unamiable, the tyrant of the domestic circle. I have known men of this stamp whose presence and conversation inspired only feelings of constraint and dislike ; it being fully apparent that to the education of the mind they had not added the culture of the heart. If a young man, he enters the paternal dwelling with stately step, fresh from the reading or lecture room, or the debating club. The poor mother quails before him, afraid lest her culinary and other arrangements will not meet the approbation of her learned son ; while his good honest father sits silent in his chair, protected by his implied insignificance from his son's haughty and condescending notice, and his expressions of contemptuous pity for his ignorance ; and his sisters, for anything good or agreeable they possess, are in his estimation nowhere, except that he says they are always in his way. Perhaps he may favour his brothers with a sort of insulting patronage, which they are almost sure to refuse and resent, as proffered more from vanity of mind than brotherly affection. But nowhere is this want of culture of the heart so apparent as in one who is a husband and father. His children do not "run to lisp their sire's return, or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share ;" and his pale, anxious wife looks awe-struck and constrained before him ; and his neighbours pass him with this remark—"John has grown a proud, sulky fellow since he took so much to books and attending mechanics' institutes."

And now I would entreat you, my brethren of the working-class, that you would bear in mind and act upon this urgent truth, proved and fortified by observation and experience—that education of the mind, however necessary, beneficial, and worthy of approbation, is yet, in regard to the real happiness, peace, comfort, and true interests of society, but a half-measure, if not intimately blended and associated with culture of the heart, its feelings and affections. Education of the mind, when adapted to sex and circumstances, is both useful and becoming in a working-woman ; and a well-informed and intelligent woman is a most interesting and pleasing object, but the seat of her strength is not in the head—it is in the heart. What would man be, what would

the world be, were it not for the full fountains of true and tender love, sweet and holy affections, gushing sympathies, kindly feeling, and the warm and active charities which are ever overflowing from the cultured heart and affections of true womanhood ?

Working-women, daughters of working-mothers with families, your education must have chiefly been that of the hearth and the heart. You could not be spared for years to attend school. Mother could not dispense with your assistance in nursing baby, and many other domestic services within the compass of your strength and ability. But if she was indeed a true mother, and could read the Bible, and any suitable book that came in her way, she would surely impart to you whatever of learning and knowledge she possessed herself, accompanied with suitable instructions.

This education, scanty and confined as it is, when joined to that daily culture of the heart and affections, is ever best attained and developed in the reciprocal exchange of filial and fraternal affection on the domestic hearth. It is there an intelligent, right-minded, and warm-hearted working-woman may gain higher, holier, sweeter triumphs, and confer more solid and lasting benefits on her family and in her circle, by early, earnest teaching and training her children in habits of religion, prudence, and industry. I say, she will gain higher, dearer triumphs than ever were deserved or obtained by the most brilliant and successful female lecturer that ever mounted the platform or thrilled an audience with her eloquence. A woman whose heart, like that of Elihu, is ready to burst, like bottles filled with new wine, by the effervescence caused by the discussion of any great public measure, or exciting popular topic, if she is a sufficient adept in composition, may always find a vent for her opinions and feelings on such subjects through the press. One of our great poets says the proper study of mankind is man ; and under the shadow of this authority I venture to give my humble opinion that the proper study of woman-kind is woman ; and I dare to say that the woman who takes up and thoroughly studies that interesting and sometimes intricate subject, will find ample scope for the exercise of her

mind, whether in thinking or acting, and, above all, in the study and culture of her heart, affections, and feelings.

I hope in these desultory remarks which I have thrown together on these important subjects, I have shown that culture of the heart is an indispensable adjunct to education of the mind, and that they bear the same relation to each other as light and heat in the solar rays. The brilliant light and flashing splendours of the sun produce neither life nor its sustainments, its flowers or fruits; but conjoined with its genial warmth and heat, produces and fosters a rich abundance of life-sustaining fruits, and richly perfumed and beautiful flowers. So under the joint influence of an educated mind and rightly cultivated heart, the warm and fruitful affections of the one, and the light, beauty, and usefulness of the other, are ever most warmly felt and richly developed in woman's most legitimate sphere of action—the domestic hearth.

ON THE MENTAL TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

IN setting down a few thoughts in writing on the Mental Training of Children, I shall endeavour to give, from my own actual experience and personal observation, some account of the methods which I have found best adapted for effecting this purpose.

But before entering upon the discussion of this interesting topic, it will be necessary to state my opinion as to the proper period in a child's life for beginning this process. Some, perhaps, will feel inclined to smile when I say that it should commence from the first hour of the child's entrance into this world, while reason is yet imperceptible, and the little creature feels only the impulses of its animal instincts. Yet listen, young working mother; even from that hour your part in mental training begins. You can aid and protect the incipient powers of your child's mind, even at this period of helpless unconsciousness, by a simple, natural, and loving mode of bodily treatment, such as shall

insure a healthy physical development, and being careful never to irritate, injure or destroy, the delicate nervous organization of your child, by pouring into its tender stomach hateful and hurtful potions of spirituous stimulants, or impairing the functions and impeding the action of the brain by drugging it with narcotics.

Here I must express my disapproval of that pernicious practice, too prevalent in some of our manufacturing towns :—The working mother, day by day, leaves her home and her children for the purpose of earning a few shillings a week in some of the factories, and is in the habit of dosing her miserable infant with deleterious and stupifying compounds, producing unnatural sleep, which, after a short life of pining and suffering, too often ends in the sleep of death. Or, should it survive, it becomes a wasted, weak, and stunted child, doomed in turn to watch the slumbers, or to soothe the fretful wailings of another baby-victim till the mother comes home. This toiling but mistaken mother thinks, no doubt, that she is pursuing a course of laudable industry, and that her earnings are absolutely necessary to eke out the father's wages, which, even with that addition she finds to be small enough for supplying their daily wants. All this is perfectly true in one sense, but in a higher and truer sense it is a most mischievous fallacy ; for, poor mother, suffer me to say that a little calculation may convince you, that, by staying at home and nursing your baby, you will not only save the sum you must give to another for doing it for you while out at work, but it will enable you also to attend to the health and morals of your other children, which else must be sadly neglected. You can save something, too, by making their clothes and keeping them in repair ; by making a part and mending the whole of your husband's wearing apparel, and by washing and getting up your own clothes, which you are unable to do while working out.

In addition to this, the clever and industrious mother can take in a little plain sewing, knitting, or some light tailoring work, or, if neat-handed, can make up and dress caps and laces ; and, while working by the side of baby's cradle,

can stir it with her foot, and, when it wakes up, call her little boy or girl to play with, and keep it in humour, till she gets the hearth nicely swept up, and her small fire burning brightly in the grate, with the evening meal warm and neatly arranged on the clean deal table; and her smiling face will give the dearest of all welcomes to her husband's heart, when the factory bell rings him home, to share that meal with her and his children. And now, working-mother, I hope you have cast up in your own mind the amount of your gains and savings by practising industry and economy at home, and I think you will find it fully equivalent to the pittance procured by leaving your home and your children for the purpose of working in a factory.

I have been irresistibly impelled to this digression by an intense feeling of commiseration for those children who are subjected to this treatment. But while strongly reprobating the use of those destructive potions, I feel a kind of reproachful pity for the mother who resorts to this practice in the belief that, under their influence, the baby will be kept quiet while she is at work.

But it is time to return to my subject—the mental training of the child—and this, in the first six months of his life, can assuredly be commenced by a total disuse of every kind of sleeping or spirituous mixture, in whatever shape or under whatever name they may be administered; for I must repeat the assertion that they are all, without exception, most injurious to the healthy action of the brain, and most destructive to the nervous system of the child, and if persisted in cannot fail of enfeebling and obscuring its mental faculties, and by impairing the digestion and drying up the bowels, reduce and weaken the whole frame to a state too often terminated by convulsions and death.

Young working-mother, I will suppose your child to be newly ushered into life, free from constitutional or accidental disease, and that you are careful to have its dress and position so arranged as to insure for it a proper degree of that kindly and natural warmth so necessary for fostering the growth and assisting the development of the physical proportions of the infant. I will suppose that you do not cram it

to repletion with food, but allow the bosom that pillows it to supply the principal nourishment, administering no other medicine than a little fine magnesia, or a little castor-oil now and then, as the state of the bowels may require. I entreat you also, if possible, not to abandon it to the care of others, but watch over it yourself, with the eye, the hand, and the heart of a mother—a mother not only in natural affection, but a mother who will carefully improve the dawn of reason, and the first actings of human intelligence in the child, by giving it early lessons on the principles of right and wrong, by never allowing it to handle or appropriate anything improper or injurious, but substituting something more suitable in its place, and never allowing it to cry for or take by force the toys or other property of your elder children, who, while they dare not resist the demands of the little one, will yet feel a rankling sense of injustice stinging their young hearts, and all the deeper if you, their common parent, enforce the sacrifice. Nor is this all, for by indulging him in these propensities, your child can have no idea of the rights of property, but as time wears on and he speaks with ease and runs about, he will be apt to acknowledge no other rule of action but his own will, which will ever lead him to the conclusion that “might is right.”

But now the work of training should begin in earnest. The child is now capable of comprehending simple truths expressed in simple language. Speak, then, to him of God as his Maker, Preserver, and Father in heaven, whose eye is ever upon him, and whose ear is ever open to the infant's prayer. Do not attempt to coerce him into a belief of this by a harsh and imperious manner, but draw him gently, with the cords of love, into the path of duty, and, like the Good Shepherd, carry the lamb in your bosom ; for the heart of your child, like wax, will the more readily take the impression you wish when the warmth of your own is applied to warm and soften it.

Beware of training your child into a mere observance of forms ; for not only should the eye, the voice, and the hands be trained to the outward forms of devotion and obedience, but the heart, the will, and the understanding must be

trained in the way he should go, that as he advances in years he may not depart from it. And while you, with the natural and loving pride of a mother, take pleasure in smoothing and arranging his shining locks, and in admiring the beaming eyes and trim costume of your little one, and while you are teaching him that when he receives little favours from friends he should thank the giver in a polite and graceful manner, will you not also incite him, by precept and example, to give thanks to the Giver of all good for the many favours daily received from His hand, being careful at the same time to inculcate a strict regard to truth in the child? And as children in general are keener observers, and of quicker apprehension than we give them credit for, you should, in all your intercourse with them, and with others in their presence, make it apparent that the law of truth is on your lips and in your heart; for you must possess the full confidence of your child if you wish your admonitions to take effect.

“We love Him because He first loved us,” are the words of the Apostle John when he would describe the true motive of the Christian’s love to God. The text is equally applicable to show the true source of a child’s loving and ready obedience to his parents; for although a stern and severe manner of enforcing obedience is sometimes necessary, yet real, filial submission can only spring from a conviction that it is love for him that dictates the command, and in reciprocating this love he feels constrained to obey. Parents should never invoke the aid of superstition to terrify children into submission. How often are parents and others who have the care of children guilty of this cruel and mischievous practice! Does the child want to get away when he is desired to stay within? He is told, with lying lips, that there is some black mysterious horror ready to spring out upon him from some dark corner. He has never seen it of course, but the impression made upon the mind of a timid and sensitive child is sometimes productive of fatal, and at all times of evil consequences. He dare not go into a room by himself—he dare not look out of doors after dark—he is afraid of going to bed alone—in short, he is not taught to fear God, but to fear—he knows not what; while the happy child who has never

been scared into a belief of evil influences, but has been trained to pray to God, and to believe that He will watch over him and protect his slumbers, lays his head upon his pillow, and composes himself to sleep in blissful and fearless security.

But now the early years of his childhood are flown, and he is occupied with the daily routine of his school duties. Still the watchful attentions of the parents must not cease. The lessons he repeats at school must be conned at home; and who but the parents will or should be qualified to explain, apply, and enforce the meanings and precepts of the sacred writings, the Bible—Heaven's record of the creation of all things, of man, his fall, his redemption by Jesus Christ—the Bible, the only true rule of faith, a code of the purest and most sublime morality—in whose pages we trace the Divine origin of the Sabbath, that great rock whose blessed shadow is cast over the weary land of life?

Working-father, this is not only God's day, but it is also most peculiarly yours; and when you wake up in the holy calm of a Sabbath morning, lift up your heart to God, invoking His blessing and presence in your family. When breakfast is over, let not a careless spirit or a distrust of your mental abilities deter you from raising a hymn of praise to God—the notes of which, mingling with the sweet voices of your wife and children, will waft to heaven a sweeter, holier odour than ever rose from the fragrant fumes of costliest incense. Next, you will read a select passage of Scripture, and may your "heart burn within you" while the Saviour talks with you by the way! Then, with your children kneeling around, you will pour out your soul in prayer to Him who is able to save; and then, if circumstances will allow, you will dress in Sunday suit while the mother washes and dresses baby, and the elder children go to church with the father, where, under his eye, and imitating him in due attention, the good seed is sown in their hearts, which may in after days spring up and yield an hundred fold.

Divine service is now concluded, and they are again at home, where the mother has been detained nursing baby; but the Sunday dinner, nicely cooked, is set out. The father

having craved a blessing, with happy faces and thankful hearts they partake of the social meal, richly seasoned with peace and love. Having finished, the mother requires her children to give some account of the sermon and repeat the text, encouraging them to express their thoughts on the subject. This done, the children, who are not allowed on Sabbath to ramble by themselves in the fields, petition their father to take them out for a walk. It is summer, so they take their way by the flowery margin of the river. The baby sits crowing in the father's arms, and the mother is walking by his side, attending to the joyous group who take the path before them to the wood, now vocal with the song of birds and the cooing of the wood-pigeon; or over the stile and through the green meadow, while high overhead the lark is thrilling their hearts with melody, gathering wild flowers and prattling as they go along. The children ask a thousand questions concerning the natural objects around, to which the father replies, in the spirit of one who "looks through nature up to nature's God," and tells them that everything bright, beautiful, and good is the gift of God to man, and that they should feel truly grateful that they are permitted to enjoy the beauties and blessings of creation and Providence. But see, baby has dropped asleep, and the mother proposes to return home, where he is put to bed, and the kettle is set to boil. Meanwhile the children are busy conning over their school tasks and repeating them to the father, who improves the occasion by making a simple and lucid commentary on the Scripture verses, Psalms, and Catechism, which make the principal lessons of to-morrow. He tells them they must be loving and obedient to their mother; kind and just to their playmates; attend school punctually, and improve in their learning; and above all to remember the word, and let it sink deep into their hearts—"Thou God seest me!" The books are now laid aside, and as a reward for good conduct they are permitted to take tea with the parents; and while

"The cup that cheers, but not inebriates,
Waits on each, they welcome peaceful evening in."

After tea the fire is made up, the hearth is swept, and the

happy circle close around it. The Family Bible lies open upon the father's knee, and through the casement the mellow lustre of the evening sun falls upon his thoughtful brow and calm countenance, while he breaks the hushed silence of the room with an invocation of Divine assistance and blessing in the duty of family worship. Shortly after it is concluded the children are sent to bed, with the mother's whispered injunction in their ears, "Be sure to mind your prayers."

Surely there is good ground for hope that he who has been thus trained to "remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy," and has "known from a child the holy Scriptures, which are able to make wise unto salvation," will, under the influence of his early impressions of purity and goodness, be preserved, while attending school, from much of that contamination which always exists where many children congregate, a great number of whom, alas! have never known the benefits of early home training.

It has been often alleged, in excuse for the ignorance consequent on the very deficient education obtained in general by the children of the working-classes, that they are so soon taken away from school, the parents being under the necessity of putting them to some employment, in order to lighten their own burdens, and assist in maintaining themselves. But these very circumstances lay the parents under a double obligation to procure for them the means of further improvement. And where is the mother who, having the will, has not the way also—supposing she can read herself—of spending an hour every evening, when work is over, with her boys and girls in reading to them and hearing them read, and bringing home the moral of what they read to their hearts and understandings? while the father, who can write, and knows something of the rules of arithmetic, can take order for the proper use and improvement of the copy-book and slate-pencil. But if you cannot, or will not—which amounts to much the same thing—there is no want of evening classes everywhere, and you can be furnished with "all appliances and means to boot" in the shape of cheap teaching, cheap books, cheap everything which can be required for clearing the path of knowledge from difficulties.

But I think I hear many parents exclaiming, "Who is sufficient for these things? We have neither time nor opportunity for teaching our children." Yet I dare say you had time for courtship when you kept company with your husband before marriage; and still the mother has time to visit her neighbours, or spend some hours in gossiping with them in her own house; and the father can get time to talk politics and smoke his pipe, or feed his birds or his rabbits; and so "the first is made last, and the last first," and the poor children are the sufferers, being wholly neglected.

"God helps those who help themselves;"

and may God help and bless those parents who have a proper sense of the solemn responsibilities with which they are chargeable in becoming parents and heads of families! For it is not alone to God, to their children, and themselves that they owe a conscientious discharge of the parental duties; they are also responsible to the public for the many grievous burdens and intolerable nuisances entailed upon it in consequence of the disability of some parents and the neglect and criminality of others.

ADDRESS TO WORKING-WOMEN.

WORKING-WOMEN, a sister addresses you, one of your class—the daughter, wife, and mother of working-men; one who has been afflicted in many of your afflictions, and in whose experience there has been but few calls to "rejoice with them that rejoice," but many "to weep with those that weep;" one who, while rearing a fast increasing family, has often found it necessary to rise early and sit late, and "eat the bread of carefulness;" and although never in want of the necessaries of life, yet often without any of its luxuries, and having her mental and corporeal powers sufficiently taxed while endeavouring to discharge the sacred duties which every mother owes to her children, however humble her station or scanty her means. Working-women, I have

here identified myself with you as a sister ; as such, I hope you will not be offended if in addressing you I should use "great plainness of speech ;" for indeed the signs of the times bear upon them the broad evidences of the very low standard of our mental status.

The spirit of progress is now abroad, and loudly and imperiously calls upon us to institute and practise a vigorous discipline of our minds, and to employ every available resource for strengthening our defences and repairing the breaches through which, by our puerile ignorance, cruel neglect, and a careless indifference in matters of self-culture and self-restraint, we have allowed the most deadly enemies of our race to pass into the domestic citadel and slay our children before our eyes. Let us, then, be up and doing, that our reproach may be taken away from among men. Let us adopt for our motto the words by which a working-man—Paul the apostle and tent-maker—incited the converts of the cross to onward progress : "The night is far spent, the day is at hand ; let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light."

Young women, I hope you will appreciate the beauty and fitness of our motto. I trust that the night of your ignorance and disability, as a class, is far spent, and that the day is at hand in which you will give earnest and devoted application to the many means of mental improvement which lie strewn around you as thick as the leaves of autumn. The right use of these will place you in a position to cast off the works of darkness, and assume that armour of light which is both your defence and your glory. Do you inquire, What is this light ? Assuredly it is not the light of your eyes, about which some one may have been whispering in your ears ; neither is it that light which light and vapid conversation throws upon trivial subjects. No ; it is the light of mind—the brightness of an enlightened understanding and a cultivated intellect. And this robe of light you may win and wear at far less cost of anxiety and privation than you have sometimes undergone for the possession of a fashionable dress, too expensive for your convenience.

Dear girls, would that my weak hand could assist you in

drawing aside the darkening veil which too generally shrouds your untaught and undisciplined minds, so that the light of heaven might penetrate into their darkest recesses ! But with me, in this matter, there is only the will—there is not the way. But I will tell you of a book—the Book of God, a book of which it is said that “the entering in of its words gives light, making wise the simple ;” and there is not a book in the world so well adapted for ministering to the peculiar necessities of woman’s position. Give, then, its pages a diligent perusal, and you will get light, instruction, and guidance in every condition of life ; nay, more, you will be encouraged, consoled, and elevated when you find, in the high vocation to which many of our sex have been called, the strongest incentives to the pursuit of light and knowledge. Read how the humble Mary, the wife of a working carpenter, bore on her bosom the Divine Child who was called “the Son of the Highest,” and heard from His lips the tender name of mother ; and when on earth the Great Teacher had not where to lay His head, was it not women who followed Him and ministered to Him of their substance ? They were women who hung upon the words which fell from His lips, and eagerly presented their children to Him that He might give them His blessing. Read of Lazarus raised from the dead, with the astonished Jews, who were witnesses of the fact, grouped around Him ; and while Martha is cumbered in preparing and serving the evening repast, Mary sits down at the feet of Jesus to hear His words, and finds her reward in His approbation ; and let the reproof administered to Martha come home to the bosom of every female who aims to excel in domestic economy, and the practice of all the half virtues ; for her mission is but half completed if she has not joined to these an intelligent and cultivated mind, which seeks after and uses every opportunity of obtaining mental improvement, and, above all, makes choice “of that good part that shall not be taken away.”

Working-women, shall I here make the sad supposition that there are amongst us those who either cannot read at all, or do it so imperfectly that the sense is obscured or lost

in the attempt? Alas for the woman who is thus engaged in the battle of life! She is indeed unarmed and undefended, for, from utter ignorance to moral turpitude, there is but a step to all who labour under this sad disability. I feel myself obliged to say that, from whatever impediment or cause your childhood has been so fearfully neglected, yet now that you have arrived at womanhood, and in full possession of all your faculties, and gifted with an ordinary degree of natural ability, you are quite inexcusable if you persist in remaining under your present dangerous and degrading disqualification. You must surely have some acquaintance or neighbour, companion or relative, who will readily impart to you such a knowledge of letters as will enable you gradually to improve yourself, by dint of patience and perseverance, into a competent English reader. I adjure you by all your hopes of happiness in this world, and your prospects in the next, that you will not allow a false shame, engendered by pride, to deter you from immediately yielding to this most urgent necessity; for this false shame is but a feather in the balance when weighed against the real shame, and, I may add, the danger of your present incapacity to read.

And now, on all of you, my sisters, whether married or single, who have acquired the habit of reading correctly, I would impress this fact, that it is not enough for you to possess the key of knowledge, unless by properly applying it you unlock the treasures contained in the vast and various stores of suitable books which press upon your acceptance at every turn, and from which you may, by an intelligent and discriminating assiduity, make a selection of such gems of price as will adorn your minds and enrich your hearts.

In a word, let us aim at being "fervent in spirit," while at the same time we are "diligent in business." It is good to be industrious and provident; still these are qualities which we possess in common with the bee and the ant; and the most tidy housewife, in her clean and well-ordered apartment, will find herself rivalled by the wren in her neat little domicile; and the most affectionate mother, while watching over, protecting, and nourishing her little ones,

will find that a hen with a brood of chickens will perform all those tender offices as zealously and effectually as she can herself. Had woman no nobler duties to perform, no higher destinies to fulfil, then indeed she would find rivals in many of the beasts that perish in the proper performance of those offices which it has pleased mankind generally to consider as her most essential attributes. But while we are called as a class to work and to minister, let us not forget that we are also called by the spirit of the times to move and to act in a nobler sphere than we have hitherto been permitted to occupy by the usages of society ; for while it has greeted with its approval and co-operation the exertions used for the moral elevation of the working-classes, it has failed to recognise in an equal degree the important and influential position which we hold in regard to this elevation as being the wives of working-men and the mothers of their children ; and amongst all its appliances for that ennobling purpose, it has neglected to enlist in the cause of progress the powerful elements of moral strength which will be found to exist in an equal degree with man in every well-regulated female mind, wherever a just and generous encouragement has been given to its development. But I am afraid that in our case that spirit of predominance and exclusiveness which, with a few exceptions, has met us at every turn, has done its work ; and as a natural consequence, we are lowered in our own estimation, so far as to acquiesce in our implied inferiority ; and it is too painfully apparent that we have neglected ourselves and the talents entrusted to us, which, like the servant in the parable, we have hid in the earth, and now, when called upon for the product we are apt to reply in the same sullen spirit, "Take that which is thine own, for I knew thou wert an hard master, reaping where thou hast not sown and gathering where thou hast not strawed."

Working-women, in addressing you I must speak the truth, however startling and invidious it may appear. It is "more in sorrow than in anger" that I express my conviction of the truth of the charge preferred against us as a class, that after full allowance made for our condition in life

and the impediments which lie in our way to the acquirement of knowledge and the possession of literary tastes and abilities, we have hitherto sadly misused our opportunities, and are but miserable laggards in the march of mind. We must confess that we have fallen immeasurably short of the standard attained by the females of the upper and middle classes, who by a zealous improvement of their mental resources—by reading, thinking, and composing—have strengthened and embellished their minds, while they have adorned and enriched the literature of their country.

But while I would say, “Perish the thought which would induce us to believe that we are less liberally endowed by the Author of our existence with the elements of thought, the gifts of mind, and all the tender, pure, and deep sensibilities which are indigenous to the soil of woman’s heart,” still I appeal to your own candour, and to all who are close and earnest observers, if they do not find the charge proved against us by the spirit and matter of our conversational intercourse with men and with each other, and, what is more important still, in the manner and matter of our conversation and demeanour in the midst of our children and families.

Working-men, a word with you. Lay not the “flattering unction to your souls” that you are guiltless in this matter, I ask you, in the name of the women of your class, if you have not made it apparent, both in your spirit and manner on all occasions of social intercourse, that you prefer matter to mind in almost every period, relation, and situation of life in which you may be more intimately associated with our sex. With a few exceptions, is it not true that in early manhood the qualities you admire, and the attractions which are most powerful in leading you to form particular attachments, consist chiefly in dress, complexion, and figure, with a piquant manner of uttering “bald, disjointed chat,” silly repartees, and pretty nothings, while a quiet, unobtrusive girl, who loves reading, and possesses a well-informed mind and a heart rich in all the sweetest, truest sympathies of woman, will often find herself neglected and even avoided as a bore in company, when you can find “metal more attrac-

tive"? It follows, as a matter of course, that young women, naturally wishing to stand well in your good graces, with a view to their future settlement in life, will be more anxious to possess and show off the attractions most likely to insure your preference, than to cultivate and "covet earnestly the best gifts"—those gifts of the mind which, in your estimation, if we may judge from appearances, are only "customs more honoured in the breach than in the observance."

The sequel of all this is, that the young woman is made a wife, and Time, which works wonders, will supply you with a test to prove if you have indeed chosen a helpmeet for you and a mother for your children; one who will make it her chief care "to rear the tender thought," and watch over their souls as one that must give an account. But "men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles;" and shall the mother who never felt the necessity, never made the attempt by self-culture to improve her mind or enrich her heart by cultivating the Christian virtues and womanly charities, shall she, or can she, feel what every good mother must feel, that, while she is lovingly ministering to all the bodily requirements of her children, she is but keeping in repair, cleaning and polishing, the beautiful casket which holds within a spiritual jewel of more inestimable value than the gains of the whole world?

Working-men, I trust you will be candid enough to draw a true inference, and form a just conclusion on the subject. If you are really in earnest in your endeavours to advance your order, and if you really believe that there is "a good time coming," then be assured, and experience will prove the assertion, that you must feel the necessity, ay, and act promptly upon it, of including the females of your class, and more particularly the young, the future mothers of future men, in every movement for furthering the intellectual advancement of your order. If you fail in this, there will be just cause for fear that the time coming will not be productive of such an amount of real and permanent "good" as you at present seem to anticipate.

I have somewhere read an anecdote of Napoleon I., that one day, in conversation with Madame de Stael, he abruptly

proposed to her this question : " Pray, Madam, what do you suppose to be the most effectual agent for the production of good men and good subjects?" " Good mothers," was her brief but most emphatic response—a response which my heart echoed with a throb of pride and pleasure, when I found that this gifted lady must have entertained the same idea, felt the same conviction, and held the same opinion, nay, had expressed herself in the same words which I would have chosen to utter my sentiments on this subject; for I believe that all who are truly interested in the welfare of their own country in particular, and of human nature in general—all who are earnestly inquiring after the best methods for compassing the elevation of the working and lower classes of society—will, after a searching and candid investigation, and a patient tracing of effects to their existing causes, feel a strong conviction while witnessing the vast, I had almost said the hopeless, aggregate of juvenile ignorance, depravity, crime, and wretchedness, that a frightful amount of it is consequent on the want of good mothers, and the presence and influence of the ignorant and the vicious, whether in our crowded cities, large manufacturing towns, populous mining districts, or extensive public works.

THE MOTHER'S MISSION.

AMONGST the many powerful agencies at work in society, there is one whose paramount importance, as its effects upon the whole framework of society are constantly developed, make it a subject of deep and serious interest to every reflecting mind. It strikes deep and spreads wide, and being the first to entwine itself with the fibres of the human heart, its influence is mighty and universal, and, where rightly directed and applied, is the most efficient of human agencies to mould the youthful mind into a form of spiritual beauty, and guide the tender feet of childhood into the paths of wisdom and peace; and this powerful but gentle influence is exercised by

her who not only bears the name, but is in deed and in truth a mother. But when this power is vested in those who through ignorance, evil example, or gross and criminal neglect betray the sacred charge entrusted to them by God and nature, such mothers have only assisted in launching the frail bark of the young immortal upon the stormy ocean of life, and left it to perish amidst the rocks and breakers. Yet this influence, involving such pernicious and fearful consequences, is wielded by her who bears the name but possesses none of the essential attributes of that sacred character. Let it not be supposed that we have overrated the office and the influence of the mother of the poor man's children and her own peculiar sphere; for who can or will watch for and improve the dawning of reason and the expanding of mind, and check the growth of evil passions and propensities in her children, but a true mother?—for the husband and father being an artisan, mechanic, or labourer, may sweat at the furnace or dig in the bowels of the earth to procure sustenance for his family—how few and short are the intervals of rest which he can snatch from the hours of his waking existence! Nay, in too many instances, through the avarice of his employers, especially if engaged in public works, he has to desecrate the sacred hours of the Sabbath by labour, or be at once deprived of the means of obtaining a livelihood.

Parents in the upper and wealthier classes of society can, with advantage to their children, transfer their parental responsibilities, in a great measure, to others. They can engage the best masters, and by a judicious choice of tutors and governesses amply endow their children with the requisites of a refined and liberal education. But the poor mother, the wife of the working-man, has no substitute on whom she can shift the onerous duties which devolve upon her; yet she has a deep sense of the important trust committed to her, a mind imbued with right principles, and a heart full of the undying love of a mother; and although she is endowed with only the very commonest elements of education, and though she has daily to undergo domestic toils and privations in her three-fold character of mother, nurse, and servant-of-all-work, yet even she is fully qualified,

and will always find time and place for imparting to the little dwellers on her hearth those simple but most effective lessons which stamp on the infant mind the first and most valuable impressions, which often in time ripen into principles of religion and virtue.

Then, the good mother is always at home, and scenes are often seen there into which even the angels desire to look. There she sits, with her babe nestling in her bosom, while one, two, or perhaps three, in different stages of childhood, stand at her knee, listening with eager ears, while she, with words of earnest affection, and in language suited to their capacity tells them of the great God who made and preserves them, who sees and hears their every word and action ; of that dear Saviour who loved little children on earth, and who, having died for them, rose again, and is now ascended into the heaven from which He came, but still hears and answers the prayers of little children. What a blessed home is this, however lowly, especially when the father is actuated by the same spirit and motives as the mother ! And what happy reunions are those when, at the close of the day or the week, he takes his accustomed seat by the hearth, calling his children around him, while the proud and happy mother recounts to him the tasks and attainments of the day, and tells of the startling inquiries made by one, praises the ready obedience of another, or perhaps makes a complaint of the neglect and obstinacy of a third ; while the father, as judge, dispenses his praises as rewards, and his reproofs as punishments, with an impartial voice ; then, having kindled upon the family altar the incense of prayers and praises, they retire to rest, at peace with their own hearts and with each other.

Much has been said and written, and much has been done, but much remains to be done for a more general dissemination of knowledge, by teaching, among the children of the working-classes. The Christian and the philanthropist have agitated for, petitioned for, and liberally subscribed the means whereby to attain this most desirable end ; statesmen and legislators have concocted and propounded schemes, accompanied with grants of public money, for the extension of the

benefits of education throughout the land; and when we look at the vast machinery set in motion for accomplishing educational purposes, we are apt to exclaim with the young man in the gospel, "What do we yet lack?" We answer that we greatly lack that which no government, however powerful, no statesman, however talented, can supply; that without which the best outward elements of education to which children have access lose the best part of their efficiency. We greatly lack that most important and necessary adjunct to the "schoolmaster abroad," and that is the mother at home. Sweet is the thrill of pleasure that vibrates through the heart of the mother when the first rays of intelligence, which beam from the eyes of her infant, are centred in her own. With what diligent love she ministers to all his little wants; and when he sits smiling in her arms, with what delight she points out to his eager gaze objects which please and interest him! But sweeter, holier far are the feelings of the devoted mother when, in the early dawn of her child's intellect, she beholds the bright promise of a good and useful life. With what affectionate care she selects and administers the most fitting nourishment for his young mind, and while leading and training him "in the way he should go," points out for his imitation "whatsoever things are pure, lovely, and of good report!"

Close observation and real experience join to prove the truth of the assertion that "the child is father to the man;" and all who are sensible of the extreme importance of early impressions, will cordially subscribe their assent to the vast importance attached to the position of woman in her maternal capacity, and to the great power and influence which she, as the mother of the child, exercises through him on all the actings and every-day workings of society. The records both of ancient and modern history fully bear out the truth of these statements.

In ancient Rome, before vice and luxury had made her ashamed of virtuous poverty, the name of a Roman mother was synonymous with everything virtuous, heroic, and noble. The patriotic mother of Coriolanus saved the city and people of Rome by the irresistible strength of maternal

influence acting on the great but misguided mind of her son, who had led an invading army against his country; and that noble matron who early trained her children in the knowledge and practice of all the great and heroic virtues, has for more than two thousand years been emblazoned on the page of history, by a title which her own and her children's virtues made immortal—"Cornelia the mother of the Gracchi." In early Greece the rival states of which she was composed existed in a state of continual warfare with each other, or with their hostile and powerful neighbours. In such circumstances the Spartan mother, acting on what she believed to be the most virtuous and noble principles, when her son was arming for battle presented to him his shield, with a charge to bear it back with honour, or be borne upon it in death.

And how often, when scanning the pages of biography, do we find the learned, the good, the man of genius and high literary attainments, recording a grateful testimony to the memory of a pious or intellectual mother! to the first, as having, by early precept and example, "allured to brighter worlds and led the way;" and to the last, as one who, by the mysterious workings of maternity upon the soul of the infant, implanted in his young mind those germs of genius, which have their origin in the mental qualities of the mother, and which, under her genial influence and fostering care, have grown up to stately plants redolent of fragrance and beauty. Nor is our argument in favour of the incalculable benefits derived from early maternal culture less irrefragable because that in too many instances they who have shared the same advantages with those who have proved a crown of rejoicing to their parents, have, through the workings of a weak or vicious nature, acted upon by opportune temptations, at length burst asunder the bands and cast away the cords of all human restraint, till their very presence in the domestic circle created a mingled agony of shame, grief, and terror; yet, even amongst these instances we have seen and heard of the prodigal on his death-bed, the prisoner in his cell, and the criminal on the scaffold, pouring forth, in terms deeply affecting and remorseful, a tribute to

the virtues of her, the guide of their youth, of whose prayers and teachings, watchings and warnings, they never knew the value till they were about to lose them for ever.

As a striking illustration of this, we close this article with a brief notice of the atrocious murderer, Gleeson Wilson. That man cruelly butchered in cold blood the mother with her two children, and a female servant. He was immediately apprehended, and committed for trial; yet neither during that period, nor even after sentence of death was passed upon him, did he appear to feel remorse or fear, either for his present or future state, although the most earnest exhortations to confession and repentance were urged upon him, and the most ardent prayers were offered up in his cell by the ministers of religion on his behalf, yet they produced not the slightest visible impression upon his obdurate mind. Yet this rocky heart, when stricken by the remembrance of the early instructions of a good mother, poured forth in a stream of tearful emotion these memorable words: "Once I had a good and pious mother, but after she died all went wrong with me. Had she lived I never would have come to this." This is indeed a most affecting testimony to the power and value of maternal training, and is worth a thousand commonplace comments on the subject.

Sketches of Village Life and Character.

SCOTTISH PEASANT LIFE AND CHARACTER IN DAYS OF AULD LANGSYNE.

“ For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned—
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind? ” —GRAY.

I HAVE ever held, and now express the opinion, that to give a true and graphic sketch or sketches of Scottish peasant life and character in “days of langsyne,” it is necessary that the writer should not draw his information from tradition and hearsay alone, but should, from childhood, have lived, moved, and shared, for a time at least, in the usages, customs, and opinions; in a word, in all the habits and actings both of the inner and outer life “of that bold peasantry, their country’s pride”—a class which is fast losing its identity. The primitive simplicity of character and manners, and the simple tastes and unaffected piety of our peasant ancestors, these are now becoming, except in some isolated places and families, like dissolving views, fading away in the distance even while we are gazing. These considerations have prompted me, in this instance, to record some of those traits of character, thought, and feeling, with the mode of living adapted by circumstances to their condition of the Scottish peasantry of bygone days.

The chief source from which I propose to draw my information, and the incidents connected therewith, are from the experiences of my maternal grandfather, and his relation of the incidents and anecdotes connected with that of others known to him. He died in the first year of the present century, aged ninety-seven; and my mother, who died in 1852, aged eighty-three, had been from her childhood in the habit of treasuring up all his experiences and relations as

they fell from his lips, with a reverence and respect second only in degree to that she would have paid to the Apostle Paul, had he been the narrator.

My venerable relative was a person of exemplary piety, sound judgment, and discerning mind, although somewhat blunt and plain-spoken when expressing his opinions, and was much respected in the parish of Shotts, where he lived for the greater part of his life. He was often called upon to arbitrate in disputes between neighbours and relations, and was eminently successful as a peacemaker. My mother was the true daughter of such a father, and I grieve to think that I have not profited more by her instructions and example than I have done. I was but a child when my aged relative lived with us, but I have a distinct remembrance of seeing him once. He was clad in a suit of home-spun grey, his venerable head was bare, and his broad blue lowland bonnet lay upon his knee; he was sitting in a devotional attitude, with his hand shading his eyes. My mother had the dearest wish of her heart gratified, in having him under her own roof at the time of his death, although they were in poor circumstances—my parents being strangers in a large town to which they had recently removed.

My grandfather had, in common with all serious persons of his class, a firm and filial reliance on the providence of God, defined in our Church Catechism as "His most holy, wise, and powerful preserving, and governing all His creatures, and all their actions," and he used to relate an incident in the life of one of his ancestors, who was a trooper under Oliver Cromwell, in proof of this. He being one of a party picketed at a small distance from the royalist army, was in the act of giving his horse a feed of corn out of the lap of his cloak, when a hostile ball cleft the air and fell into his lap, scattering the corn, but injuring neither the horse nor his rider.

Then as to the certainty of the actings of a retributive Providence, that was beyond all doubt, and he used to say that he never knew an instance where woman had been betrayed by man, whether by seduction or broken promises of marriage, or of children who dishonoured or neglected their

parents, who were not visibly punished even in this life. Of the first class several instances had come under his own observation.

One of the most striking was in the case of a young girl who, being left a friendless orphan while yet an infant, was taken home by him and brought up with his own children. When she was grown up she went to service, and an innocent and most beautiful girl was Mysie Fairlie, until her master's son accomplished her ruin under covert of the most solemn and reiterated promises of marriage, backed by invocations of the most fearful curses upon himself if he did not fulfil them; one of these was his expressed wish that he might lose his right hand if he did not make her his wife. This he never intended to do, and, when her appearance betrayed her fall, she was dismissed from her place, and the consequences might have been fatal to her had not the kind hand which protected her infancy been again extended to save and shelter the deluded orphan, who, after becoming a mother, saw her seducer wedded to one whose dowry constituted her greatest charm in the eyes of her husband. The circumstances attendant on his death, a short time afterwards, served to convince all who were cognizant of the sad affair of the certainty of a full measure of retributive punishment being awarded to delinquents of this kind. He had neglected a slight wound on his right hand, inflammation ensued, ending in gangrene. His agony was extreme: at the approach of death his conscience was awakened, and he sent for my grandfather, entreating his prayers and the forgiveness of his victim, both of which were sincerely accorded. He stripped the dressings from his hand and bade him look; it was swollen and black, the putrid flesh adhering to the bones only by a few ligaments.

Amongst other anecdotes of unnatural children, he told one of a son who was guilty of maltreating his father, and even of inflicting blows upon his person. Upon one occasion a neighbour, hearing some smothered cries of distress proceeding from their house, looked in at the window, and was witness to the horrid spectacle of the son dragging his aged father across the room by the hair of his head. When

he came near to the door the father cried out, "Son, son, stop here, for I did not drag my father any farther."

It was common in those days for persons of known piety to visit and pray with and for the sick and dying, invoking the light of Divine love to illumine the deathbed of the saint, and for repentance and mercy to the careless and hardened. To the bedside of one of the latter character—a relation of his own—was my grandfather drawn by the desire of seeing him awakened to a sense of his sin and danger; but it was in vain that he essayed from time to time to bring him to converse upon the things belonging to his eternal peace. He parried every attempt and baffled every effort to draw his attention to that subject, adroitly turning the conversation into some worldly channel. The last time he visited him, guessing his purpose before he could speak, the sick man cried out, "Willie, is't true that ye ance lichted your pipe wi' a bank note?"—an accident which had occurred by mistake. He felt at once how hopeless were his efforts; he spoke not a word, but turning away, saw him no more until he was summoned to attend the "Kisting," or ceremony of depositing the body in the coffin, in the presence of the friends and relations of the deceased. It was usual on these occasions to serve round a collation, which consisted of a portion of the pastries, spirits, and wines, provided in the most lavish profusion for the day of interment, when by partaking too freely of which the most shameful scenes frequently occurred, especially at the drinking of the "Dredgie"—an entertainment given to those who had attended the funeral, on their return from the graveyard. It was then that my relation was told by the widow of the cruel wrongs she had endured at the hands of her deceased husband, who had induced the servant girl to become his mistress, giving her his wife's place at bed and board before her eyes; but, added she, by way of expressing her consolatory belief in the retributive justice of God, "He's gettin' het shins for't this day."

My venerable relative had been bereaved of both his parents before he was nine years of age. His father had in his youth been one of the personal attendants of the then

Duke of Hamilton ; and it was while in attendance upon that nobleman, when he went over on some occasion to Ireland, that a strange, and, as he ever afterwards believed, a supernatural circumstance happened to him, which entirely changed the whole current of his thoughts, feelings, and life. He had been living in a very careless and profane manner, and had never given a thought to religious matters, when on a particular night the house in which they were entertained was so overcrowded with company, that the servants were obliged to sleep upon bedding laid upon straw in the cellars. He lay down with the rest, fell asleep and dreamed that a celestial being came to him and bade him arise and follow him. He thought he obeyed, and, following his guide, was ushered into a place which he knew must be the place of torment, from the scenes of unspeakable horror which he saw, and the shrieks of burning and blaspheming agony which he heard. In a moment the records of conscience and memory were unrolled, on which at one glance he saw inscribed in lightning characters every sin which had reigned in his heart or been blazoned in his life. Hope was annihilated ; the blackness of darkness was closing around him, pierced only by the glare of the lurid flames, into the midst of which he felt himself falling, when all at once this thought flashed upon his mind, that He who was seen walking with, and by His presence protecting the three children in the midst of the burning fiery furnace, was able to save him also. Then he thought that, with a loud cry, these words burst from his lips—"The God of Shadrach, Meshech and Abed-nego, have mercy upon me !" Immediately the flames disappeared, the darkness was dispelled, and his guide, of whom he had lost sight for some time, came to his side. "Then a change came o'er the spirit of his dream," and he thought that his angelic conductor, taking him by the hand, rose with him from the earth, and, soaring on high, set him down at the gate of heaven, and bade him survey the mansions of the blessed ; gazing as he thought for some time, his vision or dream was dissolved, and he awoke. Some time elapsed ere he could realise his situation ; when he did so he felt he had passed

into a state of mind unknown to him before. With a prayer for mercy on his lips, he rose from his pallet, and concealing his emotion as he best might from his fellow-servants, who he well knew would answer with a shout of derision any relation he might have made of what had happened to him, and when he sat down to breakfast he dared not, as was his wont, begin to partake of the meal without asking a blessing from heaven upon it; nor was he deterred by the tittering of his reckless companions from doing so. His perceptible and increasing seriousness of character, and avoidance of many sinful practices in which he indulged before, exposed him to a sort of persecuting mockery. They stole out of his pocket a New Testament which he had purchased, and took his plate of victuals away from before him while asking a blessing; added to this he found no place for retirement and prayer, and, growing weary of his condition, he left the service of the Duke and retired to his native parish of Cambusnethan, and having found some more suitable occupation, married a woman of a congenial spirit, by whom he had a family, of whom my grandfather was the youngest. His mother died when he was an infant; and, as has been said before, at the early age of nine years he became an orphan by the death of his father, and it was while standing by his bedside two days before that event that he first heard his father give to the minister who attended him, a full detail of the singular circumstances attending his conversion. My grandfather, though so young, lost not a word of that solemn and deeply interesting relation, and even to his dying day distinctly remembered it, with every attendant circumstance. The minister, who was much moved and interested in the relation, asked the dying man if he could give any description of what he thought he saw in the mansions of bliss; he spoke not a word in reply but lifted up his eyes full of tears to heaven as if in silent prayer, and so the subject was dropped. When he had recovered a little he called his boy to him, and laying his hand upon his head, said—"The God of Shadrach, Meshech, and Abed-nego be your God." He died in the full hope of a blessed immortality, and the blessing he invoked on the head of his son

rested on him through life, and was with him in death. I do not suppose that this relation, although strictly true in all its details, will receive an unhesitating assent to the reality of the dream or vision and its consequences. Some will say, "Pshaw! the young man had no doubt been one of a party who were acting high life below stairs, and when laid on his straw pallet in his dark dormitory, with his brain muddled by drink, a superstitious feeling of awe, aided by a twinge of conscience, might have conjured up to his sleeping fancy the awful scenes portrayed in his dream." This supposition might have been made with reason, had the effects of these startling incidents, "like the morning cloud or early dew," vanished away for ever, and he, after a brief period of seriousness, had gradually resumed his old habits. But it was not so. Every day had deepened his convictions, till he was "delivered from the power of darkness, and translated into the kingdom of Christ;" adorning his profession for many years, and dying a consistent and happy Christian.

After the death of his father, my grandfather was taken as the "herd laddie" into the house of a farmer whose lands lay on the banks of the Clyde, in the parish of Cambusnethan. This was about the year 1714, and my mother has heard him relate many incidents which, trivial in themselves, yet serve to show the condition of the country, and the circumstances of its inhabitants at the period of which I write.

Salmon were then so plentiful in the Clyde, and were so much used as an article of food in the farmers' houses in its vicinity, that servants engaging to serve there made it a part of their hiring stipulations, that they should not be required to eat salmon more than once a-day.

Carbarns, the name of the farm where my relative plied his humble occupation, was situated in a district very thinly inhabited by a rural population, and where what was called the braes of Clyde was thickly wooded and much infested by foxes, whose covers were seldom disturbed, except by the solitary angler, or children gathering blackberries in their season. They had grown so numerous, bold, and ferocious, that lambs and poultry were carried off in broad daylight, if

they ventured near the copsewood. One spring day a child of four years was making his way to his father, who was ploughing in a field contiguous to the copsewood. The little fellow had wandered into the bushes, when the father, alarmed by the wild screams of his child, ran to the place and saw a very large fox making off into the wood, and the shrieking child standing with his left arm frightfully torn and lacerated, and nearly dislocated at the shoulder, by the attempts of the ferocious animal to draw him down; and had it succeeded in doing so, with no help near, the catastrophe would have been more frightful still. It was a female fox, and had a litter of five cubs in a den, where she and they were destroyed by the peasants, who were alarmed at this audacious attempt of the ferocious creature on human life.

On another occasion, as the "herd laddie" was about to drive home the cattle before nightfall, he found that a pet ewe that grazed with the cows had dropped twin lambs. He drove the cows home, and hastened back to carry the lambs to the farm. Twilight was setting in, and as he entered the pasture he saw a strange movement going on at the place where he had left the ewe. Coming nearer, he saw a fox springing from side to side of the ewe to get at the lambs, whom she kept behind her, wheeling round at every spring of the fox, facing and butting at him without fear. The herd ran, shouting and throwing up his bonnet; but it was not till he was within a few yards of him that he decamped, leaving the young shepherd to carry off the lambs in his bosom, the grateful mother following behind.

Potatoes, although introduced into the country for some time, were as yet only to be found in gentlemen's gardens, where a small quantity would be planted for using at table with other vegetables, but were as yet unseen in the farmer's field or the cottager's "kail-yard;" and my friend the "herd laddie" saw them for the first time when the farmer took from his pocket a dozen of the precious tubers, which were given him by the gardener at Cambusnethan House. He proceeded to plant them, and wishing to make the most of his new acquisition, he planted each tuber whole in a mound

of manure mixed with a little earth, with a good distance between them. The produce was of course very great in quantity but very indifferent in quality. The goodwife, into whose hands they fell, not knowing very well how to turn them to account, counted out one for each member of the family, cleaned and boiled them in the "kail-pat," in which homely utensil "water-kail," the unvarying family dinner in farm-houses, was prepared. This dish consisted of barley or groats, the inner kernel of the oaten grain or corn pickle, boiled in water with or without a bit of suet or butter, and plenty of greens and leeks. The kail were served up in a large wooden platter, flanked by a pile of pea-scones, which were eaten with the kail. On this eventful day, when the potato made its first appearance at the farmer's table, the goodwife stood by the "kail-pat," and diving into its depths with a wooden ladle, brought up and laid before each person a potato on a piece of pea-scone, as a new and delicious addition to the homely meal, the treat being continued till the crop of potatoes was consumed.

My relative was the youngest child of the orphan family. There were four sisters, and there being no near relations to take charge of them, they went into service, and the house was broken up. The orphan "herd laddie" had been taught to read his Bible, and was well grounded in the first principles of religion by his father. These principles were extended, explained, and settled in his mind by the pious and careful teaching of the goodwife of Carbarns, who, when the cows were driven in from the pasture at "twal-hours," for some time during the heat of the summer-day, never failed to set him a chapter or two to read from the Bible, or to con over the psalm, or a few questions from the Shorter Catechism, to be recited from memory at the never-omitted Sabbath evening examination of the assembled family by the father or master, who presided on the occasion. This practice was universal in Scotland, both in the kitchen of the farmer and the cottage of the peasant. It was from this sacred treasury, unlocked every Sabbath night under the lowly, thatched, and unceiled roof, and on the unmade clay floor, that the true riches of scriptural and spiritual know-

ledge were drawn by those who sat and lived there ; many of them receiving such impressions on subjects of faith and morality as might, though lying dormant for years, spring up as they have done in innumerable instances, and bear fruit unto life eternal ; and woe to the land and the people who do not “remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy,” and to set apart a portion of the sacred hours for imparting spiritual instruction to their children and servants, hearing them read and reading the Scriptures to them, and making comments upon what is read, suitable to the understanding and condition of the hearers. Let it not be said that this most important and necessary Sabbath exercise is now superseded by Sunday schools. Very abundant and real are the benefits and blessings which have accrued from Sunday school teaching, when the teachers are duly impressed with a sense of the importance of their duties, the evils of ignorance, and the value of the human soul ; and most beneficial—I may say, indispensable—for the religious instruction of the thousands of children in our land, who might say, if indeed they knew they were so endowed, “There is no man that careth for our souls.” But oh, how invaluable the blessing enjoyed by those who have had the privilege during the periods of childhood and youth of a home where every opportunity, especially on Sabbath, was afforded them to hear from lips beloved and revered the words of instruction, reproof, and correction in righteousness !

And so the “herd laddie” lived, laboured, and learned, till, with the consent and assistance of his kind master, he was bound apprentice to a country cooper, and in this occupation he continued during his life ; and that life, like the life of the greater part of the Scottish peasantry of that day, being endowed and fortified by the religious and moral training imparted to them by parents and masters on every suitable occasion, became, as they grew up and entered into the world, an epitome of all the practical Christian virtues. But it must not be supposed that fun, frolic, homely wit, and sly humour, were not often in requisition, and “ample scope and verge enough” allowed for each. Practical joking was sometimes carried to unwarrantable lengths ; haymaking and

harvest times were usually seasons of joyous and unbounded merriment to old and young; and the "kirn" or harvest-home feasts and festivities were enjoyed with a gusto and relish unknown to more refined and fastidious pleasure-seekers in the upper circles of society. And when the "kirn" was won—that is, when the last handful of corn was cut from the last harvest-field—the farmer provided for the occasion a large greybeard of whisky, and a tree or barrel of "gude yill," known by the name of "tipenny," with two or three dozen of "tipenny laifs." A sufficient number of these were broken down by the "gudewife" into a large earthen platter or milk boyne, and seasoned with brown sugar and pepper. Over this was poured a sufficient quantity of "het yill" or sweet milk, as the case might be. This mess formed the standing dish at all harvest-home festivities, christenings, feasts, and dredgies at funerals. This was set on the table, and flanked by large piles of oaten cakes, barley scones, and cheese, washed down by "stoups an' caups of yill," and bowls of milk. This, after a round or two from the bottle to begin with, was quickly despatched; and after another round or two of whisky, the whole was cleared off. A blessing had been duly invoked, and thanks were now returned. The elder women were left to arrange the humble furniture and clear the floor; and there being no apartment in the farm-house set apart for washing and dressing, the younger females hastened with soap and water to the byre or lee-side of the hay rick, and there commenced the cleansing process; and "hoogers"—that is, old stockings minus the feet, worn to protect the limbs during harvest operations from the weather, stubbles, and thistles—were pulled off, the face, arms, and hands washed, the long hair combed out, the love-locks arranged under the maiden snood, and the "cockernony" neatly done up. The soiled and labour-worn attire was laid aside, and a clean shortgown and petticoat of home-spun drugget were donned, and well-washed feet, guiltless of shoes and stockings, were the order of the hour at these rural festivities. The return of the young women to the kitchen was the signal for a storm of laughter, romping, jesting, and playing off all manner of practical jokes, including hide-and-

seek, Blind Harry; and the "mirth and fun" often grew "fast and furious," even in houses where the masters would not allow promiscuous dancing, as was generally the case at the period I write of, in the houses of strict professors, especially dissenters. And most decidedly so with the "Macmillan fock," known as the Reformed Presbyterians of the present day. But on song singing, story telling, and "speiring guesses," there was laid no restriction; and round the fire, heaped with peats and sticks, peals of song and laughter rang through the sooty rafters, and round the clay brace, and up the "muckle lum" of the Scottish farmer's kitchen at the "haudin' the kirn," as well as all merry-makings of the kind enjoyed by the peasantry of Scotland in the olden times.

I could not add one line more of truth and beauty to the graphic description given by Burns in his Halloween, and therefore shall say but little of the serio-comic drama acted by our peasant fathers on Halloween night, with its absurd, yet amusing, and sometimes fatal superstitious observances. Of this last, take an instance which I have heard related by my mother, who knew the girl. It was on a certain Halloween night, about eighty years ago, that Peggy Wardrop, a pretty rural lass of twenty, opened her Bible at the book of Job, and having looked out the verse containing this sentence, "Who is he that will strike hands with me?" took the barn-door key and laid the open handle over the passage, closed the book, laid it under her pillow, and went to sleep, fully expecting to see in a dream the man destined to be her husband come to her bedside, hold out his hand, and invite her to strike hands with him. Poor Peggy's wish was realised, and she did dream, but of what or whom? She dreamed that the spirit of evil in his most awful form came to her, and, holding out a hand that burned like a live coal, demanded to strike hands with her, and that being done, she was his for ever. She awoke uttering the most appalling shrieks. The whole household were at her bedside in a moment. She was sitting up in bed staring with eyes from which the light of reason had fled for ever. She recognised no one, but with frantic gestures, which

never ceased till she was utterly exhausted, seemed to be avoiding and thrusting away from her the black and burning hand that appeared to her disordered fancy ever held out to her. They gathered what had happened from her incoherent ravings, for she never recovered her senses again, but died in a state of raving madness some time after. This appalling event put an effectual check upon all intromissions with the Bible upon such occasions for the future ; for it was devoutly believed by all serious persons, that for her sacrilegious use of the Holy Scriptures was this awful punishment inflicted.

A very prominent feature in the mind and character of our forefathers was the warm sympathy and reverential admiration felt and evinced by them on every occasion for the principles, persons, and sufferings of the martyrs of the Covenant ; and not less characteristic was the horror and aversion felt, and openly and indignantly expressed, by them of the atrocious although legalised murders, cruelties, and spoliations inflicted on them by the persecutors. And while the seed of the martyrs and those who suffered in the cause of truth and conscience were looked upon with veneration and respect, the descendants of those who took an active part in harassing and betraying the Covenanters were supposed to lie under the ban of Heaven ; and many instances confirmatory of this opinion were handed down from father to son.

I remember being taken, when a girl, by my mother on a visit to the moorland cottage where she was born, and that she pointed to a gaunt, wretched-looking old woman coming out at the door of a miserable, smoky hut. "Look," said my mother, "that is old May Ferrie." I have heard old people say that she is the only remaining descendant of a once wealthy and numerous family, the head of which had in former times been a bitter persecutor ; and that one of those whom he had betrayed to death had denounced the vengeance of God upon him ; and his saying, that "not many generations would pass away till on the hearth of his roofless mansion nettles would flourish, and the birds sing desolation in his windows, and his name and his seed perish for ever from the earth." This had been literally fulfilled—

first, in his house and fortunes, and then in his posterity, of whom there remained only this poor and aged woman, who had been early married and had a large family of children, who had all died in infancy. She had long been a widow, and might have said with Logan, the Indian chief, "Not a drop of my blood flows in the veins of any living creature."

While writing upon this subject I will record an incident in the life of one of my paternal ancestors who suffered much for conscience' sake during the days of Episcopal tyranny in Scotland. He had been under hiding for some time, and so strict was the search made for him that he dared not visit his home, although his wife lay upon her death-bed, pining and praying for her husband's presence. She died without that consolation; when a woman who had attended her in her last moments undertook to inform him of his bereavement, warning him at the same time that advantage would be taken of his expected presence at the funeral to apprehend him. Hearing this, he contrived to come under cloud of night to a neighbouring moor from whence he saw the mournful procession issuing from the door. As it approached, not daring to stand upright, he lay down, and dragging himself like a reptile through the long heather, as near to the road as he could with safety, wept that farewell to the cold clay as it was carried past, which could not be spoken by the bedside of the dying wife.

My grandfather was but a young man when, in 1733, the Secession from the Church of Scotland, headed by the Messrs. Erskine, Fisher, and others, took place; and he was amongst the first who joined the ranks of the Seceders, being convinced that truth and principle formed the basis of that structure of which the foundation was laid by these great and good men, "The top-stone of which has since been brought forth with shouting, Grace—grace unto it." He often said he had reaped much spiritual benefit from the personal ministrations of Mr. Ralph Erskine, attending the sacramental services administered by him in Dunfermline for many years, and carrying his respect for his services so far, that upon the occasion of his marriage with my grandmother, they went on a winter day from the parish of Shotts,

in Lanarkshire, to Dunfermline, that they might have the bands of matrimony bound and consecrated by him.

In every variation of circumstances, in every material change of life, the cherished and acknowledged motto of the serious Scottish peasant of those days was, "In all thy ways acknowledge God and He shall direct thy steps;" and the pious peasant mother as soon as she felt that she carried a living child in her bosom, devoted it to God in prayer, laying hold, as she would say, of that covenant of grace for her unborn babe, of which it would receive the sign after birth by the sprinkling of the water of baptism. It was also common in unusual cases of family distress and trial, or of persons labouring under distressing fears of a spiritual nature, for some of their neighbours to assemble in the house of the sufferer, if convenient, where the case was taken up by each in turn, and laid before God in prayer with all the fervour of strong religious and sympathetic feeling; and it was no small consolation for the afflicted to know that, not only this but also in the private devotions of their Christian friends, they were remembered with all the warmth of earnest pleading devotion.

My grandfather, although a strict and consistent dissenter, was a man of a candid and tolerant spirit, and disliked the bitter religious animosities and argumentative recriminations too freely indulged in both by Seceders and Churchmen. At the time of the Erskine Disruption, one out of many instances of sectarian rancour that he was wont to relate I shall give here. On one occasion he was hearing a sermon in a newly-erected meeting-house, where the minister had chosen for his text that passage in Revelation which describes "the Mystery of Abomination—the Mother of Harlots." In the application of his sermon he wrought himself up to such a pitch of excitement, by declaiming against the errors and usurpations of the Established Church, which he affirmed were in many instances analogous to those of the Church of Rome, that he suddenly raised his voice, and with a flourish of his hand, pointing to the spire of the Parish Church (which was visible from the chapel windows), exclaimed, "Behold! the mother of harlots."

My grandfather, who had been sitting on thorns for some time, would hear no more. He rose, clapped the boards of his Bible together with a loud report, set his blue bonnet firmly on his head, and hastily taking the hand of his little son, who was sitting beside him, he drew him into the passage, exclaiming in gude braid Scotch, "Cum awa', man; we ha'e been ower lang here." Then hurriedly opening the door, he left the meeting.

I believe the name of the reverend gentleman who gave way to this unseemly and uncharitable outburst in the pulpit was Mr. Horn, a man of a zealous and fiery disposition, and an exceedingly strict disciplinarian both in his church and family. His eldest son, whom he had destined for the ministry, had seduced the servant girl, who had a child by him. The father was almost beside himself when made aware of the fact. His denunciations of his guilty son were frightful, and the black stool of repentance, where offenders of this kind were publicly rebuked in church by the minister before the congregation, was put in requisition with more than usual solemnity for the minister's son. Some of Mr. Horn's sympathising clerical friends offered their services for performing in his stead the painful and disagreeable duty of publicly rebuking the culprit. But his father would allow of no such intromissions with his ministerial duties, and so the young man stood in the place of shame for three successive Sabbaths in church in the presence of the congregation. And bitter and brimming were the vials of wrath and denunciation which he poured on the head of the offending youth. The hearers were awe-struck, and many of the men were flushed and angry at what they considered the cruelty of the castigation bestowed by the father on his son, who bore the infliction, I will not say meekly, but bravely. The female part of the audience, especially the youthful portion, were mostly in tears, and compassion for the young man held larger sway in their tender hearts than horror for his crime; and this was not all, the father often made mention in public of the heavy trial and disgrace which had fallen upon him, his family, and the denominational church to which he belonged, and

even when conducting family worship, though ministers or other guests were present, he never failed to speak of the great sin committed by his son, and his own grief and shame in consequence. The young man, it was believed, was sincerely humbled and penitent, and might have done well, but after a year of this, as it was thought, needless suffering, he left his father's house without leave-taking, and was not afterwards heard of. What the father might think or say on the occasion my informant who had knowledge of the affair never knew, but he always said if the father had dealt with the son more in the spirit of his Divine Master, with more of parental love and less of zealous severity, it might have been better for all parties.

More than a century must have elapsed since the following incident occurred, although I cannot give the particular date. It was one in which my aged relative was personally engaged, and shared in the adventures which it involved. He always spoke of the eventful night in which it happened as "The windy Saturday." It was his wont in common with pious persons of his class to attend all the yearly sacramental solemnities within reach, setting out for the place of destination so early as to be in time for the Saturday service, and taking lodgings in some farm-house or cottage for two nights or more if the distance required it. My friend had risen early on that particular morning, and set out for Whitburn; and after attending Divine service in the churchyard (for these were the palmy days of out-door preaching), sought and got lodging in an old farm-house, intending to stay over the Sabbath. It was blowing a little before he went to bed, but he was roused up before midnight by the dreadful roaring of the wind and shaking of the frail tenement; he called aloud, but no voice replied; he rose and groped about in the dark, but there was no person within—they had fled for their lives from the falling house. Putting on his clothes he rushed out; it was just time, for the thatch was stripped from the rafters, which were falling in many places. While he looked the front wall and one of the gables fell. All this while he neither saw nor heard any human being, for the people of the farm

had made their escape to more secure quarters when the danger appeared, and, let us charitably suppose, had forgotten to arouse the stranger. The wind still increased in violence, howling, bellowing, and roaring like thunder. Tremendous gusts hurled through the air large pieces of thatch, branches of trees, sheaves of corn, pease and barley, from the barnyard. With great difficulty he kept his feet. He might have fought his way to some more substantial dwelling, of which there was one or two at a short distance, but thoughts of his own frail and lonely cottage, five or six miles distant, with its large and venerable ash tree growing close to the gable, he feared that the roots might have grown into the foundation, and that if the tree was blown over by the wind, his cottage would fall with it. These thoughts rapidly crossed his mind as, staggering under the violence of each successive gust, he stood looking at the ruin before him. "God be my help," he said: "I will see my home this night, and the dear ones there, if I should endanger my life in the attempt." Luckily he had his "kent" with him when he fled from the house. The name is now obsolete, but I who have seen and handled that of my aged friend, will describe it to the reader. It was a long ashen staff or rather pole, generally about five feet in length, turned in a lathe, with a flat top, and strongly and sharply shod with iron for about four or five inches, the bearer carrying it by the middle when walking. Its special uses were to enable the bearer to leap over ditches, bog-holes, and patches of deep mud on the soft, unmade roads of muirland districts. With his kent in his grasp he felt he had a friend by the hand, and made ready for the road by buttoning his coat, and crossing his "pirnie" plaid over his shoulders and chest, and setting his bonnet firmly on his head, he proceeded on his toilsome and perilous journey. There was no light from the moon or the stars, but a constant succession of vivid flashes of lightning. If there was thunder he could not distinguish it from the dreadful roaring of the wind, which was so terrific that it often brought him entirely to a stand. At these times he drove the sharp point of his kent into the soft earth, and held on until he could find it possible to

get on a little farther. He was completely drenched with water, although there was little or no rain, for such was the violence of the gusts at times that they swept the ditches and water-holes to the bottom, splashing their contents over him as he passed; and being for the most part a bare, moorish track, with no shelter through which his road lay, he was obliged more than once to lie down and roll to the bottom of a grassy slope. He had now come within a mile or two of home, and although greatly exhausted, the dawning day inspired him with hope that the wind would soon fall. He was now passing a farm-house at a small distance from his cottage. The people had been busy and astir all night, saving the sheaves and trusses of corn and hay, which strewed the road and filled the hedges and ditches. There he saw an old Highland gaberlunzie who had been quartered in the barn over-night, and who, being somewhat deaf, had slept through the turmoil of the night. He was now up, and had armed himself with a certain nameless vessel containing a quantity of urine. He was running up and down in front of the house, dipping a wisp of straw in the liquid, sprinkling it against the wind, exclaiming as he did so, "A wisp o' straw an' a wash wull sune lay te Teevil;" of course the wind returned the compliment by driving it back in his face. It was a ludicrous scene, but my friend, who had no desire for amusement at that time, passed on, and on arriving at home found to his great satisfaction the old tree, the cottage, and its dear inmates all safe. Immediately he kneeled down on the hearth, with all his family around him, poured out his grateful thanks to God who had preserved both him and them through that night of peril. Great was the havoc and loss occasioned by this terrible wind storm. Trees were torn up, old houses blown down, and several lives lost; much of the cut and gathered crops were destroyed or damaged, and the windy Saturday was ever afterwards spoken of by my grandfather as the most eventful and terrible day, or rather night, that he had experienced during his lengthened life.

Both my grandparents had very vivid reminiscences of the great dearth or rather famine with which Scotland was

visited in the two succeeding years of 1739-40, when it was calculated that above two thousand persons had perished by hunger and cold—a scarcity of fuel being almost as great and as severely felt as that of food, and the frost of the first winter had not entirely left the earth when that of the second had set in. The mosses remained so hard that a sufficient quantity of peat could not be dug out to supply the imperious necessity for winter fuel; and the rivers and inland waters being frozen up during the winter for a far longer period than usual, wood and coal—the last being a comparatively scarce commodity in those days—could not be brought into many districts in those seasons, where many of the poorer class of inhabitants were literally perishing with cold. At this period the average wage of a labouring man was only fourpence per day; while oatmeal, the real staff of life in Scotland, rose to two shillings per peck (the peck being about 9 lbs. weight in English), and often could not be obtained even at that rate. Barley and bean-meal, sometimes of a quality unfit for human food, with Indian corn meal and white pease—these two last were imported—formed the staple of the Scottish peasant and cottar's food in these distressing times; for potatoes were not yet come into general use, and wheaten or flour bread was not even thought of but as an article of luxury used at the tables of the rich. There were no poor's houses, no poor laws, no inspectors of the poor in parishes in these times; and only from what might accumulate from charitable bequests and gifts, with collections at the doors of churches, could any pittance be given to relieve the wants of the most helpless of the indigent poor; and few amongst our peasant fathers could be brought to seek or even accept of "The Session Siller," so called because the power of applying and distributing such funds was vested in the ministers and kirk-sessions. And even in seasons such as those of which I write, when the crops had been either partially injured or almost wholly lost, and distressing want and severe privations were entailed thereby on the labouring classes and their families, even then was seen to stand out in bold relief that spirit of sturdy independence, self-reliance, and

decent pride, which then formed, and we hope in some degree still forms, such a conspicuous trait in the character of our Scottish peasantry. And if in these terrible times the veil had been lifted which shrouded them from public view, in thousands of instances there had been revealed scenes of famine-stricken misery and pining want in the cottage homes of Scotland, where even at the worst were daily heard the voice of prayer and the notes of praise rising from hearts weak from exhaustion, and lips dried and shrivelled with famine. What ordeal so trying and severe as that which so many poor peasant mothers passed through during these memorable seasons of suffering and privation, when a famished and heart-stricken mother would seek to still the cries of her starving children by procuring a handful of peas, and mixing them in a sieve with ashes from the hearth, would set them on the floor before her children, who would gather round it, and in the eager and exciting search for the peas which ensued, would cease for a while their clamorous importunities for that food which she, alas ! could not give !

My grand-parents, though not reduced to such extremities in their own condition, used to speak with deep feeling of some scenes which they had witnessed. They had seen, when the fearfully cold and long-delayed spring began to burst the bud and unfold the leaves, bands of haggard and emaciated women, and pale, skeleton-like children creeping slowly among the trees, stripping the branches of the beech of their tender leaves, returning to pick them day by day. These they carried home, and boiled them in water with a little salt ; this mess supplying, in many instances, the only meal they could obtain.

My grandmother, in the exercise of domestic discipline in her family, was very strict in enforcing the utmost care and economy in the handling and using any article of human food ; and when any instance of waste or neglect came under her own eye, she would chastise or reprove the children, saying that if they had seen what she had, they would have better known the value of food. She would often relate incidents of the famine which had come under

her own observation, which brought tears into the eyes of the little varlets, and moistened her own in the recital.

She had been living as a servant in the house of a corn miller, in the parish of Cambusnethan, at the time of the famine in 1740; and there, in the precincts of the farmhouse and the mill, she daily witnessed the harrowing spectacle of groups of famishing children turning over and eagerly searching among the corn husks or seeds for stray grains of corn, or wandering about the house door, drinking up the water used in washing out the churn or milk vessels, and gathering from the dung-hill the stems or runts of greens and vegetable refuse, and garbage of any sort, however filthy, voraciously gnawing and devouring them. Many of these children were suffering severely from dysentery, caused by the want of proper nourishment and the deleterious nature of the garbage devoured by them in the craving pangs of starvation.

One day my relative on looking out at the door, saw what she took for a heap of dirty rags lying on the dung-hill; going near she found it to be a small, famished-looking child, half naked, about five years of age, apparently dead. At the bidding of her mistress she lifted the child and brought him into the house, laid him before the fire, and poured some drops of warm milk into his mouth. The child, who had only fainted from want, began to revive, and after making a hearty meal of porridge and milk, he became quite happy and familiar with his kind friends, and, to their surprise and amusement, he sung in his weak, quavering voice, two lines of an old Scottish ditty; these are the words:—

“I maun ha’e my brose made in the nine pint luggie,
A pund o’ butter meltit in them, and wow but I’ll be vogie.”

I did not hear what became of this child afterwards, but it is likely he was taken care of by some one or other, his parents being dead.

Simple as the following incident of the famine may appear, my grandmother when she related it to her children, did so with faltering voice and moistened eyes.

On the farm lands of her master, as on that of others, the

crops had almost entirely failed, and there being of consequence little to do in the mill, the family, though not reduced to such extremities as many of their neighbours were, yet suffered many privations, which the farmer and his wife shared equally with their children and servants. They were stinted to two meals a-day. Oat or bere meal porridge dished up in cogs (small, wooden, hooped vessels), of which each person had one, was served for breakfast.

One morning, just as the mess was being dished, a middle-aged woman, with sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, weak and emaciated from starvation, staggered into the kitchen—attracted in passing by the smell of the hot-milk porridge. She sought nothing, but, looking wistfully at the dishes, faltered out in a weak, husky voice this simple but most pitiful sentence—"O they're weel aff wha get ae sowp o' thae parritch afore they dee!" My relative, after looking at her for a moment, came hastily forward and put the cog containing her own allowance into her hand, bade her take it and welcome. She eagerly took it; but what most deeply touched the hearts of the simple and pious peasants was the action of the woman, who, starving as she was, put not the food to her lips till she, putting her hand over her eyes, besought the blessing of God upon it. After finishing her meal, the "gudewife" gave her something out of the little she had to spare, when, after resting a little, she rose and went away.

Happily for us, a famine so disastrous will not, unless the fruits of the whole earth should fail, visit us again. Labour is now so much more remunerative, our methods of agriculture are so much improved, and our importations on so vast a scale, that, by the blessing of God on our trade and the labour of our hands, we may reasonably hope that "we may not look upon the like again."

It might be deemed invidious were I to hazard a conjecture as to the manner in which young men of the present day would acquit themselves in the ordeal imposed upon their forefathers seventy or eighty years ago; for in their times, when a young man had sped in his wooing, although his suit was known and agreeable to the parents, still there

remained an indispensable ceremony to be observed by him a few days before the banns were proclaimed. This was when the intended son-in-law, accompanied by a friend, went to the residence of the girl's parents, and, formally announcing his honourable intentions, sought their consent to his union with their daughter. This was called "speiring the guid-wull." When this was accorded, and mutual congratulations and kind wishes had been exchanged, the young woman, who had saved her blushes by retiring upon the appearance of her suitor, was called upon to set supper for him and the family. When this was finished, and the hour of rest at hand, the father rose, and taking down "the big ha' Bible, ance his faither's pride," laid it upon the young man's knees, with the words, "Wull ye mak' exercise?" when he, knowing his duty and the inviolability of the custom, laying "his bonnet reverently aside," proceeded, with modest diffidence and downcast eyes, to conduct with his best ability the several parts of family worship—the regular performance of this duty, with a proper sense of its use and importance, and a competent utterance in prayer, being justly considered by the parents as the best guarantee for their daughter's future happiness.

Improvident marriages were rare in those days. In the country no young woman, however humble her station, would have thought of changing her name till she could change the sheets and blankets upon the bridal bed, and, at the same time, be in possession of a decent quantity of wearing apparel all of her own spinning, with a clothes-press to contain them. And bringing with her to her future home the indispensable spinning-wheel and reel, the only implement of indoor female industry then in general use; and it was the pride of the young housewife to set up and ply her wheel in good earnest, for the laudable purpose of getting up a good stock of harn and linen cloth, to be made up into shirts for her husband's wear, before her household cares grew upon her hands, with the probable increase of her family.

"Scotland's spinning-wheel!" Speaking of thee, a thousand tender emotions stir my heart. Not a tale of green-coated fairies—domesticated brownies—witches—"spirits,

black, white, and grey," but is associated in my mind with memories of the spinning-wheel and the white-haired, venerable spinner, from whose legendary store I first drew my ideal treasures of the spirit land.

About the middle of the last century there was living in the parish of Shotts a very old woman, who was said to have been abstracted, when but a few weeks old, from the bosom of her mother by the fairies while she slept, and when she awoke and missed her child, she alarmed her husband, who assisted her in a vain search all over the house for the infant; at last, hearing some feeble cries proceeding from the other end of the house, they followed the sound, and found the child sticking in a narrow slit or bole, which went through the wall at the top of the gable—a place to which no human being could have reached without a ladder. The child was not hurt, and there was not the slightest trace of any earthly agency. It was believed, of course, that the fairies had made the attempt to carry off the child, they being, as was well known, much addicted to child-stealing. The reader must remember that I only give the facts of the case, leaving him to draw what inference he pleases from the statement.

One of the chief characteristics of the fairies and brownies was a strong aversion to hearing the name of God in conversation or in prayer; and it was observed, that after the Reformation, when the truths and doctrines of the Bible came to be better known; when the gospel was more widely diffused by preaching, and the worship of God set up in families; that gradually, before the light of revelation, the darkness of superstition cleared away from men's minds, and the fairies, with their more coarse and tangible fellows, the brownies, began to disappear from their reputed haunts.

We might reasonably suppose that the devout believer in an overruling providence could not consistently believe in witchcraft, the elements of which are popularly defined as an unappeasable spirit of revenge for real or supposed injuries, harbouring in the heart of some old woman or other, who, being unable to wreak her vengeance upon the offender, had sold herself to the powers of darkness, receiving in ex-

change for her soul the assistance of these infernal allies in tormenting the bodies of men and animals; and a power of destroying, by land and water, the property of those who were obnoxious to her. Over those, however, who were in the habit of daily committing themselves, with their families and property, to the protecting care of God, it was believed she had no power.

The following story is an instance in point. A pious farmer had incurred the ill-will of a reputed witch who lived in one of his own cottages. She had often tried in vain to find him unguarded by a prayerful trust in Divine protection; at last she thought of an expedient, which she believed would furnish her with the desired opportunity of gratifying her malice. Very early one morning she came in great haste to his door, crying out that one of his cattle had fallen into a bog hole, where it must perish if not immediately rescued. He hastily rose from bed and rushed out half-dressed to the rescue. She called to her familiar, saying she would work her will upon him now, for she was sure that he could not have had time for prayer on this morning. The fiend replied in a mocking voice, "Ha, ha; he was praying all the while he was putting on his shoes."

Another witch story, as romancists would say, of thrilling interest, and somewhat dramatic in character, I have often heard related when a girl by some aged people. The first part was acted in the early part of the last century. The scene was a dark lonely hollow between a wood and a wild moor covered with heather, and a considerable distance from any habitation. It had been the reputed haunt of witches for several generations. It was said that the dead body of a clergyman, whose name was Orr, and who had been missing for some days, was found in the Witches' Hollow, it was supposed, murdered by them in a peculiar manner. It appeared he had been stripped quite naked and thrown on his back, and that some one had taken him by the arms, and another by the legs, and beaten his body with violence upon the ground till life was extinct. There were no marks or wounds upon the body, which was covered with mud and clay; but no indications of the perpetrators

were ever found, except that all around the place and the body were seen innumerable prints of naked human feet indented in the soft earth where it lay. That the main points of this story were true I do not doubt, but who the real actors in this tragedy were was never known; but as the hollow was supposed at that time and long after to conceal a "wee still" in its recesses, whether the witches were abroad on that dark night intent on murderous deeds, or the smugglers being surprised at work took summary vengeance on the intruder, we cannot say, and so the affair was then, and still remains, a mystery.

I now come to the second part of the drama of the Witches' Hollow. It was acted about sixty years after Orr's murder, and almost on the very spot where his body was found. The principal actor was a young man, a near relation of my own, then residing with his parents in the parish of Shotts, and working at his trade as a shoemaker. He used to come once a week into the town of Hamilton, and get from the shop a supply of material for the work of the week. He had been detained to a later hour than usual on one particular night, and although he felt a little nervous at the idea, determined to take the dreaded hollow, thereby shortening his road home by a mile or two. He had walked briskly till in its vicinity, and then all the frightful stories connected with the place which he had heard rushed into his mind, his hair stood up, and his knees smote each other, and he afterwards said that the last thing he was conscious of was a sound in his ears like the squalling of cats; he heard and felt no more. The time was midnight, and it appeared he had fallen and remained in a state of insensibility, till a labourer, going early to work in the morning, found him lying apparently dead, with his bag of work beside him, white with hoar-frost. The man had to run almost a mile for assistance. They carried him home and laid him before the fire, using every endeavour to restore animation for almost an hour before he gave signs of life. At the present day we would have been at no loss for a solution of the seeming mystery. The presence of and acumen of a medical man, or the odour of alcohol, would

have thrown light on the affair ; but, as in this instance, neither of these were to be found during the progress of resuscitation, we will let the matter rest, observing, however, that he took good care, during the rest of his life, that darkness should never again overtake him upon that particular part of the Shotts moors.

In nothing were the reputed powers of witchcraft more perseveringly exerted than in dairy affairs. Did the "milky mothers of the herd," without any apparent cause, fail in their daily contributions to the milking-pail, or did the milk set apart for churning refuse to yield its accustomed treasures, although the whole menial staff of the farmer had taken their turn at the "kirn," which had been kept in a state of plunging, frothing turbulence for six or eight hours in vain, then might be heard curses, not loud but deep, against the witches, conveyed from ear to ear, and names of suspicious fame were smothered on the lips of those who owned the bewitched cattle. Many were the counter charms in use for preserving cattle from the "cantrips coosten ower them by the uncanny." An old sword of true steel, or a penknife of the same metal, stuck in the thatch above the door of the cow-house, or a horse-shoe nailed backwards on the doorstep, were some of them. I have heard my mother say that she knew an old country cooper, who plied his trade in the parish of Shotts more than a century ago, when milk vessels were made wholly of wood, who told her that when employed to make milk "boynes" for the country dairy-women, he was strictly enjoined to make the "laigen," or bottom hoop, of rowan tree (mountain ash), which was supposed to be an infallible specific in cases of witchcraft.

But tales of fairy, witch, or goblin, however well authenticated, failed when told to inspire the hearers with such sublime terrors as an account of some "beckoning ghost along the moonlight glade," which had flitted across the vision of some horrified rustic who had exposed himself to this visitation by being abroad "at witching time of night." The consequences resulting from such supposed visitations were sometimes fatal, as the following relation, of which the details are strictly true, will show :—

About the middle of the last century there lived in the parish of Shotts a young newly-married woman, far advanced in pregnancy, who startled the reapers with whom she was associated on the harvest-field by remarking, after taking a draught of water, that she wondered if there would be any drinking in hell. Next morning she did not make her appearance in the field as usual. A girl went to her cottage, and, looking in at the window, screamed out that she saw her hanging by the neck from a joist. The reapers rushed in, and found that the spirit was just hovering upon her blackened and convulsed lips, and ere the fatal noose could be undone it had fled.

A deep feeling of horror and superstitious dread was generally felt in the district for some time. After the interment the husband of the suicide left the place. The cottage was shut up, for no one would live there. It was said to be haunted. Groans and cries were heard, and ghosts both black and white had been seen at midnight stalking about the cottage. Things of undefinable shape had appeared on the roof, and the "herd laddie" declared that when he attempted to drive the cows past the haunted house they would prick up their ears, and with glaring eyes and frightful bellowings rush away in the opposite direction. All this was terrifying enough, but a more serious, because fatal, affair proved the climax to these horrors. A sober and respectable married man in the neighbourhood, who had heard but paid little attention to these ghost stories that were flying about, was returning home one night at a rather late hour, and had just crossed the stile at the bottom of a long field, at the upper end of which stood his house. Walking on, he became aware of a presence that kept by his side, and which he dared not look at for some time. At last a glance showed him the likeness of the suicide; he uttered an involuntary exclamation of terror at the sight. She then spoke, and said she had a secret to impart to him, and a commission to give, which he must never reveal, and which only one must know, to whom he must reveal it—if he did otherwise she would haunt him for ever; she then told him her story, and vanished from his sight. His terror was so intense that it was

with difficulty he reached his cottage door, which was opened by his wife. He staggered in, and fell in a dead swoon on the floor. He was put to bed, where he lay for five weeks, wasting away in a low nervous fever, when he died. He never, even to his minister or his wife, would reveal what the ghost had told him. He had, however, sent for the farmer with whom the woman had lived before she married. They had a long private conference, the subject of which was never known, but it was suspected that it was to him the secret commission from the ghost was sent. The woman had lived on very intimate terms with him before her marriage with her fellow-servant at the farm. To him it was said the farmer had given a sum of money when he took her away as his wife; having found it inconvenient, owing to her situation and appearance, to have her in the house, he being a married man with a family. Be this as it may, after the death of the man, and the pulling down of the haunted cottage, the ghost disappeared; but it was remarked that the farmer looked more like a ghost than anything else for a long time after.

I can vouch for the truth of these details, if not for the reality of the ghost's intromissions, for my grandmother was on the harvest-field with the poor woman on that day when she made that startling remark about drinking in a certain place not very pleasant to think of.

There was another class of spiritual agencies to which our peasant fathers attributed many of the strange sights, sounds, and surprising intromissions in human affairs, which could not by any means belong to the agency, influence, or actions of mortals; and were therefore attributed to the ministration of angels. I shall here give an instance of this kind of supposed angelic interference in the case of a poor widow, who lived at a place named Dykehead, near Baillieston, parish of Old Monkland. She was left in deep poverty with four young children, whom she supported entirely by her own industry, working in the fields during summer and autumn, and plying the spinning wheel in winter. On one occasion, it being a time of scarcity, they were brought to great straits. It was a Saturday night, and having but a

handful or two of oatmeal in the house for their sustenance on Sabbath, she knew if she could not finish her hasp or hank of yarn that night, and have it ready for sale on Monday, her children could not break their fast that day. Having no time-piece in the house she knew nothing of the lateness of the hour, although it was past midnight. She was still plying her wheel with all her might, when she was startled by a tap at the window, and a voice that addressed her in these words—"Poor carcase of clay, why breakest thou the Sabbath day?" She felt not in the least afraid, but opened the door and looked out. She saw something of undefinable shape moving across the meadow in the direction of an old crumbling wall, almost hidden by brambles and long grass. She felt herself impelled to follow till at last it stopped, and stooping down it drew a stone from the wall. She was near enough to see a quantity of gold and silver coins fall out. Then the shape spoke, and said—"Take this, and be not afraid; it has been hidden for ages by those who knew not how to use it; for the future trust in God, and break not the Sabbath." She immediately began to gather it up in her apron; when she had done she looked up again, but there was nothing to be seen; her visitor, whether spiritual or mortal, had vanished. She went back to her children with her treasure, which was sufficient to rear and maintain them in comfort for the remainder of her life.

I heard this relation from the lips of an old woman, an inhabitant of Langloan, whose mother lived beside the widow, who gave her in confidence the particulars of the story I have here related, and which must have taken place about the middle of the last century. The incidents were real, the treasure was real, and the service it did to the widow and her children was real; but whether the night visitor was of angelic nature or of mere mortal mould she never could say.

The following incident, which I have heard my mother relate, took place more than eighty years ago, in the town of Hamilton, where my parents resided at that period. The reader may rely on the truth of the details, but must be left

to draw what conclusion he thinks most agreeable to the dictates of his own reason and judgment on such appearances. A man of colour, who went by the name of "Black Solomon," who was also a resident in the same town, lay on his death-bed. In the night on which he died, his daughter and a woman who sat up with her were sitting a little apart from the bedside to let him have air. He was in the agonies of death; but the watchers were unable to leave their seats, for on the bed of the dying man they saw at his head something white, but of undefinable shape, and at his feet a similar object, but quite black. At each convulsive gasp of the man the appearances advanced as if to meet, which they did as he expired. Then ensued what seemed a conflict, in which the white object seemed victorious; for it rose above the corpse with a triumphant waving of white drapery, while the black seemed to cower and shrink away. The interpretation of this supernatural scene is very palpable, but I leave it to the serious reader to form his own opinion on the subject.

There was a Mrs. Rae who lived in our neighbourhood, and was an intimate friend of my mother. This woman was, by the death of a favourite child, thrown into great grief and distress of mind; pining after him day by day, and often expressing a wish to see him once again. My mother did what she could with her, by entreaty and prayer, to submit to the will of God in this dispensation, but it was in vain. She began to neglect her person and family, and would still repeat the sinful words, "Oh! that I might see him once again!" My mother had not seen her for some days, and was surprised by a call from her. She was washed and dressed, and wore a look of resignation, almost cheerfulness, so that my mother could not help expressing wonder at the happy change. "Dear Mary," she said, "in my rebellious and sinful grief I would not listen to the voice of man. I needed a reproof from God, and I got it. Two days before this I was sitting alone, mourning for my lost darling, and still the wish rose from my heart to my lips, 'Oh! that I might see him once again!' when, lifting up my eyes, I saw, as it were in the air—so near me, that I

could have put my hand on the place—the appearance of my child just as you saw him in the moment of dissolution; his face distorted, and his little hands twitching in strong convulsions. My eyes were fixed upon the sight, for I was powerless to look away. It remained so long that I had time to say more than once, ‘God in mercy remove this sight from me.’ It was removed, and my conscious heart said, ‘Thou hast had thy wish; art thou satisfied?’ I fell on my knees, and with tears besought God to pardon my guilty murmuring and sinful wish. When my husband entered, I took his hand and asked his pardon for all the trouble I had given him; and I am come to ask yours too, Mary, who have been my friend and counsellor through all.” It was remarked of this woman, that although afterwards she met with many severe trials and bereavements in her family, she sustained them with true Christian resignation and fortitude. Some will say this was an instance of spectral illusion. It may have been so; but she never having before nor ever after had any visitation of the kind, this view of the matter is doubtful. But there is one thing certain, that whatever the cause might be, the effect was good, and that good remained with Mrs. Rae during the remainder of her life.

I have now brought these somewhat desultory Sketches to a conclusion. The incidents and stories they embody had been familiar to the ear as “household words” in the families of my grand-parents and my own. In many of them these relatives acted as principals or accessories; and where they did not, the actors were known to them. I have made no attempt at arrangement or classification in these Sketches. Few of them having particular dates, and the material not being of a statistical kind, I shall only say that the facts here related range over the whole of the last century and part of the present; and the descriptions of the manners, customs, and modes of thinking and speaking, living and labouring, are drawn from the real life of the peasantry of Scotland during these periods, more particularly in the secluded and moorland districts.

SKETCHES OF A SCOTTISH ROADSIDE VILLAGE
SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

LIVING much in the past, as persons in the wane of life generally do, who are of a reflective cast of mind, and who have been in the habit of treasuring up the experiences of the past for the purposes of improvement and comparison in the future, I will now, in accordance with this habit, unlock the treasures of memory, and give, it may be a faint and imperfect, but a true and characteristic Sketch of a Scottish Roadside Village Sixty Years Since. Most truly appropriate to my reminiscences of that time and place, are the beautiful lines of Scotia's rustic bard:—

“ Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care ;
Time but th' impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.”

Our village is situated (for it still exists) on the highroad running between Glasgow and Edinburgh ; and now, though looking back upon it through the long vista of years, it seems to me as if basking in summer sunshine—not the less bright that it lies so lovingly upon the lowly thatched roofs of two long irregular rows of cottages standing on each side of the road, containing between four and five hundred inhabitants, and in almost every instance consisting of only a single apartment, fifteen or sixteen feet in width, and nearly square—two of these opening upon a common passage, leading quite through to the cottage garden behind, form what is called in Scotland “a but and a ben.”

Entering in, you tread upon an unmade earthen floor, worn into a hundred hollows. The ceiling above is constructed of rough-sawn boards, black with smoke ; and there, in undisturbed security, venerable spiders hang their webs from “every coigne of vantage.” You ascend by a ladder to this loft, where, if the family is large, the young men and boys sleep upon pallet beds, with the thatch for a canopy, surrounded with the lumber of disused hand-loom furniture. There is a heap of peats in one corner, and some bundles of

bed-straw in another—a bunch of oat-straw, laid beneath a tick filled with chaff, being the only mattress known to the Scottish housewife of that period. In the house below, two large wooden boxes, with sliding or folding doors in front, with a space between for the inner door, held the beds of the family.

The guidwife's clothes-press stood against the wall on one side of the house, and the aumrie, or more modern dresser and rack, on the other; and in most houses a dark-faced eight-day clock served to mark the lapse of time to the industrious inhabitants. A chest, half-a-dozen coarse heavy chairs, a deal table, with two or three stools, completed the furniture of the Scottish villager's home.

But we have still to speak of the implements of the female industry with which every house in the village was furnished. Of these the first place is due to the spinning-wheel; and oh! how many dear, dreamy, listening hours have I spent in the winter evenings, seated at the wheel-foot of an old woman, whose kindly heart has long ago been "mouldering in the silent dust," with my bare feet in dangerous proximity to the ashes on the hearth, and ever and anon shaking back the unkempt locks from my tearful eyes, that I might gaze up in her face while she, with a voice of wailing sweetness, sung the "Woes of Burd Helen," "Tifties Annie," or "The Flowers of the Forest!"

It was from this national and time-honoured implement of woman's industry that the more elderly class of females drew their sole means of subsistence. The finer portions of the flax supplied the material for sale-yarn, which was bought up by yarn merchants at appointed stations in every town and village; but now the use of machinery has entirely superseded the spinning-wheel, except in the rural districts, where the wives of farmers and peasants still use the wheel for working up flax into coarse fabrics for home wear.

About this time, and long after, tambour work upon muslin formed the principal source of domestic employment for young women and girls, and in almost every house the tambour frame was set up and surrounded with eager faces and busy hands.

This work for many years was amply remunerated ; and an industrious girl could not only earn a comfortable living for herself, but also assist her parents with the younger portion of the family ; and while the daughters plied the tambour needles, the mother or aunt was busy ca'in' the pirns—or, in English, winding quills for the weavers—for hand-loom weaving was then in its “most high and palmy state,” and gingham, pullicat, and Malabar handkerchiefs, formed the staple of the weaving industry of our village, which resounded the live-long day with the clatter of the flying shuttle and the song of the weaver, who, by a moderate application to work for eight or nine hours a day, would earn a sufficient competence for all the purposes of life—his leisure hours being chiefly employed in the culture of flowers, it being matter of strong competition who should possess the best and most beautiful varieties, and there being a garden attached to every house in the village, each contained its daisied green, surrounded by beds of flowers and sweet-smelling herbs. And here in summer, during the meal-hour, which was “never shorn of its fair proportions” on any pretence whatever, might be heard the sounds of sweet voices singing snatches of some favourite song, frequently interrupted by

“Sport, that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides.”

A bevy of young girls were gambolling on the grass and looking over the hedge ; while lolling on another plot was a group of young men and lads, planning, for some future hours of idleness, a fishing excursion to the Bishop Loch, or a bird-nesting expedition to the Braes o' Luggie, or Garnheigh Wood. And here you might see, at the same time, grouped around the cottage door or seated on the indispensable stone bench at its side, the weaving fathers of the village, with their grave, intellectual countenances, reading and commenting upon a newspaper paragraph, and discussing affairs of state ; while the names of the most popular or unpopular ministers, statesmen, and principal Parliamentary orators of the day were as “familiar in their mouths as household words.” These were the days of

Nelson and naval victory; and with too many of our village politicians it was sufficient atonement for the wasted blood and treasure of the nation that we could blow up the ships of the French at sea, or slaughter them by thousands on land. But what our anti-Government party wanted in numbers, they made up in spirit; and dire was the war of words which too often ended, as arguments used in the heat of passion generally do, in something like "an idiot's tale—full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Being always intimately associated with the operative weavers of that period, I can say with confidence that, taken as a class, they were the most intelligent, enlightened, and by far the most independent body of working-men in the kingdom; for then the terms in which "a poor o'er-laboured wight begs of a brother of the earth to give him leave to toil," were not to be found in the weaver's vocabulary. He stood erect in the presence of his employers, who, having numerous and extensive demands always on hand, felt the obligations which existed between them to be mutual; and if there was not equality, there was at least "liberty and fraternity" acknowledged and allowed between the manufacturer and the weaver in those days; of whom it might be said, in regard to the cotton trade, that they were indeed the world's weavers, there being little or no competition in foreign markets with British-manufactured cotton goods during the long wars which desolated Europe. After the French Revolution there was scarcely any country or clime to which the enterprising British merchant did not penetrate, and to dispose of his shipments of goods on the most advantageous and highly remunerative terms was a thing of course. Thus the manufacturer while rapidly accumulating a fortune for himself, recognised in the weaver the creative agent of those materials which were the source of his own prosperity, and it was no uncommon sight in our village to see employers or their agents, from Glasgow, *fêteing* the weavers and soliciting their services. These were some of the hand-loom weaver's lights in those days, for as yet the shadows that fell across his path were for the most part of his own raising; and I believe that the exper-

ience of all past time will confirm the observation, that long-continued seasons of prosperity are often inimical to moral propriety, and steady, industrious habits; and so the light work, abundant leisure, and the facility with which money was obtained, became, in too many instances, the bane of the weaver, and idleness, with an apathetic indifference to improvement in mind and outward appearance, were too prominent features in the character and condition of the younger members of the fraternity, and intemperance—that black spot in the escutcheon of Scotland—was now more freely and openly indulged in; and most truly then, and most truly ever since, has the poetical prophecy of M'Neill been accomplished;—

“Of a’ the ills puir Caledonia
Ever dreed or yet will taste,
Brew’d in hell’s black pandemonia,
Whisky’s ill will skaith her maist.”

These deteriorating causes produced, as might have been expected, the worst effects—not the least of which was, that, in order to free himself from the difficulties which beset his path, the weaver, when he could not untie the Gordian knot of his embarrassments, was apt to sever it with the bayonet. What a strange anomaly was this! that when work was most abundant, and prices most remunerative, even then it was a well-known fact that of weavers, ten to one, compared with any other class, were to be found in the army; and as the war was then at the hottest, and the so-called bounty money was at the highest, and in every town a party who “pealed the loud drum and twanged the trumpet horn,” by way of allurements, while engaging “reapers for the harvest of death,” he accepted the proffered shilling, and with visions of whisky and glory swimming before his eyes and dancing in his brain, he was metamorphosed into the very *beau ideal* of M'Neill’s raw soldier:—

“Decked wi’ scarlet, arm’d wi’ musket,
Drunk wi’ dreams as fause as vain,
Roos’d an’ flatter’d, fleech’d an’ buskit,
Wow, but Will was wondrous fain.
But when shipp’d to toils and dangers,
Wi’ the cauld grun for his bed,
Far frae frien’s ‘mang foes and strangers,
A’ Will’s dreams o’ fancy fled.

Led to battles' blood-dy'd banners,
Waving to the widow's moan,
Will saw glory's boasted honours
End in life's expiring groan."

But while the weavers were the numerical strength of our village, rural and agricultural interests were also fairly represented. A wealthy London merchant was then proprietor of a large estate in our immediate vicinity, and to this beloved retreat from the cares of business, and the hurry and crush of London life, he and his lady were greatly attached. It was the birth-place of their children, who were numerous, and very amiable. Large sums were lavished in improving and ornamenting the lands, pleasure-grounds, and gardens; fish ponds were dug, extensive plantations laid out, and a large home-farm cultivated. To carry out all this a considerable amount of labour was required, and a goodly number of our villagers, both men and women, were employed in the fields, woods, and gardens, for the most part of the year; and light were their labours and pleasant their toils, for the generous and kind-hearted proprietor was a man of enlightened and liberal principles, and publicly advocated reform in the Reform agitation which pervaded a great part of the kingdom immediately after the first French Revolution. This true gentleman would not have passed in his walks the meanest labourer on his estate without exchanging kind looks and familiar inquiries; and to have been a servant in the family, to have nursed a child, or to have been employed on the premises for any length of time even in the humblest capacity, was a sufficient passport to the kindly feelings and good offices of this amiable family ever afterwards. But alas for them! there came a time when this scene of peace and beauty was shrouded in darkness and tears; for when, in defiance of the laws and usages of nations, the French took possession of Hamburg, one of the neutral towns, and a principal dépôt for British manufactured goods in time of war with France, our generous merchant lost in goods to the value of nearly half a million sterling. This for him was almost utter ruin. The estate was sold, and then this abode of the virtues, and the home of happy childhood, was left by them for ever. But not so

their memory ; for deep was the sympathy and regret felt and expressed for their misfortunes and departure, and long years after the name of any member of that family was never heard of or mentioned but with expressions of respect and good-will. Subsequently, I believe, he was indemnified, in part, for his losses by the Government. His eldest son, Mr. William Stirling, lately deceased, was the senior partner in the firm of Stirling & Brothers, proprietors of large cotton factories and warehouses in Manchester.

Our village could boast of few celebrities. There was one, however, which, "while memory holds her seat," will ever be present in my recollections of the past. This was the shoemaker's workshop, and the only one in the village. It was a small apartment on the ground floor, opening upon the public road. The master, one or two journeymen, and a cobbler, were its occupants ; and many were the "quips and cranks," mirth-provoking sallies, and harmless practical jokes, which I have heard and seen played off by that humorous cobbler. Yet never did truer, kinder, warmer heart beat beneath a leather apron. But death stooped suddenly upon Willie's fold, snatching away several of his little flock. Hushed were now the song, the tale, and the jest, till at last

"One morn we missed him from the accustomed seat,"

for he had gone to seek his children in that land "where the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick." But as to the master, I have sometimes thought that the very spirit of ministerial antagonism had found an incarnation in his person. Naturally of a sanguine, impetuous, and irascible disposition, he pursued with avidity the phantoms of reform which flitted athwart our political horizon about the end of the last century. He had been one of the "Friends of the People"—a name assumed by some of the political associations of those days, of which I need not give further details here. It may suffice to say, that he found it convenient for his health and liberty to retire, with shattered nerves and blasted hopes, from the scene of his political aspirations to our peaceful village, where he settled for the remainder of his life. But he had

drunk too deep of the troubled waters of political excitement ever to find peace again. The details of business, his domestic relations, and even his own personal comforts, were but matters of secondary importance with him. The Pitt Administration, and the line of policy adopted by the British Government at that period, kept him in a state of political *furor*. The *London Morning Chronicle*, the *Glasgow Western Star*, and *Cobbett's Political Register*, were his oracles, and the workshop was the arena on which many a combat of tongues was fought in true gladiatorial style. Woe to the luckless wight who dared to profess his approbation of Government measures within its precincts ! He was attacked, worried, and run down if possible. Sometimes, however, he caught a Tartar ; then came the tug of war, and clamorous recrimination, and even offensive personalities were freely bandied about. So that, while Fox and Pitt with " flails of oratory thrashed the floor," making the walls of St. Stephen's ring with their lusty strokes, not less furious were the debates which daily took place between their respective champions within the walls of St. Crispin's, on the measures taken or proposed to be taken by the rival statesmen. And where is he, and where are they ? Ah, could my voice pierce " the dull, cold ear of death," he might, pointing with bony finger to the green churchyard of old St. Habbus, make answer thus :—

" No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode—
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God !"

And to the dim minster where the aristocratic dead survives in " storied urn and animated bust"—where

" The proud prince, and favourite yet prouder—
His sovereign's keeper and the people's scourge—
Are huddled out of sight ? Where lie abashed
The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems and wiles of courts,
Now vain their treaty skill—Death scorns to treat !"

It is not my intention, in this article, to institute invidious comparisons between the past and the present. I would rather endeavour to give a graphic and truthful sketch of

the state of religion, morals, and literature—our social condition, manner, and style of living—sixty years since in our village, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusion from the details given. In the first place, we enjoyed the high privilege of able, faithful, and diligent pastoral superintendence in the person and piety of our parish minister—

“A man he was to all the country dear;”

and, like his Divine Master, “went about continually doing good,” not only in periodical visitations from house to house, but also in the chamber of sickness and death, where he was ever to be found, invoking the presence of Him who alone can “dispel the darkness that surrounds the entrance to the grave;” not only in the pulpit, as an ambassador for Christ, did he beseech us to be reconciled to God, but he would “reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all authority.” District diets of examination were held by him every year throughout the whole parish, where both adults and children were required individually to answer such questions as their pastor deemed most suitable for eliciting the amount of their spiritual knowledge; and as it was deemed disgraceful to be absent on such occasions, there were but few who did not set themselves in earnest to cultivate such an acquaintance with the Bible and Catechism, even in the absence of higher motives, as would bring them through the ordeal of a public examination with some degree of credit. In those days public Sunday schools were unknown; but, generally speaking, there was a private one in every house—it being an almost universal custom in Scotland, at that period, for the father or master, on Sabbath evenings, to gather his children and servants around him, asking alternate questions of each from the first to the last page of the Assembly’s Shorter Catechism, and hearing them repeat Psalm and Scripture passages from memory. In no part of Scotland was the Sabbath more strictly observed. It was looked upon not only as a day of rest, but also as a day exclusively devoted to religious purposes. No householder was accounted respectable who did not engage in the duty of family worship once a day, at least, and twice on Sabbath, going regularly

to church with such of his family as were able to attend. On that day what a solemn tranquillity brooded in the air ! what a hushed silence reigned on the earth, broken only, as morning woke up, by the voice of prayer and praise proceeding from almost every house in the village ! The street door was never opened on that day except for the egress or ingress of church-goers. No traveller, no straggler, no children at play, were to be seen on the road, or running about the streets ; and he was considered to have committed a serious breach of duty who was seen walking in the fields on the Sabbath. Profane swearing was held in great abhorrence by us in those days, until the advance of intemperance, with this and every other horror in her train, made us familiar with that detestable vice. Surely Intemperance must have sat for her likeness when Milton drew the picture of Sin, the mother of Death, "fell portress at the gates of hell." We had a few religious and missionary magazines in circulation amongst us at that time, but not a single cheap periodical. We had, indeed, great store of fairy tales, stories of giants, superstitious legends, and budgets of coarse wit and buffoonery, got up in the form of penny pamphlets of twenty-four pages each, and dispersed everywhere by hawkers ; and where was the house which had not its well-thumbed bunch of old ballads and songs lying on the window-seat, or some equally prominent place, to the special delectation of the young, who were sometimes guilty of giving them an undue preference over the Catechism, the Proverbs of Solomon, and even "Pilgrim's Progress," which, with Watt's Divine Songs for Children, and the Book, were seldom missing in the villager's home, such being intended by him to supply the principal mental aliment of his children ?

About the beginning of the present century, a number of our working-men, in conjunction with several of the neighbouring farmers, and the village and parish schoolmasters, got up a subscription for a library. Funds sufficient for the purchase of several hundred volumes were speedily raised. The subscribers formed themselves into a society, binding themselves by printed rules, in which it was stated that the librarian must always be resident in the village,

finding proper accommodation for the presses containing the books in his own private dwelling. Non-subscribers, wishing to become members, were admitted on payment of 10s. 6d. as an entrance fee, and 2s. of annual charge. The kind of books voted in at the first general meeting of the subscribers, may serve to give some idea of the mental bias and literary tastes of our working and reading men of that period. The full half of them were works of divinity, then biography, travels, voyages, and several sets of the "British Essayist," a fair proportion of history and geography, no poetry, nothing of the drama, and but one novel, in five volumes, entitled, "Henry, Earl of Moreland, or the Fool of Quality," by Brooke.

Sixty years since, the giant Steam—first-born of the wedded elements, fire and water—had not put in motion his million machines to work the will, and minister to the pleasures and necessities of man. He had not yet mounted his fiery car, with the lightning for his companion on his iron path, or rushed forth, shaking the earth and filling the air with the thunder of his wheels, and the wild utterance of his panting, shrieking, roaring voice. No trim passage-boat, pulled along by its pair of prancing steeds, dashed through the muddy waters of the Monkland Canal, which winds its sluggish current on the north of our village, where, although stage-coaches were passing and re-passing every hour, yet these were in a manner tabooed to the working-classes by the enormous fares which were then charged; and so, when business or pleasure called us to Glasgow, we were fain to foot it; and on the market-day in the city, from an early hour in the summer mornings, the road in that direction was thronged with the denizens of the pleasant villages and farms in our vicinity, amongst whom there was always a sprinkling of country girls, each laden with a large basket, heaped with the treasures of the dairy and roost. Nor was the effect produced by their good looks and simple graces in the least diminished by the sight of their bare feet, snooded head, and the home-spun petticoat and jacket worn by the Scotch lassie of that period.

Most primitively simple and frugal was the fare which

sufficed the appetite and furnished the table of the villager in those days.

"The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food,"

invariably formed the morning and evening meal; barley broth, potatoes, with milk or salt herrings, oaten cakes, and pease or barley bread, were the viands on which he commonly dined. The pudding month, "November," however, formed an era in his gastronomic calendar, for then it was common for two or three neighbours jointly to purchase a fat cow or ox for slaughter; of this, when cut up, each received his stipulated share. The meat was salted up for winter use. Then came white puddings and black, and many a savoury haggis—the pride of the Scottish housewife—for

"Sma' were they shorn, an' she could mix fou nice
The gusty ingans wi' a curn o' spice."

A plateful of this, flanked by two or three slices from the gudewife's "weel-hain'd kebuck fell," were set before guests, as the best the house could afford, or reserved for a family treat on festive occasions.

"Like angel visits, few and far between,"

were the tea-drinkings of our villagers whether of a social or a private character; and the epithet, "She is a tea-drinker;" bestowed upon a working-man's wife, implied almost as much odium as to have said of her, "She is a dram-drinker;" and in the opinion of her neighbours, this charge sufficiently accounted for the poverty visible in her domestic menage, and the meagre fare set before her husband and children; and so prudent and thrifty housekeepers thought themselves warranted in their vituperative allegations against the extravagant tea-drinker; for then the coarsest kinds of black tea were sold in the shops at eight shillings per pound, and raw sugars, equally coarse, were from tenpence to elevenpence per pound—every other description of foreign and colonial produce rating equally high in the home market. Mr. B. Disraeli's occupation, like Othello's, would have been "gone," had his life and his

M.P.'ship been extant sixty years since; for I do not think that even from the "vasty deep" of his fertile imagination, he could have called up the spirit of agricultural distress; for while our soldiers and sailors were reaping the bloody harvest of war in foreign countries, our farmers were reaping golden harvests at home, from the high war-prices obtained for every kind of agricultural produce. And when we also take into account the very high prices at which every fabric, whether of cotton or woollen, used for clothing was sold at that time, it needs no conjuror to tell us into whose pockets was drained the surplus arising from the frugality, plain living, and steady, remunerative employment of the operatives and labourers of that period. The question might here be put with propriety, What have we, the operatives and labourers of 1863, to put in balance against the pressure of glutted markets, starvation-prices, and uncertain employment, which, together with many expensive tastes and habits, have either fallen upon us or been acquired by us? I answer: We have free trade, cheap bread, cheap clothing, cheap education, cheap literature, and, with most respectful and grateful thanks to John Cassell, we have a literature of our own; and if we will be but true to ourselves, and use the many facilities afforded to us for acquiring and maintaining temperate habits, for informing and elevating our minds, and for enabling us to assume our place in society, the present need not suffer in comparison for the past; and to crown all, Heaven's best gift—a free gospel contained in a free Bible—is as freely and cheaply supplied to us as ever.

And now I must awake from my Dream of Memory, in which I seem to have "lived my childhood o'er again;" and I close my retrospect in the spirit, as well as the lines of the poet:—

"O happy hills! O pleasant shades!
O fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood roved,
A stranger yet to pain!"

SKETCH OF A SCOTTISH OUT-DOOR COMMUNION SABBATH IN TIMES GONE BY.

IN the sketch I am about to give of the spirit and manner in which the Sabbath was kept in Scotland sixty years ago, I shall speak only of what I have seen and experienced in my childhood's home, as well as in those of all practical professors of religion. At the period I refer to, and long before—nay, by the whole body of adherents to the Presbyterian Church of Scotland—it was as a rule, with few exceptions, so kept. I am afraid our Sabbath observances then were lightened with something of Judaical strictness and austerity.

In my father's house, which was but a type of every poor man's dwelling, preparation on Saturday night for the advent of the Sabbath, was an indispensable adjunct to "remembering the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." No loud laughter, no story-telling, no song-singing, were allowed to youth on that evening. "Wheesht, lassie, dae ye no' ken the morn's the Sabbath-day?" this from my mother warned me to shut up all mirthful and musical ebullitions, and set to work—bringing in fuel and water for Sabbath use. The shoes were brushed and set aside for the church-goers; story books and ballads removed from the window-seat; vegetables washed and prepared, that there might be no cooking on the sacred day; every man intending to go to church shaved overnight. To have done any of these on Sabbath, or any similar work, would, in the opinion of all pious people, have exposed the offender to the visible displeasure of Heaven. There was no indulgence for loitering in bed on Sabbath morning. Although an only child, I had to be up as usual, and go to prayer in the dark, cold passage—there was no closet in our single apartment. Then I must read my morning chapter, and have my exercises for the day laid out; a psalm or hymn must be committed to memory, which, with a page of "Brown's," and two or three of the Shorter Catechism, I must be able to repeat without help to my mother in the evening. Then I must go to church with

her, where some attention to the sermon was necessary, for I had to give the text and as many of the heads as I could remember when I came home; and in that home the street door was kept bolted, and the shutters of the front window closed all day; and my mother, a neat and handy house-keeper on other days, never made up a bed, washed dishes, or swept up the floor or the hearth, made broth, or pared potatoes, either in her father's house, or after she was married, in her own.

Very vivid reminiscences have I of the very lowly home of my youth, and its inmates. On that day my father would sit leaning back in his chair in a slumbering attitude for some time, and my mother stooping forward with her elbows on her knees, and her hands covering her eyes, and I, book in hand, sitting between, in what might truly be called "a dim religious light." Often would I attempt to draw my mother's hands from her face, but was as often repulsed, when she was in deep meditation. At such times my sole relief from oppressive tedium was a sore-worn and ancient copy of "Pilgrim's Progress," illustrated with most marvellous woodcuts, which I shall not attempt to describe. For the hundredth time I would examine these, and as often set out on pilgrimage with Christian, and after with his wife and sons, and my beloved Mercy, or I would accompany "Tender Conscience" on his way to the Celestial City. I had also an illustrated copy of "Watts' Divine Songs for Children," with which I solaced myself while lying on the grass plot in the cottage garden. This privilege was bestowed on me for diligence and good behaviour; yet, I must confess, the song of the lark carolling in the blue heavens above me, the splendours of the summer sun, and the daisies and dandelions that gemmed the grass beneath me, were sweeter to my taste than the sweet, simple lyrics of "Watts," or the glories of the land of "Beulah" in the pilgrim.

When I came into the house the catechisms were discussed and the tasks repeated while the sun was westering in the heavens and the Sabbath drawing to a close; and we, after partaking (not of tea, gentle reader, but) of potatoes and milk for our humble but happy evening meal, having

finished, we draw round the hearth and join in praise, and kneel in prayer to Him who is Lord of the Sabbath-day, and so retire to rest, and the voice of my mother saying—"Ha'e ye gi'en yersel' tae God the nicht, Jenny," is the last sound I hear as I fall asleep.

Our out-door phases of Sabbath observance were not less strict than those practised within. Walking in the fields, gathering a handful of berries or wild flowers on that day, were held as gross breaches of the fourth commandment. I well remember hearing a neighbour of ours, as she entered our house on a Monday morning, exclaim—"Mary, is't no awfu' to think o'? I saw wi' my ain een Jock Graham, the tailor, comin' up the Blair Road yesterday (Sabbath) wi' a bunch o' surrock seed in his haun' to feed his linties wi." But, indeed, there were only three or four persons in our village who dared openly to profane the Sabbath, and flout the piety and practice of their neighbours by ranging the fields and woods on the sacred day; and on taxing my memory to recall the aspect and usages of our village at the commencement of the present century, and for many subsequent years, I can say I never saw an instance of a child or children running, playing, or calling out in the village street on Sabbath. No lounging or gossiping at corners, no travellers on horse or foot passing along the public road were to be seen, and all who were able attended at church, or were expected to do so. With married couples who had families, it was an understood arrangement that the parents should attend Divine service alternately, and as soon as baby could gaze and smile at an object, catch and hold with his hands, and jump and crow when dandled, then, on the father's "Sunday at home," the mother put baby to sleep before she went out, and he, book in hand, sat down to keep the cradle going, and the children quiet and busy at their tasks till the mother came home from church. When she came in, how eagerly baby held out his little hands to her, and how fondly she would take him to her bosom, and lay her loving hand on the fair heads of the little ones who clung so fondly to her skirts! But truth and candour will not allow us to omit, in this real but

desultory sketch, one of the distinctive features in our past Sabbath usages—I say past, for the practice of out-door preaching at the yearly celebration of the sacramental solemnities in parishes is now nearly obsolete. A short description of the principal features of such occasions we will give from those of our own parish of Old Monkland, which will suffice to show both the uses and abuses of such out-door assemblies on a Communion Sabbath. The tent, a wooden erection from which the officiating minister addressed the congregation, stood near the bottom of the church-yard enclosure, and when the weather was fine the service was held in the open air on Thursday (the Fast-day) and on Saturday. After sermon the hurry of preparation and arrangement was quite absorbing. Men and boys were seen in every direction carrying forms and benches to be placed in the church-yard, and occupied as seats on the morrow (Sabbath), where, from ten A.M. till five or six P.M., preaching was continued without intermission by several ministers in rotation.

It is with reluctance I now describe what I have often witnessed with sorrow and displeasure—the great and eager preparation made for the ostensible purpose of providing refreshments for those who came from a distance to hear the preaching, or partake of the ordinance. But the modicum of “tipenny laifs or sma’ yill” consumed by such, was by no means a “consummation devoutly wished” for by the boniface of the “change-house” at the church-yard gate, whose two-storeyed tenement, with the dwellings of five or six of his neighbours lent for the occasion, were from roof to basement filled and planted with tables, benches, and forms. The barn, the hay-loft, the cart-shed, with the green spaces between the ricks in the yard were all seated, and, if the day was fine, fully occupied. Bread, beer, ales, and every sort of excisable liquors were stored in great profusion, for, shall I say, the festivities ending too often in a debauch with many, especially young persons of both sexes, who, with no desire but to see and be seen, and no intention but to pursue their own pleasures, though they had gone up with the multitude to the house of God, with those who kept it as a solemn and

holy day. But it was not alone in the immediate vicinity of the church that the bustle of preparation and provision was going on. The village, distant a good half-mile, and its four public-houses as fully provided, and the owners as eager for customers as he of the "kirk style." Speaking of the owners of these public-houses, and their way of doing business (for a business matter it certainly was with them when "sitting at the receipt of custom"), one custom of theirs on Sabbath I could never see without being shocked, I might say appalled. They, owners of such houses, generally husband and wife, hurried early to church to get seated at the communion table for the first service; that done, they left the church and hastened home, for they knew that customers would soon arrive; and in an hour or so the pair might be seen with white aprons and red faces, proffering the cup of devils to their guests with the hand that so lately held to their own lips the cup containing the sacred symbol of the blood of Christ.

But to begin at the beginning. By ten A.M. the roads and country lanes were thickly sprinkled to a good distance, from three or four neighbouring parishes, by hundreds of pedestrians, farmers on horseback, with their wives on pillions behind them, and carts made comfortable with plenty of clean straw, carrying the elder and younger companies of out-door hearers. The church was first filled by the usual congregation, and packed almost to suffocation by numbers of serious people from the surrounding districts, who preferred sitting within doors, crowding the stairs and passages during the communion services, and hearing the addresses delivered by the officiating ministers, till the day was far spent.

But to return to out-door proceedings. By eleven A.M. the concourse of people was very great between the church-gate and that of the church-yard, and it was with difficulty that an entrance could be obtained into the latter. The church-yard was now filling, and soon to be filled from wall to wall, with a mixed assembly of both sexes and all ages. The serious, for the purpose of hearing the preached Word, have congregated round the tent, and are listening with rapt

attention to the sermon delivered by some able and saintly minister of the gospel; and oh! how oft with the dead beneath my feet, and those who were worshipping God in spirit and in truth around me, have I heard poured out from such lips, in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," the glad tidings of the gospel of peace. But a different scene presents itself in the outward circles of the assembly; for there, at the conclusion of the second sermon, is a visible stir among the more youthful and indifferent portions of the audience, which, I am sorry to say, were too numerous. Young men went about intimating by secret signs to their female acquaintances and sweethearts their desire for their company, for walking and refreshment. Refusals were seldom given to such invitations; and what with strangers and distant parishioners, hundreds were pressing and pushing for passage from the almost choked-up single vomitory of the yard, to the more genial atmosphere of the public-house, from attendance on two sermons beneath the fervours of a July sun. Soon in every place, high and low, the benches are fully occupied, and knock, ring, and call resound everywhere. Waiters, improvised for the occasion, quickly cover the tables with cold quarters of lamb, bread, biscuits, stoups and flagons of beer, bottled ales, and must we add rum and whisky, *ad libitum*, which, alas! by many were too freely partaken of. Sober, sensible people, who needed some refreshment, partook of bread and beer, and went quietly and quickly away. Alas! there were many who did not follow their example. Many who had called in one measure of spirits after another, began to show they had no desire to adjourn again to the church-yard; they had found metal more attractive in smoking jugs of rum and whisky-toddy, and in the smiling faces and idle chat of their fair companions. Again and yet again are the benches filled and emptied. The first occupants have left, and are strolling as far as our village and along the public road, where for two or three hours without intermission parties, generally of young people walking in couples, talking and laughing, succeeded each other; and shall I confess the shameful and painful truth, that many of the male portions of these parties were in a state of semi-

intoxication ! And still they come. The first parties had mostly diverged into the country roads and woodland walks in the locality ; and, being for the most part strangers, either did not return again, or doing so were met by fresh parties newly disgorged from the over-filled and disorderly interior of the public-house at the "kirk style." It was always a disagreeable effort for me to make, and a sad scene to witness when leaving the church and its sacred solemnities, to struggle through the conflicting tide of comers and goers that almost prevented ingress to the yard, my purpose being to hear the evening sermon delivered by some esteemed and gifted minister there. Within, what a scene presented itself ! For a goodly space in the outer circles of the assembly, groups of men were standing, laughing, smoking, and making their remarks on those who went and came, keeping their hats on, and joining in no parts of the worship, and for the most part under the influence of liquor. But by and by the yard is thinned of such. Not so the "change house at the yett:" the benches of these "chambers of death" are still occupied. But the afternoon is now far advanced ; and the minister, at the conclusion of his sermon, gives intimation to his hearers that they will be joined by those of the church after its dismissal, during the evening sermon, which would be delivered in the open air. By that time the strangers were nearly all departed, and those remaining being mostly parishioners and serious people, gathered round the tent to hear with deep interest and devotion an able, earnest, and impressive sermon from lips beloved, revered, now closed for ever and gone down to the dust (with all but one exception) with all who assisted and served without doors, and in the church at the table of the Lord, when the Rev. John Bower, of blessed memory, was our pastor, and administered to our spiritual wants half a century ago.

Like the "dew of Hermon" fell the closing prayer and benediction on our souls ; like incense wafted from the altar of our hearts rose the music of the psalm to heaven, dying away over the adjacent woods and fields, and we walked home from the house of God saying in our hearts with Peter—"Lord, it is good for us to be here," though some

have on this occasion blasphemed Thy name, and cast contempt on Thy ordinances, giving occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully. I cannot dwell on the profane orgies still held in our village public-houses. When we reached our homes, there, at the open windows, groups of men and, I blush to say, women were seated, drinking, smoking, and talking loudly. "Can this be our own quiet, Sabbath-observing village?" asked we; "if it be so, why are we thus?" And so it was thus until our pastor, the Rev. John Johnston, by a steady and determined opposition to the time-honoured but much abused practice of out-door preaching on sacramental occasions, procured its final abolition. And no less is our gratitude due to his memory, that he, by the same persevering opposition to the custom of allowing an interval of an hour between sermons on Sabbath, during which abuses of the same kind, though less in degree, were perpetrated, this pernicious custom also was abolished by his instrumentality. I do not wish to expatiate on those most scandalalious scenes which were too often seen on the Monday following the Communion Sabbath, when some reckless, godless men who, after sermon on that day, had adjourned to the public-house at the "kirk style," and, quarrelling over their cups, had turned out on the road to fight it out in the vicinity of the church, surrounded by shrieking women, their Sunday clothes torn to tatters, blood streaming from their faces, and uttering the most horrid oaths; and I have seen some of the assisting ministers going home after dinner from the manse, vainly endeavouring to separate the combatants, and allay their furious passions. It is painful to dwell on such scenes, now, I hope, done away with for ever.

I conclude this part of my Sketch of "Scottish Sabbath Observance" by saying, that I have "in naught extenuated or set down aught in malice." The picture is correct, though drawn by an untutored hand, and the features will be readily recognised by those who had witnessed with me the scenes I have there described, and joined in the solemn services of a Scottish Communion Sabbath in days gone by.

REMINISCENCES OF THE RADICAL TIME
IN 1819-20.

IN this Sketch of the "Radical Time," it is my purpose to bring out a few of its relative incidents, in which I have either had a personal share or an opportunity of observing in connection with others. I intend also to sketch out a few of the characters which came to the surface, in our village and the surrounding district, during the social and political ferment of that period, and which found vent in the seditious utterances and threats against the existing Government, through a portion of the press, at public meetings, and in private circles. These I do not intend to discuss in this Sketch. I shall only premise that the deep distress of the hand-loom weavers, occasioned by depression in trade, great reduction in prices, and scarcity of employment, and the consequent pressure on other sources of labour, cotton being then in all its stages of preparation the staple of British commerce, partly accounts for the fact, that the cotton manufacturing districts were hot-beds of Radicalism, and the cotton-spinners and weavers constituted a great majority of the malcontents.

How well and how painfully do I remember many of the occurrences in these turbulent years, 1819-20, when many amongst the classes indicated, having had their minds already soured by distress and privation, were poisoned and perverted by reading infamous and seditious publications, chief among which was *The Black Dwarf*—a small, mean-looking sheet, overflowing with scurrilous epithets and venomous invectives against the Government, and utterly subversive of all lawful authority and social order, and interlarded with scepticism and blasphemy, clearly indicating that both the writers and readers of this and similar productions were as inimical to the Word and Government of God as they were to the Government of Britain; and the men, thus prepared and still further inflamed by the rabid speeches of their demagogue orators and leaders, now began to come out on the streets in public processions. And a sorry sight it

was to see bands of these would-be insurgents, with their lean, pale faces, unwashed, unshaved, and uncombed, thinly clad, and out at knees and elbows, with reckless and defiant looks, come trampling along to the sound of a couple of fifes, these frequently being their only musical accompaniments; and many "a banner with a strange device" was borne aloft by them in their disorderly marches through our village to their usual place of meeting, a little to the eastward. Of these devices, the cap of liberty on a pole, or a bundle of willow rods bound together, denoting unity and strength, were carried in front. Then followed a number of flags, bearing such mottoes as these—"Liberty or Death;" "Bread or Blood, and no Taxes." There were other devices, of which I do not remember the purport. During the whole of 1819, and part of 1820, these miserable processions passed almost every week through our village, to the great terror and annoyance of the peaceable inhabitants. It was now that I, in common with many well-disposed persons, felt a strong desire to see what we would at other times have deprecated—parties of soldiers amongst us, to protect property and insure social order; both being endangered by the Radicals in the open avowal of their principles and intentions, which were, that when the rising took place, every poor man should help himself as he best could to the possessions of the rich. Houses, lands, money, and goods were to be divided amongst the people, who had been too long kept from their rights, and must now eat the fat and drink the sweet in equal proportion with their hitherto more opulent neighbours.

But our village Radicals were not wholly occupied with marching and speechifying; they were busy collecting arms, ammunition, and all kinds of offensive and defensive weapons, such as pikes, pitchforks, and scythe-blades. These implements were generally abstracted from farmers' or gentlemen's barns and outhouses; several pitchforks were taken from the barn of the home-farm of Drumpellier in our neighbourhood; and there was Will Lightbody, the pulicate weaver, and his son, busy every night with a couple of moulds casting bullets, and compounding gunpowder of wood-charcoal, saltpetre, and sulphur, and Jemmy Gardner

of that ilk, also labouring in that vocation ; and in addition, being an old soldier, acting as drill sergeant to our small corps. And as time wore on, and the year grew old, it was generally understood that a rising would take place in the spring of 1820 ; and we lived in a state of continual excitement, for the Radicals made no secret of their intentions to take revenge on those who did not join them before the rising now at hand. The first three months of the new year had passed away, when one fine Sunday morning in April, my father, who had been out for an early walk, roused us from bed with the alarming intelligence that he had just seen, affixed to a tree at the roadside in the middle of the village, the Radical proclamation for a general rising on Wednesday first (I believe that was the 3rd of April), to carry out their designs by force of arms, as they were now set forth in this their proclamation. My husband got up and went round the village and vicinity, and sure enough he found posted up on every "coigne of vantage" this precious melange of treason and inflated, braggart absurdity, the very hyperbole of demagogism. My husband and I had an additional cause of terror for the advent of the rising. He had lately purchased of a childless widow a small, thatched cottage, in which we at that time resided. She had a brother with a family of grown sons, who lived next door to us. Both father and sons had been heard to say, that when that time came they would take forcible possession of what had been their relative's property. These men, we knew, were Radicals of the worst type, and had arms of different kinds in their possession, yet we durst not make this known. We had a great dread of these people, and so we committed ourselves and our children to God, and awaited the event. Next day (Monday) Will Lightbody came into the room where my father and husband were at work with a swaggering gait, and an insolent leer on his face, and said — "Noo's yer time, Jamie, to tak' yer side ; if ye turn oot wi' us ye'll get yer share o' what's gaun, but if ye wunna, ye'll rue't, min' I tell ye." While he was speaking, my husband never lifted his head from his work, but my father turned round, and after surveying Will for a moment with

an amused and contemptuous look, he gave vent to a loud and hearty burst of laughter. Will stood petrified with surprise and rage for a moment, and then, with muttered curses and threats, went off. But the most alarming epoch of our reign of terror was yet to come. It came on the following night, when one of the Glasgow carriers drove through our village spreading the alarming intelligence that the Radicals were up in Glasgow, and there had been fighting in the streets, from whence he had seen them carrying off the dead bodies,* and, further, that the Radicals were coming from the West that very night to force out all the able-bodied men in the village, and compel them to join them in an assault upon Airdrie, which, in their plan of operations, was to be the first point of attack, in order to dislodge the military, of whom above one thousand horse and foot had been thrown into the town. This was dreadful news to us, but our first thought was how to preserve our husbands, sons, and brothers from being driven like sheep to the slaughter; at last, being moved by the tears and entreaties of the women, the men resolved, the night being wet and stormy, to wrap themselves up, sally out one by one, and by different routes meet and spend the night in the woods of Drumpellier. A good many of the men, amongst whom was my husband, went stealthily out to the place of meeting, and sheltered themselves as they best could for several hours. But how shall I describe the agony of terror and suspense which I and a neighbour living under the same roof endured during that fearful night! She was a young woman far gone in consumption. She came to me as I sat crying amongst my five young children, and seated herself beside me with a child in her lap. We barred the doors and windows, and sat in the dark, as we durst not make a light for fear of attracting the attention of some passer-by, and so we waited in silence and darkness, painfully listening to every passing footfall, judging it might be the precursor of (shall I say) the enemy, coming in force; but except a quick and solitary footfall at intervals, and the plashing and dripping sound of incessant rain, nothing was heard till

* This was a false alarm.

mine and my neighbour's husband tapped at the window, telling us to let them in. They had seen, they said, from their hiding-place some flying but no fighting Radicals. They saw Will Lightbody and his son carrying what they thought must be cans of powder and bags of bullets; and Jamie Gardner with several rolled up flags. They met at the mouth of an old coal pit near Gartsherrie, into which they cast their burdens. They saw another man they did not know carrying a sack containing, as they thought by its appearance, several muskets, which he threw, sack and all, into the pit; and to crown all, they saw that wicked old Radical, our dreaded next-door neighbour, and two of his sons, carrying a number of pitchforks. They proceeded to Drumpellier barn, into which they gained admission by some way known to themselves, and deposited them in the place from whence they had been taken, and where they were found next day to the great surprise of the work-people.

These several items of news were hastily told to us while they were taking off their wet clothes and shoes. Although we were greatly relieved by their safe return, yet, it being only three in the morning and still dark, we felt very anxious for their safety; and afraid that a raid of some kind or other might yet be made upon us by the Radicals, we persuaded them to get up the hatch and conceal themselves amongst some straw stored on the loft beneath the thatch. They did so, and we sat watching below, where all remained quiet, till people were up and stirring about in the morning. Then my husband came down from his hiding-place, opened the door, and looked out. He was surprised to see several armed soldiers all along the street, going into houses, searching for arms. They were too late; the arms and their owners had both disappeared. Our old Radical neighbour (his sons had absconded) was standing before his door, and accosted my husband with a look of innocent surprise on his face, saying, "Keep us a', John! ken ye what the sodgers are after in the Back Raws this mornin'? I'm sure they'll fin' naething but what's richt amang quiet bodies like you an' me, John." This was almost too much for my husband; but he said not a word in reply, and went off to his work as

usual. Every house in the village, whose inmates were known or suspected to be Radicals, was searched, but nothing was found. They had been warned in time, and had got them out of the way. Now came the surprising intelligence that the dreaded rising, which was to have taken place the night before, was a total failure. The rendezvous was to have been a ravine near Airdrie House gate. From this place the insurgents intended to pour into the town and ransack it; but on the knowledge of the overwhelming military force collected there, they acted on the prudent axiom, that "discretion is the better part of valour," and quietly disposed of their military stores, and kept within doors.

There was one exception, however, to the general defalcation of the rebels on that memorable night—it was Will Marshall, a weaver in the village, who, true to the test he had taken, got a neighbour's wife to darn the heels of his solitary pair of stockings, put some bread and cheese in his pocket, and took up his arms, of what description deponent saith not, and went to the house of the Radical leader in the district. He would hardly answer to Will's earnest inquiry of why he had not done his duty in calling out and leading them in person to the rendezvous, and asked him what was to be done. "Done," said he, holding the door in his hand, with Will outside; "gang hame wi' ye; war baith the cause an' the kintra to be lost, I canna cum oot the night, I ha'e sic a sair grip in my side." He then slammed the door in his face, and Will went his way. Arriving at the ravine, he found no one there; and after standing in the rain for some hours, returned home drenched and disgusted "a sadder and a wiser man," for he laid down the Radical and took up the shuttle; and many a smart box on the ear was administered by him to the village imps, who would run and shout after him as he passed along the street, "There's Radical Will." But Will outlived all this, attained to a good old age, and died a respected member of our little community.

The second night after the intended rising, Will Lightbody came again, but secretly, into my father's workshop; but

ah ! how chop-fallen he looked—how unlike the insolent demagogue of the Monday before ! Almost in a whisper he said, “ Jamie, wull ye trust me wi’ a pair o’ shoon for a month or twa, till this blast blaw by ! I’m gaun oot o’ the gate for a weeock, an’ thae bauchles wull no carry me far.” My father looked on the poor man with a pitying eye, then rose, looked over his store, and fitted him with the needful article. He went away, saying as he went out—“ Gude e’en to ye, Jamie ; I’ll min’ the shoon whan I win on the loom again.”

Will’s wife was a woman of high religious pretension, and had been heard praying in the loom-shop before the proclamation, that “ God would cover her Willie’s head in the day of battle.” She was now heard by the listeners to pray that He “ would protect him from his enemies as He did holy David when fleeing from the face of King Saul.”

Many of the aspirations and sayings felt and uttered by the avowed Radicals while yet hope “ told a flattering tale,” were to me astounding, surprising, and sometimes amusing. Taxes were to be abolished ; property of every kind no longer to be monopolised by the few, but divided amongst the many ; in a word, Radical reformation (malformation) in every department of the national government, priestcraft, not excepted ; all this would be accomplished by force of arms when the general rising took place, when, after supplying themselves at free cost with the needful, they would march to London in snow-ball fashion, gathering as they went along. Arrived there, they would, to use a favourite phrase, “ skale the bike ;” and so assured were they of their ability to do so, that I remember my father saying that a friendly shoemaker from Airdrie had warned him against taking bank-notes for payment in business. This man had been a delegate, an orator, and leader in the rebel ranks in Airdrie, and had on the Saturday before the proclamation set his work-stool aside, and covered it with his apron, saying he would not lift it again till there was a change in the government of the land. A troop of the East Lothian Yeomanry Cavalry were stationed in Airdrie, as part of the military occupying the town, for several days at the time of the intended rising.

This troop was very obnoxious to the town Radicals, and on that eventful night were seen prancing on the street, armed with sword and carabine. But poor "Crispin," instead of showing front to the enemy, shut and barred his street-door, and commenced family worship, singing a part of the 78th psalm, verse 30 :—

" The spearman's host, the multitude
Of bulls which fiercely look,
Those calves which people have forth sent,
O Lord, our God, rebuke !"

to the great amusement of the listeners on the street. Two hours afterwards he was sought for but not found—"puir Tammy" had taken flight; and when he next lifted his apron from the stool, and took the lapstone on his knee, "a change had come o'er the spirit of his dream;" he was changed, but the Government and their measures (not very wise and good at that period) were still unchanged.

There was old David M'Cracken, a weaver in our village, who had listened, and spouted, and read, and pondered so much about the oppression of the poor through the tyranny of the great, from the first Lord of the Treasury to the farmer of a hundred acres, and the consequent necessity of an equalising division of property. He had long held in his mind's eye his destined future portion, and on the eve of the intended rising he was heard to say—"Callans, the morn's nicht I'll be eatin' bread and hiney in Rosehall dining-room;" but "like the baseless fabric of a vision that leaves not a wreck behind," was poor David's honeyed dream, for, on the second night after his toothsome speech, he was skulking in the woods of Rosehall, munching a dry pease bannock and a piece of skim-milk cheese, and slaking his thirst with the pure water of "Calder's lone stream." And so the Radical bubble was burst, and the blowers quickly sank into oblivion, and of those who openly avowed the designation, few ever attained to their former status in our village—they were marked men; and long after their terror had passed away, mothers would frighten their wayward children into submission by telling them that the Radicals would catch them.

I might, but I will not here denounce the principal actors (Government spies included) in this miserable drama, who

moved the wires that made the poor puppets dance. But as I do not intend to discuss any of the relative points of this abortion of rebellion yclept Radicalism, I shall conclude these short and desultory reminiscences of a turbulent period, by congratulating my countrymen on the privileges and the legitimate powers they now possess under our present paternal and enlightened government, and the corresponding progress of enlightened philanthropy, large-hearted benevolence, and heaven-born charity, giving largely and working diligently for the best interests of our common humanity in relation not only to this life, but also in that to come. And who shall say that if our misguided brethren of the times we refer to had enjoyed the same privileges, they would ever have, even in their trying circumstances, supplied us with materials for writing Radical Reminiscences?

OLD GRANNIE INGLES.

“ Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys and destinies obscure ;
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.”

YES, 'tis “ sixty years since,” when I, a girl of eight years, became a denizen of that pleasant village yclept Langloan, of which I shall say nothing of a statistical nature, except that it contained at that period between four and five hundred inhabitants, and stood on the lands of Drumpellier, on the public road running between Edinburgh and Glasgow. Very primitive in appearance was our village, and not less so in their manners, customs, and way of living, were its inhabitants.

From the lips of some of the most aged of these I have heard the following anecdotes and “ tales of eld,” when sitting by the winter fire, with the hum of the spinning-wheel in my ears, while I, with bated breath and rapt attention, listened to the stories of old Grannie Ingles, of whom, although it is long since she went down to the dust, I have very vivid reminiscences ; and the eye of memory takes at a glance a

photographic view of the cottage and its venerable inhabitant. The little dwelling was narrow and dark, and the earthen floor was damp and the walls unplastered. A wooden box-bed, a clothes press, with two or three time-worn chairs, and a small table, were all it contained in the shape of furniture, except the spinning-wheel, at which Grannie was, at the window in summer, and at the fire-side in winter, ever busily employed. Often have I with my mother's permission run of a morning into her humble dwelling, and laying hold of the wheel, would carry it off in triumph to our domicile, a few doors off, where Grannie, with key in hand, after locking her door, would follow laughing, and, as she entered, would shake her fist at me and say, "Ye're an awfu' lassock, Jenny." Grannie's wheel in our house ever occupied the sunniest corner, and the cosiest neuk at the ingle-side, while she plied her task. She, like most old people, lived more in the past than the present; and I, in the course of the "aul' warl crack" that went on between her and my mother, gleaned the following anecdotes and incidents pertaining to the days of "auld langsyne."

She was born in the early part of the last century, in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, on the lands of the Duke of Douglas, and, living not far from the castle, the doings there were as familiar to her ears as "household words." The Duke was born while her father lived there, and she had heard him say that he was, even while a child, of a most irascible and tyrannical disposition; and when his passions were roused by opposition or restriction, they seemed almost fiendish in their malignant violence. When about two years of age, his nurse set him to play on a grass-plot in the garden, and left him there only for a minute or two. Coming back, she found him with a large toad in his hands, which, assisted by his teeth, he was tearing to pieces. The terrified girl, who like many others believed the reptile to be venomous, tore it from him and threw it away. He screamed fearfully; she tried to appease him by every means in her power, but he would not be pacified; and she, not daring to tell the truth, made up a story of her own when she carried him to the house, where he screamed till he was quite exhausted,

and they feared he would go off in convulsions. When a physician, who had been sent for, arrived, he guessed from the symptoms something of the truth, and asked where the child had been, what he was doing, and who had the charge of him when he fell into his present state. The nurse was called, who told her story ; but the physician looked steadily in her face and said, "That is not true ; tell me the truth, else you may endanger the child's life. You are afraid, but nothing shall hurt you if you tell the truth." She then told what was done in the garden. "That toad must be found," said the physician ; "make strict and immediate search for it." They did so ; it was found and brought to him. He gave it to the child, who clutched it from his hand ; and, as soon as he was able, tore it with teeth and hands to fragments, and then cast it from him. In a short time he ceased his convulsive sobbing and went to sleep, and when he awoke he was none the worse for his adventure.

We have, in the after life of his Grace, an instance of the truth of the axiom that "the child is father to the man," for it is said his passions "grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength" in their intensity and violence, so that it was said and believed by the peasantry of the district that when he was maddened by excess of furious, almost demoniacal passion, that there was no way of appeasing him but by throwing some live thing in his way, such as a live fowl or a puppy ; when he, after tearing it in pieces and wetting his hands with the blood, would calm down and be pacified. We can hardly credit a relation which imputes such actions to any sane person, however ferocious and vindictive their passions.

That one so unused to the "melting mood" should never have shown any predilection for the society of women is not at all surprising. Yet, though despising alike the blandishments of love and the bonds of matrimony, succumbing to neither till he was no longer young, he was caught at last with little trouble to the captor. The successful angler, if I remember rightly, was a widow lady from the West. She ventured to seek "the Douglas in his hold." Her errand was to solicit the interest of his Grace in behalf of some

male relation. She was introduced, and he was so pleased with her manners and conversation that he not only acceded to her request, but offered to show her over the castle in person. She was happy to let him do so, and having seen everything worth seeing, she said he wanted only one thing to make his menage complete. He asked what that was. She replied, "A wife—a duchess." "Will you accept the place and the name?" he inquired. She consented, and shortly after they were married; and she, as Duchess of Douglas, by her clever, adroit, and sensible management of the terrible Duke, contrived to have things going on pretty much in her own way. There was one thing, however, which had a great hold on her mind, on which she dared not venture to say much. She thoroughly detested the old castle as a dwelling, and wished to obtain a new family mansion. She felt herself defeated on this point by the inflexible will of her Lord. She had been heard to say that if the rookery were burned the rooks would remove, and it was said that the charter chest, with the family jewels, and the most valuable pieces of plate, had been removed to a place of safety, before a fire, which was thought to be not altogether accidental, broke out in the castle when his Grace was absent. The country people came in great numbers to assist by every means to get it under. Their efforts were in vain; it was burned down, and the parvenu duchess had her wishes gratified by the erection of a new and commodious mansion, more suitable to her tastes.

It was with an indignant tone and manner that Grannie related the following incident connected with the memorable fire. The duchess did not appear to be much put about by the burning, but acted on the occasion as if she had all her wits about her, and caused the outer gates of the castle to be shut, and a strict search made on the persons of those who had entered and been seen in different parts of the burning pile during the conflagration. Great was the surprise and indignation of all honest persons present when they saw drawn from the bosoms, and extracted from the stockings of many whose honesty had never been before suspected, silver-hafted forks and knives, silver spoons, and other small

valuables. No punishment was inflicted on the delinquents, it being thought that public detection was punishment sufficient for such offenders.

Grannie, to use her own expression, was a "lassock o' nine or ten year aul' whan the Hielanmen cam' thro' in 1745." She remembered going with her father through a field adjoining the high road from Edinburgh to see the Highland host pass by. She said her father being aware of the reiving propensities of that motley array, had put on his old clothes and shoes. Not so Dannie Brown, who went with him. He dressed himself and put on, said Grannie, "his kirk shoos wi' the big siller buckles," and stood in a gap of the hedge. The buckles caught the eye of a clansman who wore a pair of old brogues, with his toes looking through the holes. With a half-humorous expression on his face he stopped before the astonished Dannie, saying—"She'll juist pe changing a progue wi' her," at the same time glancing first at Dannie's feet and then at his own. The young man took the hint and quickly took off his shoes; the Celt picked them up, and casting his brogues at the young farmer, resumed his march.

In this, as in all the marches of the Highland army, parties of stragglers from the main body in quest of plunder, scattered over the country to the great terror and loss of the inhabitants. One of these marauders entered a lonely farmhouse, and, without speaking, laid hold of a tub half-full of curds and emptied it on the floor. He seemed in a hurry, and did not take anything away but the tub, which, when he got out, he put on his head, bottom uppermost, and there being only a young man and two women in the house, they were happy to escape so easily, and did not interrupt his progress, fearing there might be more of his kind outside; but when the stalwart hind went to the door and saw no one but the solitary tub-bearer, he came in and took down an old sword from the wall, and stepping softly up behind him, ran him quite through the body; he fell, and instantly expired. The fellow, after throwing some turf on the body, coolly took up the tub and carried it back. They learned afterwards that he was one of a party who had stolen, killed,

and cut up a sheep ; the unfortunate cateran had gone in quest of a vessel in which to carry the carcase to their quarters, and it was the taking away the tub for that purpose that cost the poor creature his life.

AULD ROBIN AN' TIBBIE.

“WHA bides there?” said I to a young girl with whom I had become acquainted since our arrival in the village. “That is auld Robin an’ Tibbie’s hoose ; naebody wins in there ; the door’s aye barred,” said she. The house indicated was very uninviting in appearance ; it was one of a row that stood in the centre of our village. The thatch was worn and moss-grown, the window panes were small and dusty, and there was no sound of any living thing within. But when the voice of a ballad-singer, pursuing his vocation in the street, or a hawker crying “the full, true, and particular account of the execution, last words, and dying speech of some unfortunate criminal, all for the small charge of one halfpenny,” then the door would slowly uncloze, and an aged, stooping man, white-haired and feeble, would totter to the street, and eagerly exchange his halfpenny for the wretched and almost illegible slip or ballad. When I heard that he never omitted to possess himself of what was to him a revelation of crime or a treasure of song, I resolved in my heart that I would, if possible, make acquaintance with “Robin and Tibbie.” I soon had an opportunity. One day I saw him make his accustomed purchase, and following him with some misgiving to the door, asked him if I might enter. He looked kindly at me and said, “Bide a wee, an’ I’ll gang in an’ see.” He went in, but soon returned, saying, “Cum thy wa’s ben, my bairn.” It was a very poor-looking home indeed. On one side of the fire-place sat “Aul’ Tibbie,” covered, swathed, or rather laden with flannel. I do not remember to have seen a more strange-looking person. She was small, wrinkled, and pale, with a stern yet startled expression in her eyes. She looked at me, asked my name,

and bade me sit down. "Robin" had put on his spectacles, and was reading aloud the speech he had bought. When he had done, I saw "Tibbie" make him a sign. He rose and brought from a cupboard a lump of white sugar, and, putting it into my hand, patted me on the head, and bade me be a gude bairn. "Cum back again," he said; "but thou maun cum thy lane." Many were the visits I made to the old couple after this, and the barred door was ever open to my timid knock. When I entered, "Robin" would point to my seat at the fire, never failing to lay in my lap a couple of pears or apples, and, in their season, gooseberries, or, more precious still, a bunch of lilac flowers and white lilies from a garden attached to the house. I had been permitted on my third visit to inspect a large, old ledger, now denuded of its original contents, and crammed almost to bursting with the accumulated ballads and last speeches of almost half a century. I had little taste for speech reading, but ah! in what raptures of elysian reverie was my imagination steeped when devouring the contents of such ballads as "Burd Helen," "Lord Ingram," "The Bonny Borbie," "The Three Leddies Playing at the Ba'," "Gil Morice," "Sir James the Rose," and more modern "Gregor's Ghost," "Tiftie's Annie," "The Blaeberry Courtship," "The Babes in the Wood," etc., etc. Peace to the manes of "T. Johnstone, Falkirk." At sight of that magic name at the bottom of the flimsy, dingy ballad-sheet, how my eyes sparkled with eager joy as I grasped each new-found treasure! But, enough of this. I continued to be a favourite and constant visitor at the dark cottage of "Robin and Tibbie" for several years. Very different in character and manners were this old couple—she a sullen, morose, and fretful being; he a meek, contented, and humble Christian. I hardly ever heard her say a pleasant word to him, but the law of kindness was ever on his lips, and all the service he could give was hers. I think I must have been in that house some hundred times, yet I never saw any visitor there but myself. The old man brought water and did his own cooking. It was seldom I saw her on her feet, and then she never did anything. I remember once getting a glimpse of the "ben en'" or room, and saw a round table

covered with (what was a rare sight in those days) tea-dishes, butter and sugar; I felt sure "Robin" did not partake of these dainties.

Their union was a strange one. He married her when she was a servant with his father, who was a farmer. His family were much displeased with the match, and they did not take up house together. He still lived with his father on the farm, and she engaged herself as housekeeper to an old bachelor in our village, who was possessed of some property. The *fama* which too often occurs in connections of this kind was not wanting here, and it was said by village gossips that they lived together as married persons. She lived with this man nearly thirty years, when he died, having left her all his property. After his death "Tibbie" lived quite solitary. Well knowing what her neighbours believed of her, she kept aloof from them, till some well-meaning people set themselves to bring the estranged husband and wife together—they now getting old, and she very lonely. They succeeded, and "Robin," who had saved some money, came to her, and was reconciled to live with her on her newly-acquired property, till death finally dissolved the bond. Still it was apparent to her neighbours that "Tibbie" was not at ease in her mind. She was never known to enter a door in the village, but when a thunder-storm occurred, then she was seen to issue from the door, key in hand, having locked "Robin" in; and he, good man, after having read a chapter of the Bible, would fall asleep, and remain so till waked up by "Tibbie's" grumbling voice on her return. Good man! I think I see him yet, clad in a tattered suit of "hodden grey." He wore a broad blue "bannet" on his head, and sorely worn shoes, with large brass buckles, on his feet. Often, when seated in his arm-chair with his hands spread upon his knees, I have seen him, all unconscious of my presence, lifting up his eyes and heart in deep devotion. "The latter end of that man was peace"—not so his wife's. She died about a year before him. From the beginning of her last illness she would not be alone a moment by night. She said she had heard for several nights a fearful voice calling her by name, and she would give a shilling each night to any

one who would sit up with her. Not a woman in the village would sit alone, and there must be two when they could be got. No one would sit or stand near the bed alone. She died, showing a marked aversion to her husband to the last.

Old "Robin" was greatly moved by her death; for she "died and made no sign," gave no token that she thought on "Heaven's grace." But when "Robin" entered the "swellings of Jordan" a year later, it was counted a privilege to attend him without hire. Every thought, and almost every word of his went heavenward; and his last breath went out in expressions of praise to God, and in gratitude to his kind attendants. And so "Robin and Tibbie" quitted this mortal stage, and we will drop the curtain of oblivion over them, for the "place that once knew them knows them no more."

OLD ROBIN, THE SAWYER.

OLD ROBIN, the sawyer. More than half a century has elapsed since I became acquainted with old Robin. For many years hardly a day passed that we did not see his stalwart form, and hear his halting footsteps on our threshold, for Robin was lame of a limb, and went with two sticks. He was tall, big-boned, and had been a powerful man, but was now grey and stooping; yet, though aged threescore years, still hale and hearty. But being unable to work for several years, he was in consequence very poor, yet not the less welcome to our hearth, where he often sat knitting his stocking and sharing our meals. He was very grateful for any act of kindness shown him, which is not always the case with persons in his condition.

Robin made no great pretensions to a religious profession. His only ambition was to be esteemed an honest man, and this he certainly was. He was not literary, but literal. He admitted no fancy work, no new-fangled notions or scientific discoveries, concerning the works of God in creation or providence.

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

To all the revelations of science, astronomical and geological, Robin was a most determined opponent. Speak to him of anything having had a pre-Adamite existence, he would thunder forth such a volley of contemptuous and contradictory objurgation as made the house ring again.

Robin always took the Bible for his stand-point in such discussions ; indeed, we thought he sometimes used it as a shield to cover his own pertinacious obstinacy. It was blasphemy, he said, to assert that the earth revolved round the sun, while the sun was fixed. "Does not the Bible tell us," said he, "that his going forth was from one end of heaven, circling even to the other, rejoicing as a strong man to run his race ; and that 'the earth's foundations are settled that they cannot be moved!'" Nothing could shake his belief on these points. "Do you think," he would say, "if you would sit at your own door for twenty-four hours, you would see Glasgow pass by Langloan?" Robin's ideas had become confused in the heat of argument, which they sometimes did when he was hard pressed.

When told that the light of the moon was only a reflection of the sun's rays from her opaque orb—"What!" said he, "does not the Bible say, 'God made two great lights—the greater light, the sun, to rule the day, and the lesser to rule the night?'" When told of the immense size and distance of the heavenly bodies—"Ha'e ye gane clean daft, woman?" he would say to my mother ; "the sun bigger than the hale yirth. Tak' a leuk o't whan it's cummin wastlins, an' ye can get a glint o't ; it's nae bigger than a pyet's nest or my braid blue bannet."

"Robin," said my father to him, "is it not wonderful to think that the sun is at such a distance from the earth, that a cannon-ball shot from it would not reach us for many thousands of years?" Hearing this for the first time on that occasion, Robin was taken rather aback, and sat with a surprised look and open mouth for a minute or so, till he had consulted with himself on the subject and come to a satisfactory conclusion, when he blurted out—"Man, gif I kent that a cannon-ball had been shot frae the sun richt doun abune my heid, I wadna staun aneath't for ten minutes."

Poor Robin was not altogether singular in his ideas upon these subjects. The greater part of our peasantry held to the literal meaning of the words of Scripture, not only as a rule of faith and morals, but also in the outward phenomena of nature ; not taking into account, that while in matters of faith, doctrine, and obedience to God, the rule of Scripture is infallible, the works of God in nature "are to be sought out of every one that taketh pleasure in them." The inspired writers, we believe, had no inspired revelations in astronomy, geology, or any science whatever. Man's natural and acquired powers of mind, in industrious research and investigation, are sufficient, when wrought out with enlightened and intelligent perseverance, to make him sufficiently acquainted with whatever is necessary and desirable for him to know in natural and scientific knowledge.

Alas ! poor Robin ! Very desolate, destitute, and distressing was thy condition for some time before death. Even to thy miserable, untended death-bed did want and misery dog thee. Even the grave was not a place of rest for thee. Very shallow was the grave they dug for Robin. Amongst the poorest of the poor they laid his body. On the following night it was taken up again by some body-snatchers ; and I was afterwards informed by a professional gentleman that poor Robin's body was anatomised in the dissecting room in Glasgow College, where his skeleton was preserved for many years, he being, it was said, a remarkably large-boned, double-jointed specimen of humanity.

AULD AUNTIE JAMIESON.

AULD AUNTIE JAMIESON, one of our village worthies, departed this life fifteen years ago, aged eighty-eight years, sixty-five of which, as wife and widow, she had lived in our village. She was born in the parish of Shotts, and lived there till, as she said, "She was left sae far to hersel' as to marry a drucken, lazy weaver ;" and much did she suffer for her thoughtless folly in her married life, which was one

of unceasing toil, poverty, privation, and often of bitter trial. But if the "wind was not tempered to the shorn lamb" in her case, the mind was tempered to bear without shrinking the cold blasts of adversity. When put to sore straits she would say to my mother—"As I ha'e made my bed sae maun I lie on't; I'll dae my best to bring up my bairns in the fear o' Gude; it's the maist I can dae for them." And well did poor "Auntie" fulfil, as a Christian mother, her part in teaching, watching, working, and praying for her children; though, to say the truth, the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit was not the most conspicuous of "Auntie's" maternal virtues. She rather inclined, in the exercise of domestic discipline, "to exhort, rebuke, correct with all authority." She had been brought up by parents descended on both sides from the martyrs of the Covenant; not only professing but practising in their lives the strictest rules of Calvinistic piety. She inherited from them that energy of purpose and indomitable resolution which is necessary in obeying the dictates of conscience and judgment; but her husband, over whom she had no control, solaced himself by walking in the fields and woods on Sabbath, not caring how his children were occupied, so that they did not trouble him in the pursuit of his pleasures. A Christian Pharisee (the name is rather anomalous) but not a hypocrite was "Auntie." She rigidly enforced the strict observance of the moral law, but to the third and fourth commands in the Decalogue were her cares specially devoted. Did a child of hers interject a word in haste or passion which could be construed into what she would call a minced oath, it was not long till the latter end of the young culprit assumed a scarlet hue under the sharp practice of the mother's unsparing hand. To the two prominent injunctions in the fourth command—"Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy," and second, "In it thou shalt not do any work"—most sternly and strictly did "Auntie" enforce obedience, not only in her own family, but wherever she had any influence, and that influence in several instances, much to my disgust and discomfort extended to me. When a girl of seven or eight years, my mother was

in the habit of attending at the celebration of the "Lord's Supper" in neighbouring parishes, sometimes travelling eight or ten miles in coming and going on a Sabbath-day. On some of these occasions I was left under the guardianship of Auntie; my mother well knowing that under her vigilant eye I would preserve a proper decorum on the Lord's-day. My home training had prepared me for spending a Sabbath with Auntie, and although the summer sun shone sweetly on the "kail yard," and its beds of marigold, camomile, hyssop, tansy, and peppermint, and the lark was singing high in the heavens above the gowany lea of green "bergens, howm," yet there in Auntie's dark and dingy cottage, with our bare feet on the damp, earthen floor, the Bible or Catechism in hand, sat we for the greater part of the day. (I say we, for Auntie had a family of five or six young ones herself at that period.) We were allowed a five minutes walk two or three times a day round the boundary of the garden hedge, and to sit a few minutes quietly on the grass plot. Included in the routine of our Sabbath occupations was the custom of forming the younger branches of the family into a circle round the hearth, where sat the father or mother with psalm or hymn-book in hand, to follow and correct each psalm or hymn recited by the children in turn (the same order being observed in the alternate questions and answers all through the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, also a part of the routine of the duties of a Scottish Sabbath in families). But to return to my subject. One Sabbath afternoon I was seated in Auntie's family circle; we were repeating in turn hymns from Watts' Divine Songs for Children; when it came to my turn I gave my favourite, the "Little Busy Bee," in that collection. "Stop, lassie," cried Auntie, "ye'll no say onything aboot workin' in my hoose on the Sabbath-day." It was in vain that I pleaded the authority of my mother, who had heard me repeat it many times on Sabbath. This speech of Auntie's I felt to be an outrage both on my feelings and judgment: so I stood on my dignity and would say no more, but took the first opportunity of slipping out into the garden, taking a little child of Auntie's with me. I must own I was rather boisterous in my caress-

ings of the child, making it to laugh aloud. Auntie came out in great wrath to see who had dared to profane the Sabbath on her premises. She caught me in the act, and seeing no other instrument of punishment at hand, she snatched up a tall, new-cut brier with its hundred-hooked prickles, which was standing against the wall, and commenced scourging my bare arms and limbs with it, till the blood came in several places. As soon as I could get away I ran home screaming, and as well as I could for sobbing, told my father what had happened. He got into a towering passion at the recital. "If it warn the Sabbath-day," said he, "I wad gang up the gate and clash the chafts o' her; thinks she that she'll chastise my bairn as Gideon did the men o' Succoth, wi' the briers and thorns o' the wilderness!" This put an end to Auntie's intromissions on my behoof, in regard of keeping the Sabbath holy.

Under the tyranny of her husband, Auntie often groaned in spirit; but while her toil was incessant, and her trials and privations innumerable, she submitted both to him and them with sullen resignation, having found by bitter experience that resistance was worse than useless. But in matters of conscience, or anything involving disgrace, she set her face like a flint to preserve intact the dictates of the one, and to avoid contact with the other; and neither threats nor even the blows which were sometimes inflicted by her tyrant, could make her alter her course in regard to both. As a proof of the contempt in which she held anything mean or dishonourable, I will relate a little incident in her life, of which I was an eye-witness.

Her husband's sister had committed a crime, for which she fled from justice; which, had it overtaken her, would have touched her life. In her haste she left all behind her. Her china tea-set (a rare acquisition for a working woman sixty years ago) she gave in charge to her brother to keep in secret for her, till an opportunity should occur of sending them to her. He brought them home unknown to his wife, and concealed them in a dark place beneath an empty bed. Auntie, who was in search of some lost article, came upon the hidden treasure. She knew at once to whom they belonged, and who

had brought them there. Rage and shame almost deprived her of speech. She hurled them out upon the hearth, and seizing the poker, smashed them to pieces as small as split peas; then, carrying the fragments out in her apron, she strewed them over the dunghill, saying, with an air of exultation—"He's brocht curses enow on the hoose wi' his ain ill-gates, but he's no hide that accursed thing belanging to his sister in the middle o' my tent, like anither Achan, as long as I'm to the fore." My mother, who knew what was done, felt anxious about Auntie's personal safety, but her husband knew that it was best to say little about his sister at that momentous crisis, and, with the exception of a few threats and curses, he let the matter drop.

Auntie was, as she used to say, of the seed of the martyrs, being the fourth in direct descent from John Whitelaw of Stand, the New Monkland martyr. Of this pedigree she was not a little proud, and always assumed an air of serious dignity when relating any of the incidents connected with that tragic event, and the disastrous times in which it occurred. There were many of these incidents preserved in the family.

John Whitelaw had been with the Covenanting army at the battle of Bothwell Bridge, mounted on a stout horse, and armed with a sword, and shared in the defeat of the Covenanters on that day. His good horse swam the Clyde with his rider, and bore him safely to his residence (the farm of Stand in New Monkland). In that neighbourhood he was under hiding for four years; and it was only at intervals, and mostly during the night, that he dared to enter his dwelling to change his clothes and refresh himself with a warm meal and a few hours' repose in his own bed; and when he was within during the day, his daughter Margaret would sit on the roof of the corn-kiln with her spindle and distaff (these implements were then in common use for spinning yarn for household purposes), and while she spun from her place she kept a look-out for the dragoons who were ever scouring the country in search of the persecuted fugitives. On one occasion he was surprised when in the house, where he had ventured to see his wife who was newly confined, and in bed, when Margaret gave the alarm, and he, with a

brother sufferer who was present, had just time to escape by a back door when four mounted dragoons galloped up to the house, and caught sight of the fugitives as they dashed into the adjacent moss, where they lay for some time nearly covered with water. The horsemen durst not follow them, but discharged their carabines at them. The shot went over them as they lay, cutting the tops off the reeds and tall grass above them, but harmed them not. The party, disappointed and enraged, dismounted and went into the house. They advanced to the bedside of the poor wife, demanding of her where the hiding-place of her husband was, threatening to kill her where she lay if she did not reveal it. She calmly said she would betray neither heaven nor her husband by telling them, and it was only by the permission of Heaven that they could harm a hair of her head. Then with their naked swords they probed the bed where she lay to intimidate her, but they failed in their purpose, and turned from her to wreak their vengeance on the house. A girl was baking oatmeal cakes at the fire; they broke the bread into fragments, strewing them with the fire about the house, and taking a live peat, they buried it in the thatch outside, with a design to burn the dwelling; they then mounted and rode away. The girl, who saw what was done, removed the peat before it had ignited the thatch. The husband, after many hair-breadth escapes and endurance of much peril and suffering, was taken at last on his own farm, mounted on a horse, and tying his feet beneath the belly of the animal they hurried him to Edinburgh. Of his trial and sentence with two others who suffered in the same cause, and were executed with him on the 12th of November, 1683, in front of the old Tolbooth of Edinburgh, see the account in Wodrow's History of the Church of Scotland.

I must now leave the story of the martyr, and take up that of Auntie. She, in the course of years, her children having grown up, had become a widow. Two of her elder children resided with her and were very dutiful, and when they left her for homes of their own, still continued their filial attentions by ministering to her necessities. To a daughter who attended her during her last illness, which

was painful and protracted, she said, lifting up her eyes to heaven—"May the blessing of the martyr and the martyr's God be on you, Nelly." Of her it may be truly said she died in peace, and that at evening time to her there was light.

AULD KIRSTY DINSMORE.

ONE of the first objects that attracted my curiosity when we were settled down in Langloan, was a small cottage of a circular form, which stood in a corner of the little court at the back of our house. In appearance it resembled a low corn-stack, with a door on one side and a window of six small panes. Inside, the accommodation was very small, and the furniture scanty. A truckle bed, a chest, and a couple of stools, half-a-dozen wooden cogs or platters, and a small iron pot, used for boiling greens for "lang kail," or making oatmeal porridge—these two homely dishes were what she lived on for the most part, with the addition of a few potatoes. Never had a tea-pot or tea-dishes been seen under that lowly roof, and she, like many other Scotch-women of her condition, had no source of income but the proceeds of her industry at the spinning-wheel. Rarely missing from that little window was old Kirsty Dinsmore. There sat that busy little woman plying her swiftly turning wheel, and crooning an old ballad. How often when my peering, laughing face darkened the small panes, would that little, wrinkled round face, set in its rim of snow-white hair, turn round with a look of kindness in its pale blue eyes, and she would say—"Cum in, my bairn, an' I'se sing thee the sang thou likes sae weel." The song was a very old, tragic ballad, beginning thus:—

"There war three leddies playin' at the ba',
With a hey an' a lily gay;
An' there was a lord leukit ower them a',
An' there rose a smell that was sae sweet aye."

Kirsty's offer was accepted, and many were the bribes of that sort with which she lured me to keep her company for an

hour or two in her little lonely hut, for she said that not a drop of kindred blood remained to her on earth. She once told my mother that during her whole life she had never taken a single dose of medicine, or had any medical advice. "Were you never sick?" said my mother. She answered—"Ou aye, I ha'e had a sair wame whiles, but never a sair heid; an', Gude be thankit, ha'ein' keepit mysel' clear o' the men a' my days, I ne'er had a sair hert."

She had been a farm-servant as long as she was able for hard work, and, having never married, she retired and had lived by herself for more than forty years without help from anyone. "But," said my mother, "did you never take physic?" She said the only thing of the sort she had ever taken or would take, was two or three jugs of a strong decoction of "green-kail," taken at intervals during the space of twenty-four hours, never tasting food all the time or anything but water. This very simple and cheap medicine, she said, never failed to operate briskly, and carry off the ailment. She said there was no physic like "a wheen gude green-kail," and laughingly told an anecdote of an English doctor who had set up in a village near the place of her residence at that time. He was soon starved out for want of patients, and returned to England. When asked what were his reasons for leaving Scotland, he said there was no use for him there, for every old woman had dozens of doctors standing round her door day and night—meaning, no doubt, the plentiful stock of greens so essential in every cottage garden in Scotland.

Poor old Kirsty! The present century had seen but fifteen years of time when the hum of thy wheel, and the croon of thy song were hushed for ever. Had five years more been added to thy life thou wouldst have died a centenarian.

Temperance Essays.



MORAL PERVERSIONS OF INTEMPERANCE,

WHETHER IN DRINKING OR SELLING INTOXICATING DRINKS.

I HAVE no design in this paper to record the thousand and one crimes and miseries, with the ruinous and degrading consequences entailed on humanity by the vice of intemperance—the felonies, murders, assaults, thefts, and all the constantly recurring deforcements of human and Divine laws of which it is the source. I will not open up the foul sinks of physical and moral pollution in which it wallows,—I will not tell here how it sets its mouth against the heavens in oaths, curses, and blasphemies,—how it desecrates the Sabbath, dishonours parents, and turns the home of the drunkard into a domestic hell, and poisons the springs of humanity as they rise into light and action. It is not of all or any of these I would speak at present, indeed, they are so often realised, felt, and seen by all who live, move, and have their being in their midst, and are, from so many sources, verbal, written, or printed, receiving new proofs of its power and progress every hour, that it is difficult to form ideas or find words to express them which have not been used before in attempting to paint, in its true colours, this monster vice; and so, for the present, I will pass to the contemplation of one of the most mournful of the phases into which the mind of the drunkard enters after a long-continued course of intemperance. In the beginning of his career, when he has become sober after a debauch, he often feels the keenest remorse for the injuries and disgrace he has inflicted on his parents and relations, and for the shame and loss he has brought on himself, and very sincere are the resolutions he makes to do so no more. Of course he relapses again and again, and each time his regret is less and his appe-

tite greater, till in course of time a total eclipse of moral perception ensues, and all natural and moral feeling becomes callous or is wholly destroyed. An instance, illustrative of this phase of the drunkard's mind and state of feeling, I am but too well able to describe, having been a sufferer in no ordinary degree under its influence. A youth of seventeen left his father's house and native place clandestinely. He went to England, from whence he returned to his native village after having run riot in all sorts of debauchery for six or seven years, and imbibing infidel and seditious principles, and became a confirmed drunkard, remaining so ever since. The grief and sufferings entailed on the poor parents by this shameless and outrageous drunkard—for he is one of the worst specimens of the species—cannot be told ; it can only be felt. He is now nearly fifty years of age ; has weathered all the storms of remorse, regret, and horror that once shook him ; and, being a good tradesman, he can always procure employment. His wages he devotes entirely to drink. One penny of his day's earnings never sees next morning's light. He has slept at the engine or furnace-fires in the neighbourhood every night for several years, and during all this time has gone half-naked and almost wholly barefoot, pawning or selling every article of dress given him almost as soon as he receives it. But it is not the appearance of the outward man, however shocking—it is the sad condition of the wretch's mind that we deplore. It is so utterly devoid of all feeling that he daily extorts his food from the hands of his aged and invalid parents, who have nothing to spare, and are painfully conscious that they are doing wrong while they thus supply him ; but they have to choose between giving way to his demands, or, by refusing them, be overwhelmed by a torrent of outrageous threats and shocking blasphemies. He will point to a hard-working brother whose bread he is eating, and say with an oath that, as a son of the house, he has as good a right to share in the family meal as he has ; and though he is a daily witness of the sufferings and pains of some ailing members of the family, it moves him not to a look or word of interest in the matter. For himself, however, he feels very deeply as an injured individual, or a poor

fellow whom the world in general, and his friends in particular, have used very badly.

On thinking over the life-history—past, present, and future—of this degraded being, I can only mutter to myself the weird words of Scott's goblin page, "Lost, lost, lost;" lost to God, lost to the world, lost to all who would have loved and cared for him; and oh! "loss of all most dire," lost to himself—lost to himself, body and soul, for time, and but for the wonder-working grace of God, lost for eternity.

Another instance of this distorted and perverted condition of mind, and callous depravity of heart, which are the sure attendants on a long course of reckless intemperance, I shall describe from my own personal knowledge. He was a married man with a wife and several children, and had begun his career of intemperance before entering that state, and every year saw him sink deeper and stick faster in the fearful pit and miry clay of drunkenness, from which no human hand could extricate him. His occupation was that of a stone-quarrier, and he, with some of his fellow-labourers, and, alas! fellow-drunkards, used to rendezvous in one of our village public-houses, where, in drunkards' slang, they got "tick" from one pay-day to another, and on wet and stormy days sat smoking and drinking for hours. These scores, so run up, were ever punctually discharged by them before the poor wife received a shilling to procure food for herself and children. But this was not all; the remainder was often heavily mulcted by him for drink before he set to work again. His wife and children were half-famished, half-clad, and shoeless in all seasons. But I will not farther describe a case of which there are many similar open to observation every day. What I chiefly intend to remark in this man's case is, that his views and feelings were so distorted, and his mind so perverted, that he ever deemed himself the injured, not the injurer in his family. I have been told by those to whom he related his grievances, while the tears actually stood in his eyes—this was after he had had a long debauch—when he would say—"Man, she's an ill-gaeted body that wife o' mine; weel kens she that whan I'm on the batter I maun ha'e hauf a gill an' a bottle o' sma' staunin' at my bedside

ilka nicht ; an' whan I wauken an' pit oot my haun' mony a time there's naething there, an' my throat an' tongue like a burning peat, ye may ken what I thole." Meanwhile the poor wife had gone supperless to bed, and had not a morsel of food in the house, and was obliged to practise many mean and degrading subterfuges to procure the means of gratifying his raging appetite for food as well as drink. As the natural and, in this woman's case, the inevitable result of want and cold, shame and grief followed. She lay on her death-bed with five children around her. No kind of food or cordial fit for a sick person was procured for her, and when the men who laboured with him in the quarry clubbed their pence, bought a bottle of good wine, and sent it to the dying wife, he knew of it, and when he came home went to her bedside and drew the bottle from its hiding-place behind her pillow, set it to his mouth, and taking a long pull on the spot, finished it off before he slept, saying he had to work while she lay in bed, and that he had more need of wine than she had. She died, and the family were dispersed among friends and relations. A kind neighbour took his little girl to tend his child and run on errands, allowing her a trifling sum, in addition to her board, for shoes and clothes ; and he used to waylay the poor thing, and by coaxing or threats persuade her to ask her mistress for sixpence on some false pretence or other. The mistress, suspecting the truth, next time he came set the dog at him, and hunted him off the ground. This poor wretch had a most deplorable end. He had been an intelligent youth, and had received from his respectable parents an education suited to his circumstances. But all these advantages were utterly lost to him, being drowned in drink. After the death of his wife, owing to his habits, he was often unable to procure a lodging, but the end came soon. One day he staggered into a neighbour's house, apparently so ill that the mistress took pity on him, and got him to bed, where he lay for three days in agonies of terror and remorse. His conscience was roused from her long sleep, and fearful were the tortures she inflicted. His cries, groans, and blasphemies, terrified those who were near him. But I will not dwell on this appalling scene,

suffice it to say, "he died, and made no sign of thinking on Heaven's grace." This instance is no less true than terrible, but, alas ! it is no solitary one of the effect which a long-continued course of intemperance has on the natural feelings, moral perceptions, and principles once possessed by the drunkard. This perverted and unnatural state of mind, arising from the destruction of natural feeling, moral perception, and principle, is generally as apparent in the character and conduct of the seller as in that of the consumer of intoxicating drinks. The man who supplies another with them to be consumed on the premises, or carried home to be shared with his neighbours and family, knowing, as he often does, the character of his customer, that he will, while under its influence, quarrel with, beat, and perhaps fatally injure his wife, and terrify or corrupt his children, assault his neighbour, and blaspheme his Maker ; and who serves out a measure of spirits to a woman who has just emerged from the door of the wee pawn, where she has pawned her petticoat, her child's dress, or her husband's waistcoat, and swallows down before his eyes the drink procured by these means,—I repeat my opinion, that the man who does so, and thus supplies the fire that scorches the brain, consumes the heart, and destroys the mind, differs little from him who supplies to the felon a dark lantern, or a box of matches, suspecting at the same time that he will use them to fire his neighbour's house or corn-ricks, thereby incurring, perhaps suffering, the felon's doom.

A very pertinent instance in proof of what I here assert I shall adduce. I was personally acquainted with a man who had been religiously educated in his youth, but was of a rather fiery and zealous temperament. The branch of trade in which he was engaged failing, he had tempting and advantageous offers made him of entering into the spirit-dealing line. He had many scruples of conscience, and many pros and cons in his own mind as to the inconsistency of such a business with his religious profession. He took the leap, and having passed the Rubicon and made a conquest of his conscience, plunged at once into the vortex of a most flourishing and lucrative wholesale and retail

spirit-dealing business in the midst of a dense population, consisting chiefly of the lower orders, inhabiting one of the lowest quarters of a large populous manufacturing town. His place of business, as he soon learned to call it was contiguous to several large cotton mills and manufactories of different kinds, and almost incredible were the sums he drew from the morning and evening potations of the work-people who poured in streams past his doors at these seasons. With the help of an assistant he served his retail customers himself; and a person who had some private business with him, had occasion to spend some hours with him on his premises while business was going briskly on, and, being a steady and serious person, he was much shocked at (I can call it by no other name) the cool barbarity of his proceedings. Such crowds of the outcasts of society, literally the "off-scouring of all things!" Girls on town, young thieves, blackguards (keelies), and the most fearful wrecks of humanity washed up by the tide of intemperance, were cast on that threshold, and swept into the gulf of that well-frequented spirit-cellar, situated in that populous but greatly demoralised quarter of a large city. There were old, bleary-eyed, white-haired, palsied wretches, and dirty, miserable, half-naked women, with sickly, skeleton children in their arms, all coolly and cleverly served by the dealer, with a "Thank you! much obliged!" as he drew the coppers and small silver into their receptacle. A poor man, his hand and head shaking with palsy, came to the counter, and asked for a twopenny glass. He had some difficulty in raising it to his lips, when he took it off with apparent gusto. The dealer, eyeing him with a leer, winked to my friend, that he might see and relish the joke, said—"Now, old chap, isn't that the right stuff?" The utter heartlessness of the dealer in this instance, and many others, so disgusted my friend that it was with difficulty he could refrain from telling him what he thought of him and his business to boot. I never knew a man to whom the term "whited sepulchre" could be more aptly applied. He was, indeed, by his outward profession, fair to look upon, but within, in the workings of his heart, as it was revealed in the details of his business, he was full "of rottenness and

dead men's bones." In course of conversation, being anxious to impress upon my friend the expediency and lawfulness of his calling, he said—"You look as if you did not approve of our way of doing business here; I look upon it only as being a lawful and somewhat lucrative branch of trade, in which a man may make a decent livelihood. I keep no drinking-rooms, and will not suffer a drunk man on my premises, and I will tell you of an experiment made by me to prevent the pressure of business on Saturday night from encroaching on the Sabbath. I said to my wife, I do not like keeping open shop till twelve* on Saturday night; we will shut up half an hour earlier, and if we find by the end of the month that we have lost nothing, we will take another half hour off. We did so, and, by the blessing of God, we found our gains had not decreased. I was the only spirit-dealer in our quarter that did so; and at the great day, when they are called to account for breaking the Sabbath, the Judge will say, pointing to me, 'Had you not this man's example before you? why did you not follow it?'" Here my friend was so much annoyed by the laudations the spirit-dealer bestowed upon himself, and the mode of defence he had assumed for his occupation, that he left the shop and did not return. This episode in the conversation of this man with my friend is true in every particular. He was a most respectable member of a Christian church, and performed family worship regularly in his family. He died as he had lived, and made no sign that he thought of having wronged his own soul, or the bodies and souls of others, by his avocation of spirit-dealer. From this relation I bring a proof to confirm the truth of my assertion, that the man who has been long in the spirit-dealing business, and gains a good livelihood by dispensing that most pernicious and fatal of all drugs, "ardent spirits," not only to the ready-made victims of intemperance that come to his hand, but to all and sundry, of whatever age, sex, condition, or calling, I repeat the assertion that in an equal, if not more striking degree with the hopeless drunkard, he will lose all natural feeling of pity or sympathy for naked, famished, wretched

* This was before Forbes Mackenzie's Act was passed.

humanity, whether victims of poverty or intemperance. And no less perverted are his moral perceptions. He sees not, cares not, for the fearful havoc which is the consequence of his success and prosperity in his calling; and the man's moral principles must be at low ebb indeed, who can sacrifice conscience and his duty to God and man, trusting that a few Pharisaical religious observances will justify him in the sight of God, although his skirts are heavy with the blood of souls which, if not slain outright by him in the way of business, were hurried on to perdition by their daily or nightly visits to the spirit-cellar or public-house.

OUR NATIONAL CURSE.

IT must be sufficiently evident to all that there exists at present a deep and anxious impression on the minds of the thinking part of the public that we are on the eve of a great moral and educational movement. Still, like Rebecca, when she felt the strife of opposite principles within her, we are ready to make this doubting inquiry—"If it be so, why are we thus?" Why do we not, like John, whose voice was heard crying in the wilderness, set ourselves to prepare the way, to make straight the paths, to remove the stumbling blocks out of the way, and with voices like trumpets arouse the slumbering energies of the people of Britain. Where is the invincible and indomitable spirit evinced by the champions of the Revolution and the Reformation, when they burst asunder the gates of brass, and made the iron fetters of civil and religious despotism to fall? And thou, Scotland, where is the spirit which inspired the martyrs of the Covenant, when they resisted unto blood, striving for liberty of conscience—when in the green glens and on the dark hills of their native land the fires of persecution were kindled by the breath of a perjured King and the intolerance of his priestly minions, who sought to drown in blood that spirit which had quailed not, faltered not, yielded not, until

the men of bigotry and blood were removed, and "violence was no more heard in our streets, wasting and destruction in our borders?" But now, alas for my country, for "her gold has become dim, and her fine gold is changed," and in the year 1850 too well do we know what spirit it is which rules, as with the rod of a mighty magician, the heads, hearts, and hands of a great part of her population. Yes, we know full well what manner of spirit it is whose fell enchantments, like the monstrous folds of the hideous anaconda, are entwined around the writhing form of our crushed and groaning country, until the victim, saturated with its fetid saliva, and stifled in its horrid embrace, becomes a lifeless and shapeless mass, ready for dissolution.

Baneful Intemperance! thou art that spirit accursed; thou art the bloody Juggernaut of Britain, who on thy tremendous car sittest gloating over the countless thousands of self-immolated victims who, in the wild frenzy of intoxication, madly rush to throw themselves beneath thy grinding and gory wheels!

And why are we thus? Why amidst all the lights of knowledge, the sun-bursts of genius, science, and literature which brighten and beautify our horizon, do we see dark clouds, heavy with death and lowering in blackness, hanging over our cities, towns, and villages? Why do tens of thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands, of our fellow-creatures stagger and grope about in Cimmerian darkness, until their feet stumble on the mountains of perdition, and not reason only, but too often life itself is extinguished amid the foul and poisonous fumes of drunken oblivion? Does not all this prove the force and truth of the inspired declaration, that "Wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging?" This was most strikingly apparent at that awful period when last the pestilence went abroad on its mission; when the arrows of the Almighty flew thick amongst us, and the poison thereof drank up our spirits; when there arose up to heaven from many a desolate hearth the groans of the plague-smitten, mingled with the wailings of the terror-stricken and despairing relatives; when, instead of the covered bier and the solemn train of mourners wending slowly along the streets, was daily seen

and nightly heard the appalling sound of the lumbering cart, with its load of naked coffins, containing bodies from whose blue lips the last breath had hardly passed away, when, as if in mockery of the hand that lay heavy upon them, fathers, husbands, sons, and brothers, having deposited their dead among the festering corruption of the burial-pit, would return to their homes staggering under the influence of strong drink, and in the haunts of dissipation stifled the voice which cried aloud in their ears, "As thy soul liveth, there is but a step between thee and death." Alas! these are neither false nor exaggerated statements, nor are they fictitious horrors, the offspring of a diseased and morbid fancy, which I have attempted to describe; neither has the language of hyperbole been used in these similitudes. I have rather to confess the utter impotence of any weak effort of mine either to paint or describe the working of our great national curse and disgrace—Intemperance. But had I, in the words of the poet,

"A thousand mouths, a thousand tongues,
A thousand throats inspired with brazen lungs,"

I would put them all in requisition, and through the factories, founderies, workshops, and every place where working-men congregate in our land, should a thousand voices be heard, whose ringing echoes would repeat, in tones of warning, reproof, remonstrance, and entreaty, "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" Your name is Legion; for ye are many who are possessed with the evil spirit of inebriety; and since we have found, by painful experience, that power to cast out this stubborn demon resides not in an arm of flesh, it is only to the blessing of God on your own most strenuous efforts that we can look for effectual assistance in pulling down the strongholds of Intemperance, and expelling the foul demon from his accustomed haunts in your hearts and homes. It were useless in this matter to invoke the aid either of churchmen or statesmen; for, generally speaking, the domestic usages of the one, and the rich results accruing to the revenue in the other, will always sufficiently account for the cold neutrality in the cause of temperance maintained by the first, and the negative

encouragement given by the last, to the unlimited manufacture, sale, and consumption of all kinds of excisable liquors.

I have often been struck with the strange anomalies exhibited in the conduct of many of our work-masters and employers, who, in their relations with their workmen, in so far as regards intemperance, are too often seen, as says the old proverb, "both to hunt the hare and hold her;" and I would ask of all, in the name of candour and conscience, Do you really never feel any compunctious visitings, and are you quite "unmindful though a weeping wife and helpless offspring mourn" while you are inflicting the penalty of summary dismissal from your employment on some poor inebriate for the crime of drinking too deeply of the cup which you have provided for his use, and stored up in your premises, there to be poured out and put into his hand by your servants engaged expressly for that purpose? Nor is this the only mischievous incongruity to be found in their manner of discharging those duties which exist between them and their workmen, in the performance of which they ought not merely to inflict punishment upon the intemperate, but also by showing a good example in personal sobriety, avoid the application to themselves of that upbraiding commentary upon similar actions made by the Apostle, "Thou that teachest a man should not steal, dost thou steal?"

Working-men, before concluding this article, suffer me to ask you if, in the middle of the nineteenth century, you feel that you have not yet come of age as a class, but are still accounted minors, and, as such, not yet entered upon the possession of your lawful inheritance, the natural rights of man—if so, I appeal to you if it is not full time for you to assume the exercise of the noblest birthright ever bestowed upon man, the right of using the abundant means of instruction, knowledge, and refinement, so liberally supplied by a press teeming with the richest productions of the human mind, and easily accessible to the meanest artisan who can read, and, when appreciated, of power to exalt reason, curb the appetites, improve the mind, expand the heart, and ex-

tend the sympathies ; which prompt you to give the right hand of fellowship to all who are striving to advance their order by a conscientious discharge of the duties devolving upon them in every relation of life as Christians and patriots, and last, though not least, as sober, intelligent, but not servile, working-men ?

Brethren, arise ! shake off your shackles ! free yourselves from the worse than Egyptian bondage of ignorance ! A glorious inheritance is bequeathed to you, even the right of possessing and appropriating to your own use and advantage all the treasures of wisdom, the stores of knowledge, the riches of mind, the triumphs of science, the glories of literature,—in a word, the accumulated mental wealth of both ancient and modern times. All this is poured out at your feet. Accept the precious boon. Use it wisely and well, and so the attainment of all your just rights will inevitably follow, for “knowledge is power.”

WORKINGS OF INTEMPERANCE.

WHILE men of every condition whose minds are imbued with moral and philanthropic principles, are viewing with awe and apprehension the wide-spreading and devastating flood of intemperance which rolls over the length and breadth of our island, threatening to submerge by its depth, overthrow by its strength, or undermine by its insidious encroachments, every barrier which humanity and morality oppose to its progress ; while they gaze upon the thousand ghastly wrecks of humanity which the dark tide is ever surging up to their feet—will they not feel their souls overflowing with the yearnings of a sublime pity, venting itself in strong desires and strenuous efforts, when the enemy has thus come in like a flood, to lift up a standard against him, to summon our forces, arm for the combat, and go forth to battle in the cause of outraged humanity and the profaned sanctuaries of our homes and hearths, striving to protect

from the ravages, and recover from the power of the accursed spoiler our best and holiest interests, our dearest and closest social ties, our truest and most valuable riches? Friends of humanity, and lovers of your country! come, we entreat you, to our help against the mighty. Make haste, like Aaron, to kindle your censers at the sacred fire of Christian patriotism, and stand between the living and the dead, that the plague may be stayed; for it is not enough in this warfare that we should stand on the defensive and repel the aggressions of this almost invulnerable foe; it is not enough that we weep over and bury our slain, bind up the wounds and prescribe for the health of the living. No, we must in turn become the invaders; we must conquer and occupy the enemy's territories; we must beleaguer him in his strongholds, and fearlessly penetrate the thick darkness of his lair, and "drag the struggling monster into day," and although he should assume as many forms as Proteus to disguise his hideous features, still we must be able to prove his identity, let his position, his profession, or his calling be what it may.

But we have indulged too long in this discursive method of treating the subject. We must begin to grapple with grave individualities; and assert in doing so that we are not actuated by any irreverent or invidious feeling. We would only premise that we are unfashionable enough to believe, and unpolite enough to say, that no man, however sacred his profession, can touch pitch and not be defiled, or take fire into his bosom and not be burned. We would not be deemed presumptuous or irreverent by those who minister at the altar, and yet are advocates in speech and practice of the pernicious and dangerous habit of moderate drinking, when we say that "for this cause many are weak amongst us, and many sleep." We could wish to throw the pall of darkest oblivion over the names and the deeds of many who, like Nadab and Abihu, have kindled the incense of their most sacred ministrations with the strange fire of strong drink, and offered it before God, till, stricken and blasted in influence and usefulness, and seared alike in conscience and feeling, they are degraded from office, and die—at once the advocates and victims of moderate drinking—

customs, which, when indulged in, become, like the fabled shirt of Hercules, which could not be separated from the scorched and poisoned body till its vitality was destroyed.

While we have been speaking of the workings of Intemperance in general, and of one of her most mournful phases in particular, and of our consequent duties upon a candid survey of the existing state of things, with regard to her power and prevalence; while doing so, we have felt as if we were walking with Bunyan's pilgrim through the "valley of the shadow of death," hearing the doleful voices of those in torment, and the rushing to and fro of the fiends, surrounded with darkness, fire, and smoke, nay, being, like Christian, made to pass by the very mouth of the infernal pit. Oh! shall we not at length, like him, see the shadow of death turned into the morning? When will we see and believe that, even were the soul not immortal, and were there no life beyond the grave, still the benefits and blessings accruing to the subjects of temperance, even in this life, are so great and apparent, that all the blandishments of Intemperance, and all the pleasures she pours from her intoxicating cup, are but as a drop in the bucket when put in competition with the pleasures and profits of Temperance, which have this blessed advantage, that they are never accompanied or followed by those heavy reactionary penalties which Intemperance never fails to inflict upon her votaries?

COUNTERACTING INFLUENCES.

OF the counteracting influences that blight and mar our social progress—the vampire vices that drain the life-blood of society—the first in magnitude and power will be found in the workings of Intemperance.

We see man, who by the aids of science can from the charged thunder-cloud draw the lightnings of heaven, and holding the reins of the subtle fluid in his hand, can, by directing its motions, despatch those quick messengers which

convey intelligence to every part of the world—man, who can bind together in bands of iron the most adverse elements, and from their combined energies extract a power which shall in its uses pervade and impel almost every movement in the commercial, social, and moral world—yet this rational and reasoning being, who possesses such powers, and is capable of fulfilling such glorious destinies, like Samson, lays himself down in the lap of this accursed Delilah, and only wakes to find that he is shorn of his strength, and that God has departed from him.

We are told in ancient fable that Prometheus stole the fire from heaven with which he animated the image of man which he had made, but in the annals of intemperance “truth is stranger than fiction;” and the most incredible incidents of heathen fable lose their extravagance beside the realities of our experience.

We are aware, not of one man, but of a numerous class of men, who labour in their vocations, not to bring fire from heaven, but from a far different place—the fires with which they inflame their guests; men from whose ever-open doors issue forth more plagues than ever escaped from the fabled box of Pandora. But ah! in the case of too many of their victims, not even Hope remains behind.

It is these bitter and burning fountains of intemperance welling up at every corner which pour forth the streams that carry death in all his terrors, crime in all its gradations, misery in all its phases, murder, madness, and suicide into every thick haunt of humanity. Into homes where are sons before whom for years the parents have been casting the pearls of their love and grief, their tears and entreaties, to win them to the paths of sobriety, but they, like their swinish prototypes, only trample them under their feet, and turn again to rend them! Into homes where nightly sits the pale mother by the dark hearth, with her children cowering round her knees, painfully listening for the reeling footsteps of him who is misnamed husband and father! He comes, and announces himself by horrid oaths and threats, while his trembling family oppose nothing to his ruffian violence but sobs and shrieks. Into homes where, presiding over the

miserable menage, sits a female drunkard! We will not profane the sacred names of wife and mother by bestowing them upon that monstrous libel on womanhood; on her who, instead of being found like a fruitful vine by the house-sides laden with clusters of blessing, stands like the deadly upas-tree in the midst of a scene of desolation, where everything of life, every bud of promise, every blossom of hope put forth by the olive plants around her, lie dead beneath the blasting influence of her fatal shadow.

Look on this picture, in which we have essayed to portray the dark lineaments of the fiery fiend, at the blast of whose burning breath "our blossom has gone up like dust," and our fruit, like the apples of Sodom, although they seem fair to the eye, are too often found to be full of bitter ashes:—

"What moves thee, my mother? say, where hast thou been,
In all thy sad wanderings, what thing hast thou seen
Most fruitful in misery, sorrow, and crime—
The fellest, the vilest of all things in time?

"Alas! from my youth to my sorrowful age
I have had, I have still, a stern warfare to wage,
With a monster so hideous, so hateful, and dire,
It seems as I moved in a circle of fire.

"For go where I may, or look where I will,
This pestilent monster he haunteth me still;
He poisons my food, and he murders my sleep,
And he scowls on the hearth where at midnight I weep.

"This monster came down 'like a wolf on the fold,'
And my eyes they grew dim, and my heart it grew cold,
When two of my dear flock he dragged to his den,
And turned them to brutes in the likeness of men."

INTEMPERANCE *VERSUS* THE MORAL LAW.

THE ancient Spartans, although they had never heard of the true God, nor of the Divine revelation of His will to men, were yet great proficients in the practice of the sterner virtues. They held the vice of intemperance in abhorrence; and, for the purpose of inspiring their children with sentiments of disgust and aversion to this vice, used to make their helots,

or slaves, drink till they were in a state of beastly intoxication, and then exhibited them to their children in that condition, so that the revolting spectacle might operate on their minds as a preventive to their indulging in such excesses. But the denizens of the smoky region in which we are located have no need of involuntary exhibitions of this kind, for the slaves of intemperance—whose name is Legion—will be at all times most happy to give us voluntary exhibitions, in their own persons, of drunkenness in its most odious and destructive phases. Yet, as events of daily occurrence, however shocking or shameful, lose their point and tend to blunt the perceptions by constant repetition, we fear that our youth are more disposed to see and hear with indifference, or a sense of the ludicrous, the language, posture, and antics of the exposed drunkard, than to look with feelings of disgust and avoidance upon the loathsome, yet piteous spectacle.

But there are other and higher incentives to the prevention or cure of intemperance than degrading exposures, loss of status and character, and the blighting of earthly hopes and prospects; for does she not maintain a position of entire and absolute antagonism to the moral law, at every precept of which she strikes with stunning and deadly violence? and as drunkenness and Sabbath desecration ever go hand in hand, we shall speak first of the Sabbath. But has the drunkard indeed a Sabbath? We answer—Yes; but his version of the fourth commandment reads thus: “Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it idly and profanely;” and never did zealous Sabbatarian obey the Divine precept more devoutly.

Is he a working-man? Then he must indemnify himself for perhaps a whole week of toil and sobriety. It is Saturday afternoon, and he has received his wages, which must be immediately heavily mulcted, and having met with some congenial spirits on his homeward way, they enter together one of those houses which are to many the way to death. For a time all goes “merry as a marriage bell;” but anon the husky song of the drunkard, with “the frequent curse and cheek-distending oath,” strike and stun the ear, and inebriety, in its most revolting features, becomes apparent. “All tables are filled with vomit

and filthiness; there is no place clean." And now he takes his way home, with staggering steps and swimming brain, and stumbles into bed like a beast into his lair. He sleeps; and his flushed face and stertorous breathing evince to the bystanders the heavy pressure sustained by his racked and labouring brain; and when he next opens his red and heavy eyes, it is Sabbath-day, for the morning hours have fled while he was unconscious of their flight. The sounds of labour and the clamours of busy life are hushed. The Sabbath-bells are calling multitudes to the house of prayer; but he, as if he already felt the burnings of the unquenchable fire, keeps calling incessantly for water to cool his tongue, being tormented in the flame of a burning thirst; and thus he keeps his Sabbath, tossing upon his fœtid couch till, roused sufficiently to feel the renewed cravings of his morbid appetites, he goes forth in quest of fuel to feed the fierce flame that consumes him. He has found it, and in this all-absorbing occupation, surrounded with all its ruinous and degrading accessories, he summarily disposes of the remaining hours of the Sabbath.

In the case of the young, and, as yet, incipient drunkard, if we inquire what is his belief and practice in regard to the fifth precept of the Decalogue, does not daily observation and too often painful experience teach us that the first downward step taken by him has been a stubborn resistance to the will, and a dishonouring of the commands and wishes of the parents, which increase with his years, until intemperate habits, which have been strengthening with his strength, have, by their baneful influence, deadened or destroyed every filial and reverential feeling in his heart? and should the parents oppose his desires, or attempt to restrain his violence, or set limits to his expenditure, he will pour such a torrent of insult and imprecation on the heads of the shocked and trembling parents, that nature recoils in horror and shuts her ears to expressions so revolting and shameful.

We have known, ay, and seen—alas! that we should say so; it was not a solitary instance—a grey-haired mother, on her own hearth, shrinking from the presence of her own son, who, with murderous threats, uplifted hand, and eyes

flaming with parricidal fires, was demanding from her the means to procure further indulgence in his depraved and brutal tastes. We have seen a father, day after day, forgetting to eat his bread, and nightly steeping his couch with tears, for the dishonour and apparent perdition of a son ; while he, the cause of all this shame and misery, was setting the table in a roar in some one of those places which law has licensed.

But we must conclude, although we could expatiate to an interminable length in showing how the foul harpy, Intemperance, voids her impurities on every one of the Divine requirements, on every tie which binds us to the performance of our relative duties to God and man in the moral law.

Awake, Caledonia ; wake, O awake ;
Arm, arm for the combat, thy life is at stake ;
At the name of the foe do not falter or shrink,
'Tis the spirit of evil, incarnate in drink.

GLOSSARY.

A.

Abune, above.
Ac, one.
Aff, off.
Afel', abroad, about.
Afore, before.
Aft, oft.
Aften, often.
Afterken, afterwards.
Agee, awry, ajar, on one side.
Ahint, behind.
Aiblins, perhaps, maybe.
Ain, own.
Air, early, soon.
Airt, way, quarter, direction.
Aith, oath.
Ait-farle, oatmeal cake.
A' on en', all on end.
Alack, alas.
Alloo'd, allowed.
A'thegither, altogether.
An', and.
Aneath, beneath.
Anent, in regard.
Asteep, laid to steep.
Ase, ashes.
Asteer, astir.
Atween, between.
Auchs it, owns it.
Aul', old.
Auld-farrant, far-seeing, knowing.
Aughty, eighty.
Aughteen hunner, eighteen hundred.
Aumries, cupboards.
Auntie, aunt.
Ava', at all.
Awa', away.
Awsome, awful.

B.

Baain', bleating.
Bab, a bouquet.
Babbie, Barbara.
Bairn, child.
Baith, both.
Bare the gree, bore the bell.
Bardie, brisk, pert.
Ballant, ballad.
Bann'd, cursed.
Bauchles, old shoes down at the heels.
Bauld, bold.
Beck, curtsy.
Bederal, church-officer or sexton.
Bedicht, clothed.
Beet the fire, mend the fire.
Beekin', basking.
Belyve, betimes, by and by.

Ben, in.
Benison, blessing.
Beuk, book.
Bide, stop.
Bide a wee, stop a little.
Bides, stops, dwells.
Biel, shelter.
Bielin', covering.
Bien, in comfortable circumstances.
Bigs, builds.
Big-pouches, large pockets.
Biggin', building.
Biggit, build.
Big kist fu' o' whistles, the organ.
Bing't, stored, built up.
Birken shaw, birch copsewood.
Birlin', throwing down, rattling.
Birrin', whirring.
Birtz, pressed, forced.
Bittock, a part.
Bizzin', buzzing.
Blabs, drops.
Blae, bluish, purple.
Blashy, watery.
Blastit, blasted.
Blate, shy.
Blattering, hasty motion, dashing, beating.
Blether'd, chattered.
Bleeze, blaze.
Blinking, glimmering.
Blinlins, blindly, nearly blind.
Blithe, cheerful.
Boo, bow.
Boo'd, bowed.
Bogle, evil spirit.
Boortree, elder.
Boot-hose, long hose without soles covering the shoe-mouth.
Boud, bound, must.
Boun', bound.
Bountith, bounty.
Bouris, bowers.
Bout, about.
Bow, boll.
Bow'd, must, would.
Bow-wowin' tyke, barking dog.
Boynes, wooden milk or water vessels.
Bracken, fern.
Braehid, top of an ascent.
Braeside, rising ground.
Brag, boasts.
Braid, broad.
Brairdin', springing.
Braize, the roach.
Braves, bridal dresses, or finery.
Breeks, small-clothes.

Brent, smooth, broad, full.
Bricht, bright.
Brig, bridge.
Broo, brow.
Brocht, brought.
Brose, oatmeal stirred up with boiling water.
Brouten't, loving much, very fond.
Bruck, brook, to approve, to bear.
Bruckle, brittle.
Bucklins, dressings.
Bucklin' kame, comb for holding up the back hair.
Bummin', humming.
Burnie, brook, rivulet.
Busk, dress.
But-an'-ben, two apartments opening on one passage.
Byke, nest of wild bees or wasps.

C.

Cadger, hawker of rural wares, eggs, poultry, etc.
Ca', call.
Ca'd, called.
Ca'd the pirns, filled the quills.
Callan, a lad, a boy.
Caller, fresh.
Cam', came.
Canna, cannot.
Canty, merry.
Cantrips, charms, spells.
Carlin, an old woman.
Carle, a man, middle-aged or old.
Cauld, cold.
Cauldrife, without warmth, careless.
Caup, a shallow wooden drinking cup.
Caum, calm.
Chafis, cheeks, jaws.
Change-hoose, public-house.
Chappin', beating.
Chap, knock.
Chappit, knocked.
Chaps, fellows.
Chappie, young man.
Cheaterie, cheating.
Cheep, chirp.
Chiel', young fellow.
Chips, little ones.
Chirtit, squeezed, pressed.
Chirmin', continuous, repeated, call.
Chitterin', shivering.
Chust, just.
Clachan, village, hamlet.
Clash, to strike with the open hand, to gossip.
Clashes, gossip, tale-bearing.
Claver'se, Claverhouse.
Cleck, hatch.
Cleckit, hatched.
Cleedin', clothing.
Clockin', hatching.
Clour'd, battered.
Clout, piece of rag.

Cockernony, the twisted, done-up back hair of a girl's head.
Coft, bought.
Cog, a hooped wooden dish.
Coo, cow.
Coom, soot.
Contrair, contrary.
Coorted, courted, wooed.
Coortin', wooing.
Cosh, neat.
Coosten, cast, been cast.
Corneraik, landrail.
Corse, corpse.
Cot, small house.
Coup, tumble, throw over.
Cou'dna, could not.
Couthie, kindly.
Cozie, comfortable.
Crack, talk.
Craig, throat.
Craikin', murmuring, fretting.
Cranreuch, hoar-frost.
Craps, crops.
Cravin', asking, seeking.
Craw, rook, crow.
Creepie, small, low stool.
Cries, banns.
Cried in kirk, banns proclaimed in church.
Crined, shrunk, shrivelled.
Croon, low-singing, a crown.
Crouse, bold, hearty.
Crumpie, brittle.
Cruse, bold, free.
Cruzie, an open oil lamp.
Cuffed, boxed.
Cum, come.
Cumin' roun', coming round.
Cummers, gossips.
Cushie doo, cushat dove, wood pigeon.
Cutty, short pipe.

D.

Dae, do.
Daein', doing.
Daffin', merriment, romping.
Daft, mad, crazy.
Dang, dashed.
Danners an' cinnars, burnt refuse of engine fires.
Darg, task, a day's work.
Darn'd, pushed close in.
Dauner, saunter.
Daurna', dare not.
Daurin', daring.
Dautit, petted, made much of.
Dee, die.
Dee't, died.
Deid, dead.
Deid-ill, death-ill.
Deleerit, delirious, distracted.
Dichted, wiped.
Didna, did not.
Dinna, do not.
Dingle, a copse.

Dinilt, vibrated.
Dinkit, well dressed.
Dirted, thrilled.
Divot, turf.
Dochters, daughters.
Dolaur, sorrow.
Dolefu', sorrowful.
Dominie, schoolmaster.
Donsie, dull.
Donnert, stupid.
Doo, dove.
Doot, doubt.
Douce, serious.
Down, down.
Down the brae, down the hill.
Dour, obstinate.
Dow, can, be able.
Dowie, melancholy, woeful.
Dowie, listless, sad.
Downa, like not.
Dredgie, funeral entertainment after the interment.
Dree, bear, suffer.
Dree'd, suffered.
Dredour, dread.
Dreepin', dripping.
Dreigh, slow.
Droukit, drenched.
Droun, drown.
Drouth, thirst.
Drucken, drunken.
Dune, done.
Duntin', knocking, throbbing.
Dule, sorrow.
Duds, worn clothes.
Dwall, dwell.
Dwinin', falling off, growing less.
Dyke, hedge.

E.

Ee, eye.
E'en, eyes, even.
E'enin's, evenings.
E'e-bree, eye-brow.
Eerie, fearful.
Eke, add, also.
Ekit, added, appended.
Eld, age, old.
Embro', Edinburgh.
Endoomintie, endowment.
Eneuch, enough.
Erls, earnest of something to come.
Etlin', intending.

F.

Fa', fate, fall.
Fa'en, fallen.
Fain, fond.
Fairy thimbles, foxglove.
Fashous, troublesome.
Faund, found.
Fause, false.
Fautor, defaulter.
Fecht, fight.

Fekly, mostly.
Fekless, worthless, weakly.
Feint, pretence.
Fen unco weel, fare very well.
Fen, tend, having enough.
Fend, defend.
Feydum, presentiment.
Fie, haste, shame.
Fire-en', hearth-stone.
Fire flauchs, fire flashes.
Fitmarks, footprints.
Fivesum, five in number.
Flapin', flapping.
Fleyd, afraid.
Fley't, frightened.
Flickerin', fluttering.
Flittin', removing from one place to another.
Flouris, flowers.
Flure, floor.
Flyte, scold.
Fock, folk, people.
Forbear, ancestor.
Forfairn, desolate, forlorn.
Forgi'e, forgive.
Fouet, house-leek.
Foursum, four in number.
Frae, from.
Freens, friends.
Fu', full.
Fuddle, a drinking bout, a debauch.
Fug, moss.
Fule, fool.
Fyke, irritation.

G

Gabbie, talkative.
Gae, go.
Gaed, went.
Gaggit, gagged.
Gait, manner, way.
Galore, abundance, plenty.
Gane, gone.
Gang, go.
Gangin', walking.
Gars, compels.
Garr'd, compelled.
Gaspit, gasped.
Gash, well-to-do.
Gate, road, way.
Gat, got.
Gawn', going.
Gavel-en', gable-end.
Gear, money, goods.
Gey, very.
Ghaist, ghost.
Gie, give.
Gied, gave.
Gif, if.
Gill, dell or lane.
Gilpy, frolicsome girl, romp.
Gims, snarls.
Girnel, large meal chest.
Gi'en, given.

Gizzen't, dried, cracked by drought.
Gluffin, wafting, breathing.
Glaikit, careless, merriment.
Gleg, sharp, quick-sighted.
Glist, surprise, fright.
Glintin, glancing.
Glib, sharp, knowing.
Gloamin', twilight.
Glower'd, stared.
Glow'rin, staring.
Glunches, sulks, sulking.
Glundy, sulky, sullen.
Goupin', throbbing.
Gowd, gold.
Gowden, golden.
Gowdspink, goldfinch.
Gowpen, the two hands joined and open.
Graip, grope.
Grane, groan.
Grat, wept.
Gree, agree.
Greet, weep.
Greetin', weeping.
Greetin' wean, crying child.
Green-kail, greens.
Grey-gate, evil-way.
Grip, hold.
Grip, sharp pain, take hold.
Grippit, grasped.
Grit, great.
Groufs, bellies.
Grue, shiver.
Grumlin', grumbling.
Grup, hold.
Grun', ground.
Gude kens, God knows.
Gude sain, God bless.
Guff, puff.
Guid, good.
Guidwill, goodwill.
Gully-knife, large knife.
Gumption, common-sense, quick-sighted.
Gutcher, grandfather.

H.

Habble, hobbleshow, confusion.
Hackit feet, small hard cuts from exposure to weather.
Ha'ein', having.
Haet, no' a haet, not a bit, nothing.
Haffil, side of the head.
Haffiless, with a bonnet leaving the cheeks bare.
Hag, dry hollow in a moss.
Hainin', sparing.
Hale, whole.
Hallan, a wooden partition.
Hamelt, native tongue.
Hantle, much, a good deal.
Hap, *stap*, *an' loup*, hop, step, and leap.
Happit, covered.
Harn, coarse linen.
Harl'd, trailed.

Hasp, hank of yarn.
Haud, hold.
Hawf, half.
Hauflins, half.
Haudin', holding.
Hawn', hand.
Hawnie, handy.
Hawnies, hands.
Ha'e, have.
Haw, hawthorn, fruit of the hawthorn.
Haws, fruit of the hawthorn.
Hech, oh.
Heid, head.
He'll, he will.
Herd laddie, cow boy.
Herrit, ravaged, taken away.
Het, hot.
Heuks, hooks.
Heez'd, hoisted.
Hie, high.
Hielanman, Highlandman.
Hinna, have not.
Hinny, honey.
Hirplin', crippling.
Hirrels, herds of cattle.
Hizies, husseys, light-hearted, careless young women.
Hoo, how.
Hoose, house.
Hodden, coarse bluish-grey cloth.
Hogger, old stocking without a foot.
Houp, hope.
Howe, hollow.
Howkin', digging.
Howlit, owl.
Howm, holm.
Hughie, Hugh.
Humplock, hummock, heap.
Hunner, hundred.

I.

Ilk, every, same degree.
Iika, every.
Ill-deedie, evil-doing.
Ill-bedicht, poorly clad.
Ill gates, evil ways.
Incum, come of itself.
Ingle, fireside.
Inkling, slight knowledge.
I red, I warn.
Is't, is it.
I'se, I will, I shall.
Ither, other.
I've, I have.

J.

Jaggy, prickly.
Jaloose, suspect.
Jauk, idle, to be idle.
Jinkit, short, quick turns.
Jock, John.
Juist, just.
Jupe, a short-gown.

K.

Kail, broth.
Kail-yard, kitchen-garden.
Kame, comb.
Keeked, looked.
Ken, know.
Kenn'd, knew, known.
Ken-ava, know at all.
Ken-na, know not.
Kent, a long ashen staff, with a flat turned top, shod with iron.
Kep, stop.
Kin', kind.
Kintra, country.
Kirk, church.
Kirk-style, churchyard gate or wall.
Kirn, harvest-home feast, churn.
Kistin', confining, laying the dead body in the coffin.
Kittlin', tickling.
Knowe, hillock.
Kye, cows.

L.

Lack, lose.
Laigen, bottom of a wooden vessel, the angle between the side and the bottom.
Laigh, low.
Laird, proprietor.
Lamiter, a lame person.
Lane, lone, a path, a narrow street.
Lang-kail, greens boiled and beaten for food.
Langsyne, long since.
Lauch, laugh.
Lave, remainder, bathe with water.
Lawin', reckoning.
Lea, leave, a grass field.
Leal, true.
Leal-hertit, true-hearted.
Lees, lies.
Leefu-lane, quite alone.
Leev'd, lived.
Leel, list.
Leeve, live.
Leeze me, dear to me, pleased with.
Leuk, look.
Leukit, looked.
Licht, light.
Lift, sky.
Littit, sung.
Linkin', walking quickly.
Lintie, linnet.
Lintit, ceased or stopped.
Lippin', filled to the lip, brimful.
Lippen, trust.
Listed, enlisted.
Loan, street.
Loch, lake.
Loe, love.
Loed, loved.
Loesome, lovesome.
Loon, false, worthless fellow.
Loupin', leaping.

Lowe, flame, fire.
Lown, calm, sheltered.
Lowrie the tod, Reynard the fox.
Lowsed, unyoked.
Lozens, window panes.
Luif, palm of the hand.
Lug, ear.
Luggie, a small wooden hooped vessel with an upright handle.
Lum, chimney.
Lunnon, London.
Luntin', lighting, burning.
Luve, love.
Lyart, grey, grizzled.

M.

Macmillan fock, Reformed Presbyterian people.
Maiks, halfpence.
Mair, more.
Maisitly, mostly.
Maisit-feck', most part.
Malison, malediction.
Mane, moan.
Marrow, one of two joined together, like another.
Maun, must.
Maunna, must not.
Maut, malt.
Maxis, thrush.
Mealtith, a meal.
Meageries, mischances, troubles.
Mell, mingle, to agree.
Mennens, minnows.
Mensfu', well bred.
Micht, might.
Mintit, hinted.
Mirk, dark.
Mista'en, mistaken.
Moilin', toiling.
Mools, earth, clods covering a coffin.
Moolens, crumbs.
Mony, many.
Mony mae, many more.
Mou, mouth.
Mowdies, moles, small animals that burrow in the earth.
Muckle, large, much.
Muckle claybrace, a wide clay-built chimney.
Mune, moon.
Mutchkin-stoup, pint measure.
Mutches, caps for women.
Mysie, May, or Marion.

N.

Na weel, not well.
Nae mair, no more.
Naething, nothing.
Nay-say, refusal, denial.
Neist, next.
Neist owk, next week.

Ne'er do weel, never do well.

Neuk, nook.

Nicht, night.

Nocht, nothing, nought.

Noo, now.

Nowther, neither.

Nowte, horned cattle.

O.

Ocht, ought.

Onie, any.

Ony, any.

Oor, our.

Oot, out.

Oot-bye, out of doors.

Ootcome, upshot.

Or'nar, ordinary.

Orra, now and then, at a time.

Ou aye, oh yes!

Owks, weeks.

Owere, over.

P.

Paidlin', paddling.

Paiken, beating, striking.

Pairt, part.

Pappit, popped.

Parritch-pat, porridge-pot.

Parwie, sly, cunning.

Pearlin's, lace frills.

Pease-bannock, pease-meal-bread.

Pease-scone, see *pease-bannock*.

Peat, piece of dry moss.

Pechin', puffing.

Pet, favourite.

Peeweeep, peewit.

Pig, earthen pitcher.

Pine, regret, repine.

Pinch'd, scarcely able, straitened.

Pipet, frilled.

Pit, put.

Pith, strength.

Plantins, plantations.

Plenish't, plenished.

Plouts, plunges.

Pocks, bags.

Poopit, pulpit.

Poortith, poverty.

Pouches, pockets.

Pow, head.

Powther't, powdered.

Prappit brod, propped board.

Free, taste.

Priggit, entreated, beseeched.

Propine, a gift of gratitude.

Progue, a shoe.

Prueved, proved.

Pu'd, pulled.

Pu'in', pulling.

Puir, poor.

Pun Scots, one shilling and eightpence.

Pyet, the pye, the jay.

Pyeit, lean, fleshless.

Q.

Quat, quit.

Queer, strange, droll.

Queans, term of contempt for females.

Quo', quoth, said.

R.

Rack, confused mass, a jumble.

Randy, a scold.

Rantin', noisy, boisterous.

Rase, rose.

Rashes, rushes.

Rave, tore.

Raw, row.

Red up, clear up.

Rede, warn, tell.

Reek, smoke.

Reengin', crashing and rattling.

Richt, right.

Rid-wud, furiously mad.

Rife, plenty, plentiful.

Riff-raff, low, worthless.

Rig, ridge.

Riggin', house ridge.

Rin, run.

Rink, a set of curlers, the course of the curling-stone on the ice.

Rive an' rug, tear and pull.

Rous'd, awakened, stirred up.

Routin', lowing, blowing a horn.

Rowe, rolls.

Row't, rolled.

Rowin', rolling.

Rue, regret.

Ruggin', pulling, tearing.

Rumilin', rumbling.

S.

Sabbin', sobbing.

Sackless, helpless, harmless.

Sac, so.

Saften, soften.

Sair, sore.

Sall, shall.

Sark, sark, shift.

Saughs, willows.

Sauld, sold.

Saut Jock, Salt John.

Saum, psalm.

Saunted, sainted.

Saxteen, sixteen.

Scad, shade, scald.

Scaith, wrong, hurt.

Schule, school.

Scored, furrowed.

Scouter't, scorched.

Scrimp'y, scarcely, sparingly.

Screigh, scream, shriek.

Screegh o' day, dawn of day.

Screenge't, made bare, ravaged.

Scuddies, young, unfledged birds.

Scuddin', hurrying.

Ser', serve.

Sham, pretence.
Sheugh, ditch.
She'll, she will.
Shilfa, chaffinch.
Shielin', shepherd's hut.
Shoogit, shook, quaked.
Shoon, shoes.
Shoolfu's, shovelfuls.
Sic, such.
Simmers, summers.
Sinins, sinews.
Skaith, harm.
Skailed, dismissed from school.
Skelpin', running, scudding.
Skirl, scream.
Sleekit, smooth.
Slee, sly.
Slippit, by stealth, stealthily.
Slockened, quenched.
Sma' yill, small beer.
Smeeke, smoke.
Smiddy, smithy.
Smoor't, smothered.
Snokin', snuffing, smelling.
Sneck, latch.
Snell, sharp.
Snood, a ribbon bound round the head of a young maiden.
Snorin', snorting, noisy or loud respiration in breathing.
Socht, sought.
Sodgers, soldiers.
Soop, sweep.
Sotterin', burning, a burn by hot iron.
Souffin', swooping.
Soun', sound.
Sourrock, sorrel.
Soup, sup, a spoonful.
Spake, spoke.
'Spat, spot, to spit.
Speel, climb.
Speer, ask, inquire.
Spewin', vomiting.
Splore, uproar.
Spreckled, speckled, spotted.
Sprees, merry-makings.
Spulzie, spoil.
Spunk, small fire, a small light.
Spunkie, Will-o'-the-wisp, marsh fires.
Squeelin', screaming.
Stacher, stagger.
Stachered, staggered.
Sta's, stalls.
Stance, place.
Stank, stagnant pool or ditch.
Stanin', standing.
stap, step.
Stappit, stepped.
Starns, stars.
Stark an' strang, firm and strong.
Stawn', stand.
Steekin', sewing.
Streekit, shut.
Stell, still, distilling.

Steer, stir.
Steerin', stirring.
Sticket, unfinished, stopped short.
Stickit, stabbed.
Stievely, stiffly.
Stoiler, stumble.
Stoiten, stumbling or staggering.
Stoun, throb of pain.
Stoun, surprise, pain.
Stoups, pewter measures, wooden vessels for holding water.
Stour, dust.
Stown, stolen.
Stowsie, short, stout.
Strack, struck.
Straikit, smoothed.
Stramash, disorder.
Stran', strand.
Strang, strong.
Streek, stretch.
Streekit, stretched.
Stude, stood.
Studgel, stout, firm-built.
Sum, some.
Sune, soon.
Swallin', swelling.
Swankie, tall, well-formed.
Swarst, fainted.
Swarfin', fainting.
Swift, swift.
Syke, small watercourse.
Syne, then.
Syne fu' an' bien, then full and well stocked.
Synin's, rinsings.

T.

Tackl't, inveigled.
Tak' tent, take care.
Ta'en, taken.
Tapless, unfinished at top.
Tatties, potatoes.
Tauld, told.
Teddin', shedding.
Tent, attend, care for.
Tentie, careful, kindly.
Tether'd, fastened to a stake by a rope.
Teuk, took.
Thae, those.
Theekit, thatched.
Thochts, thoughts.
Thole, to bear, to suffer.
Thoosan's, thousands.
Thrangin', thronging.
Thrapple, throat, gullet.
Thretty, thirty.
Thro'ither, merry, rollicking.
Thoom, thumb.
Thud, a beating heavy sound.
Thy wa's, thy ways.
Tibbie, Isabel.
Tine, lose.
Tint, lost.

Tippenny laif, twopenny loaf.
Tirlin', rapping.
Tirl at the pin, tap at the door.
Titties, sisters.
Toddlin', tottering walk of a child.
To the fore, to be had, forthcoming.
Toot, blow, call.
Toom, empty.
Toom'd, emptied.
Tosh'd, trimmed, made neat.
Toun, town.
Tousled, dishevelled.
Towmonds, twelvemonths.
Trail'd, dragged.
Tramped, trampled.
Trampers, travellers.
Tremilt, trembled.
Trig, trim, neat.
Trow, believe.
Tua, two.
Tual-hours, noon, twelve o'clock in the day.
Tua humil't kye, two cows, without horns.
Twasum, two in number.
'Tween, between.

U.

Uncanny, unearthly, evil-disposed.
Unco, strange, very.
Unnerstude, understood.
Upshot, consequence.

V.

Vogie, foppish.

W.

Wabster, weaver.
Wad, would.
Wadna, would not.
Wae, woe.
Wae'ful hap, woeful fate.
Waesucks, woe for, sorry for.
Waesum, woeful.
Wag-at-the-wa', Dutch clock hanging at the wall.
Wa's, walls.
Wale, the best, picked.
Walth, wealth.
Wallet, large bag.
Wallowt, faded.
Wame, belly.
Wannert, wandered.
Wanworth, nominal, small price.
War, were.
Wark, work.
Warkrise, industrious.
Warl', world.

Warlock, wizard, one who has a familiar.
Warna, were not.
Wash, urine.
Wasterie, careless waste.
Wastlins, westlands.
Wat-shod, tearful eyes, wet shoes.
Watna, don't know.
Wauken, waken, awake.
Wearit, tired.
Wecht, a barn utensil.
Wechtin', weighing.
Weird, fate, fortune.
Weel-aff, well-off.
Wee, small, little.
Ween, throw, think so,
Weeock, little while.
We'll, we will.
Wha, who.
Whang, a good slice.
Whaur, where.
Wheen, a quantity, a part.
Wheesht, hush.
Whilk, which.
Whiles, sometimes.
Whins, gorse.
Whistles to weet, to moisten the throats.
Wicht, wight.
Wife, wife.
Wile, entice.
Wimplin', gliding.
Win', wind.
Winna, will not.
Winnocks, windows.
Wi', with.
Withootin, without any.
Wizened, withered, wrinkled.
Woo', wool.
Worricow, goblin.
Wow, oh.
Wrangs, wrongs.
Wrocht, wrought.
Wrinkles, wrinkles.
Wuds, woods.
Wull, will.
Wullcat, wildcat.
Wurkin', working.
Wyte, blame.

Y.

Yae, one.
Yardie, garden.
Yaup, hungry.
Yeldrin, yellow-hammer.
Ye've, you have.
Yer, your.
Yestreen, yesternight, last night.
Ye'se, you shall.
Yett, gate.
Yird, earth.
Yirth, earth.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The essays of Janet Hamilton, the shoemaker's wife, in the present volume, will more than justify our anticipations. Only think that the spouse of a working man, who labours to keep our feet clean and free from colds, should write a discourse on "The Uses and Pleasures of Poetry to the Working Classes," and that the ease and elegance, and the sentiments and composition, should be such as would do no dishonour to Mrs. Ellis or the Hon. Mrs. Norton. —*Rev. Benjamin Parsons, in Preface to Vol. I. of Cassell's Literature of Working Men, 1850-51.*

The prose sketches at the end of the volume, are at least equal in merit to the poetry; if anything we are inclined to think them superior, while so rich is the grace and purity of the English in which they are written, that even a professedly literary man might study them with advantage. —*Morning Journal, March 4, 1863.*

She is at home in her native Doric, and at the same time can wield with power the polished shaft of correct English. The Prose essays are written in a finished style, and are equal in sentiment and in sense to her poetic effusions. —*League Journal, May 2, 1863.*

Mrs. Hamilton's essays are in every respect remarkable productions. We do not exaggerate when we say that many of them, such as the "Mental Training of Children," "Address to Women," "The Mother's Mission," &c., would do credit to many of our higher class magazines. —*Christian News, May 16, 1863.*

Here are poems so correct in their language, and so elegant in their turns of expression, that they might, with one or two exceptions, have been written by a professor of belles lettres. —*Hamilton Advertiser, May 16, 1863.*

Some of the poems are very good, and all the essays are admirable; they are elegantly, nay, eloquently written, and enforce lessons of morality and religion which are never out of place. —*Liverpool Albion, June 1, 1863.*

The book overflows with proofs of intellect of no common character. Janet is clearly one of those great spirits in the humblest walks of life, by which Scotland has in all ages been distinguished. —*British Standard, June 12, 1863.*

We consider the book one of the most remarkable that has fallen into our hands for a long time past. It is a book that ennobles life, and enriches our common humanity. —*London Athenæum, June, 1863.*

These poems are entitled to praise, even had they been penned under a combination of all that was favourable. There is an ease and style about them that surprises as well as gratifies, and proves that where a natural taste for poetry exists, it will surmount all depressing circumstances. —*The Quiver, September 15, 1863.*

Every page of the book testifies to a sound judgment, a fine fancy, warm feelings, good taste, rich and varied, and, for her position, chaste and singularly correct expression. —*Rev. George Gillilan, in Dundee Advertiser, November 13, 1863.*

She is most at home in her native Doric, and sings it with a force and energy that dirl the heart strings wonderfully. Her prose, too, is of the most correct and purest kind. —*Ayr Observer, November 17, 1863.*

This is a production of sterling merit. Its authoress has pursued knowledge under many depressing circumstances. In prose, as in poetry, she has proved herself to be a writer of no ordinary kind. . . . Her style is clear, often elegant, while the sentiment is elevating and ennobling. —*London Weekly Record, March 12, 1864.*

Janet Hamilton has furnished us with a noble example of success in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, while she has earned for herself the epithet of a true poet, and woven a laurel for her own brow that will be ever green so long as yon golden sun revisits in dazzling splendour the crescent of her native hills.—*Scottish American Journal*, September 10, 1864.

The perusal of this book has yielded us not a little pleasure. Much of the verse is of a high order. We have marked many passages equal for vigour and pathos to the best productions of Burns, the great peasant poet of Scotland. . . . This is a volume alike for Scotch and Englishmen. The writer is equally a mistress of both the English and Scotch tongues, writing them with great beauty and power.—*Dr. J. Campbell*, in *British Standard*, July 14, 1865.

Mrs. Hamilton's Miscellany calls for no apology. We could name flashy verses by daughters of ducal houses not half so genuine as hers; and novels which are devoured, edition after edition, intrinsically less worthy, in matter of observation, and truth of style than her "Sketches of Auld Langsyne."—*London Athenæum*, March 10, 1866.

The name of Janet Hamilton is one of the most remarkable in the history of Scottish poesy. That a woman in humble life, who did not enjoy the advantages of the usual elementary branches of a school education, should, at the age of 73, and while now blind, be capable of writing or composing verses at all, is singular enough; but that these verses should possess the fervour, pathos, and genuine truthfulness of a Tannahill, and even, in all but his best pieces, of a Burns, can only be accounted for by the inheritance of genius. The ballad, "Effie," for tenderness, simplicity, and beauty, deserves to be placed alongside of the immortal "Auld Robin Gray" of Lady Ann Lindsay.—*Glasgow Daily Herald*, Nov. 28, 1868.

Where there is poetic fire it will appear. This fact we have illustrated in the poetry of Janet Hamilton.—*Ayrshire Express*, Nov. 28, 1868.

Janet Hamilton's poetry is of the ballad style, and exceedingly simple—coming sweet, unrestrained, and felicitous as the song of a bird. She has the simplicity, indeed, that Coleridge and Wordsworth lauded and strove after, and which is the characteristic of the finest lyrics.—*North of England Advertiser*, Dec. 5, 1868.

We have found the volume abounding in excellence and beauty, and have been unable to detect an objectionable line in the whole book.—*Airdrie Advertiser*, Dec. 5, 1868.

The "Poems and Ballads" are distinguished by the power of versification, the graphic description, the shrewd sense, the sound moral tone, the humour, and pathos, and patriotic fire which have been so remarkable in her former productions. Many of the ballads are extremely touching.—*N. B. Daily Mail*, Dec. 7, 1868.

The whole volume is one of the marvels of the age. That an old woman, 70 years of age, should indite such gems—so vivid in fancy, so rich in imagery, so powerful in delineation, and so elevated in tone and sentiment—is beyond all doubt a marvel.—*Northern Ensign*, Dec. 10, 1868.

The volume displays great power of delineation and much tenderness of feeling. All the pieces are marked by a deep religious feeling and a refined taste; and will have special charms for those who appreciate nature and natural description.—*The Freeman*, London, Dec. 18, 1868.

The difficulty is what to quote, for there is so much that is sweet and fine, and that, after being once read, will often be read again, until some of the couplets find the way into the memory.—*Dumfries Herald and Register*, Dec. 18, 1868.

Mrs. Hamilton is one of Nature's poets. Our Scotch brethren are, and have reason to be, proud of their female Burns.—*Christian Times*, London, Dec. 18, 1868.

Of Janet Hamilton as a poet, we need have no fear in affirming that in certain respects common to both, there is no Scottish bard since Robert Burns can be named alongside of her, in power of delineating Scottish life; and in her command alike of her native Doric, and in "the well of English undefiled," she appears to us to approach Burns more nearly than any other poet of her own home-born class.—*League Journal*, Dec. 19, 1868.

Those familiar with Anacreon's "Ode to Spring" will see how the poetic mind catches the same broad features of nature. "The watercoot among the rushes" (Janet Hamilton's) is the counterpart of the Greek lyricist's "Duck swimming in the waters." Place the "Ode" alongside of the poem we have before us, and we feel assured the latter will not suffer by the comparison.—*Daily Review*, Edinburgh, Dec. 21, 1868.

It is in domestic scenes, in their manifold relations and divergences, that Janet Hamilton supremely and shiningly sits as Poetic Queen.—*Hawick Advertiser*, Dec. 26, 1868.

In the present volume we find a further illustration of the truth of that remark—were all poets classically educated, it might be better for the poets; but to a very large degree it would be worse for their poetry. When Scotland reckons up her poets, the name of Janet Hamilton will not be forgotten.—*Illustrated Times*, London, Dec., 1868.

One noticeable circumstance pleasant to us is its rich and delicious Scottish dialect, and an amount of poetic sensibility truly extraordinary.—*The Eclectic*, London, Dec., 1868.

Mrs. Janet Hamilton is a wonderful old lady. The first piece, entitled "The Skylark Caged and Free," is a piece of as genuine poetry as ever hatched itself and took wing since Homer sang.—*Evangelical Repository*, Dec., 1868.

The "Poems and Ballads" are instinct with insight, deep affection, and poetic genius.—*Forward*, Jan. 1, 1869.

Some of her pieces glow with political fervour; while others have been inspired by the beauties of natural scenery; and at times there is a gentle sweetness in the aged singer's voice.—*Literary World*, London, Jan. 1, 1869.

Mrs. Hamilton is a true Scotch pebble, reflecting in miscellaneous broken lights and shadows the emotions and aspirations of a genuine poetic heart. She touches many strings; but she shows to most advantage in ballad, of which one, called "Effie," affords ample proof; and in her other pieces she delights to show the colour of her politics by raining thunderbolts on all tyrants and tyrannies—whether physical or moral.—*London Review*, Jan. 2, 1869.

Janet Hamilton is no lackadaisical poetess—there is nerve and backbone in all her utterances; but there is no hardness in her nature. She vibrates like a poplar leaf to the faintest breeze of real emotion. It is only your sham sentiment which she drives through as a herd laddie does the gossamer on the whin bushes. Nor is she ever insincere. We feel the pulse beating with the blood-throb from the full heart—not the methodical and laboured stroke of the sentimental pump.—*The London Scotsman*, Jan. 2, 1869.

We might commend the book, as the production of a senior of 73, never gifted with educational or conventional advantages, and now laden with the double burden of blindness and years; but we prefer to rest its claims upon its own literary merit—which is great, and upon the character of its author—which is nobler still.—*The City Press*, London, Jan. 9, 1869.

In simple ballads, in episodes of feeling, which touch the heart's finest chords, and in painting the moral heroisms of domestic life, our authoress has few equals, and hardly any superior.—*The Londonderry Standard*, Jan. 16, 1869.

The poems contained in this book are vocal with the music of nature. You hear the rippling of the stream, the moaning of the blast, and the roar of the ocean; you smell the perfume of the "fragrant birch and scented briar."—*Primitive Church or Baptist Magazine*, London, Jan., 1869.

In the poems which compose this volume she has shown poetic genius of a superior order. Some of the pieces possess great merit, for their beauty and force of expression; and others, in homely Doric numbers, have a tender pathos and power that must thrill every Scottish heart.—*United Presbyterian Magazine*, Jan., 1869.

Sweet and clear natural notes of an untrained muse. Janet Hamilton is a true poetess. Her ballads and songs are for liberty and truth; and therefore, far let their notes ring forth.—*Sword and Trowel*, C. H. SPURGEON, Jan., 1869.

There is a deep pathos and considerable poetic beauty in the ballads; and in the pieces generally there is that indescribable touch of genius expressive of the true poet.—*Social Reformer*, Feb. 1, 1869.

The Subjects of Janet's poems are always massive and substantial. The lover of the true Doric of old Scotland will find a rich treat in this volume, the most striking and apt expressions of which become as ductile in her hands as a thread of gold.—*The Presbyterian Witness*, Halifax, U.S., Feb. 13, 1869.

Janet Hamilton is altogether an original and (like Homer) self-taught poet. She has written a volume of poems, full of tenderness and power, instinct with true genius baptized by religion.—*Methodist New Connexion Magazine*, London, Feb., 1869.

Scotland can boast of poets of rich natural genius, in Burns, Scott, and others, to whom must be added Janet Hamilton. Many of her verses remind us of the fire and genius of Burns, and like him—being self-taught—her effusions bear the mark of freshness that originality and true poetic fervour can alone impart. Some of the pathetic pieces depict many of the finest feelings of our nature.—*The Bookseller*, London, March 1, 1869.

It may be long before the public, and especially the public of Scotland, shall again meet with the pathos, tenderness, humour, good sense, and poetic *vis* abounding in the pages of Janet Hamilton.—*Sabbath School Magazine*, April, 1869.

Janet Hamilton is 73 years of age, and blind. The book now before us, however needs no feeling of sympathy for the self-taught struggler to recommend it. It abounds in genuine poetry, which none but a richly-gifted and born poet could have produced.—*Evangelical Magazine*, April, 1869.

We almost lose sight of the intrinsic value of this book—which is very great—by the remarkable circumstances connected with its author. Self-taught, poor, and now blind and old, Janet Hamilton adds fresh lustre to the literary fame of Scotland.—*Evangelical Magazine and Missionary Chronicle*, London, May, 1869.

Janet Hamilton is pre-eminently a poet of social progress. Elizabeth Barrett Browning never penned a more piercing "Cry of the Human," or a more urgent "Cry of the Children," than Janet has done in some of her own spirit stirring utterances.—*Our Own Fireside Magazine*, London, Nov., 1869.

EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS.

From Mrs. H. B. Stowe.—"Hartford County, June 23rd, 1869. Dear Mrs. Hamilton,—I thank you for your kindness in sending me your volume of charming poems. I was much interested in your poem, "The Old Graveyard." I think in some parts it is equal to Gray's 'Elegy.'—S. H. B. STOWE."

From the late Rev. Dr. Guthrie, Edinburgh, to a Private Friend.—"Some of Janet's poetry is worthy of Burns, and some of her prose worthy of Hugh Miller. I could not say more."

From Lord Houghton to the Authoress.—"You have illustrated the proposition that I maintained in Edinburgh, that good composition in prose, is always sure to go with good composition in verse."

From Lord Shaftesbury to the Authoress.—"I have read many of your pieces with great delight, for their noble and tender spirit, and the true piety that pervades all their elegance."

From Professor Blackie, Edinburgh, to the Authoress.—"I have read and enjoyed not a few of your pieces. They are full of a vigorous health and natural spirit—sunny and fresh, like the breeze that sweeps o'er a heather brae on a sunny day."

RETURN TO the circulation desk of any
University of California Library

or to the

NORTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

Bldg. 400, Richmond Field Station

University of California

Richmond, CA 94804-4698

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS

- 2-month loans may be renewed by calling
(510)642-6753
- 1-year loans may be recharged by bringing
books to NRLF
- Renewals and recharges may be made
4 days prior to due date

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

MAY 27 2003

YC155639

